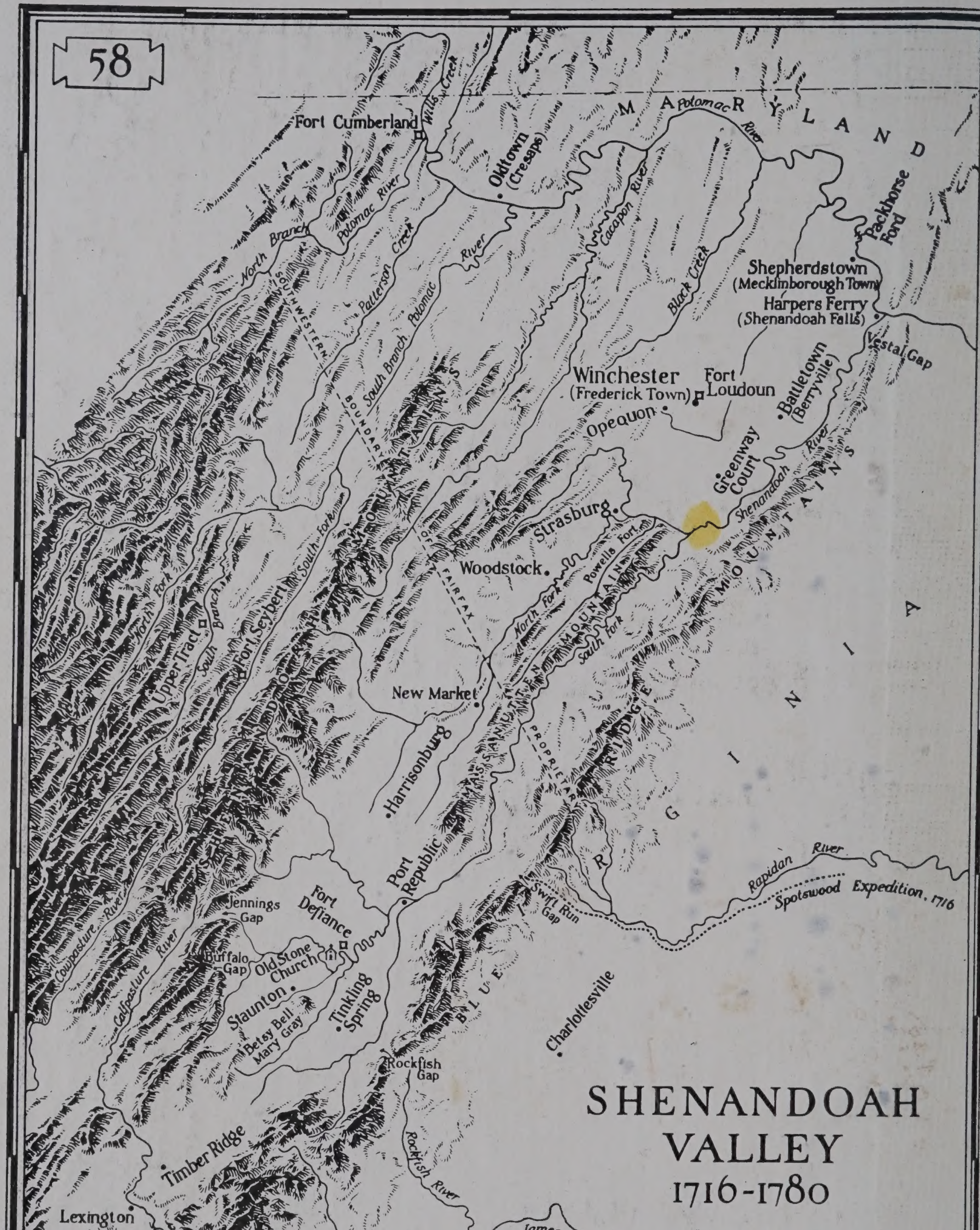
A CIVIL WAR MARRIAGE IN VIRGINIA

Reminiscences and Letters

•

Carrie Esther Spencer • Bernard Samuels
Walter Berry Samuels


58
MARYLAND
VIRGINIA
Fort Cumberland
Wills Creek
Potomac River
Oldtown (Cresaps)
North Branch
Potomac River
Patterson Creek
South Branch Potomac
River
Cacapon River
Black Creek
Packhorse Ford
Shepherdstown (Mecklinborough Town)
Harpers Ferry (Shenandoah Falls)
Vestal Gap
Winchester (Frederick Town)
Fort Loudoun
Opequon
Battletown (Berryville)
Greenway Court
Shenandoah River
Strasburg
Woodstock
North Fork
Powells Fort
South Fork
MASSANUTTEN MOUNTAIN
BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS
SOUTHWESTERN BOUNDARY OF FAIRFAX PROPRIETARY
NORTH MOUNTAINS
SHENANDOAH MOUNTAINS
North Fork
South Branch
South Fork
Upper Tract
Fort Seybert
New Market
Harrisonburg
Port Republic
Fort Defiance
Jennings Gap
Buffalo Gap
Old Stone Church
Staunton
Betsy Bell
Mary Gray
Tinkling Spring
Cowpasture River
Calfpasture River
Swift Run Gap
Rapidan River
Spotswood Expedition, 1716
Charlottesville
Rockfish Gap
Rockfish River
James River
Timber Ridge
Lexington
Natural Bridge
North River
James River
MILES
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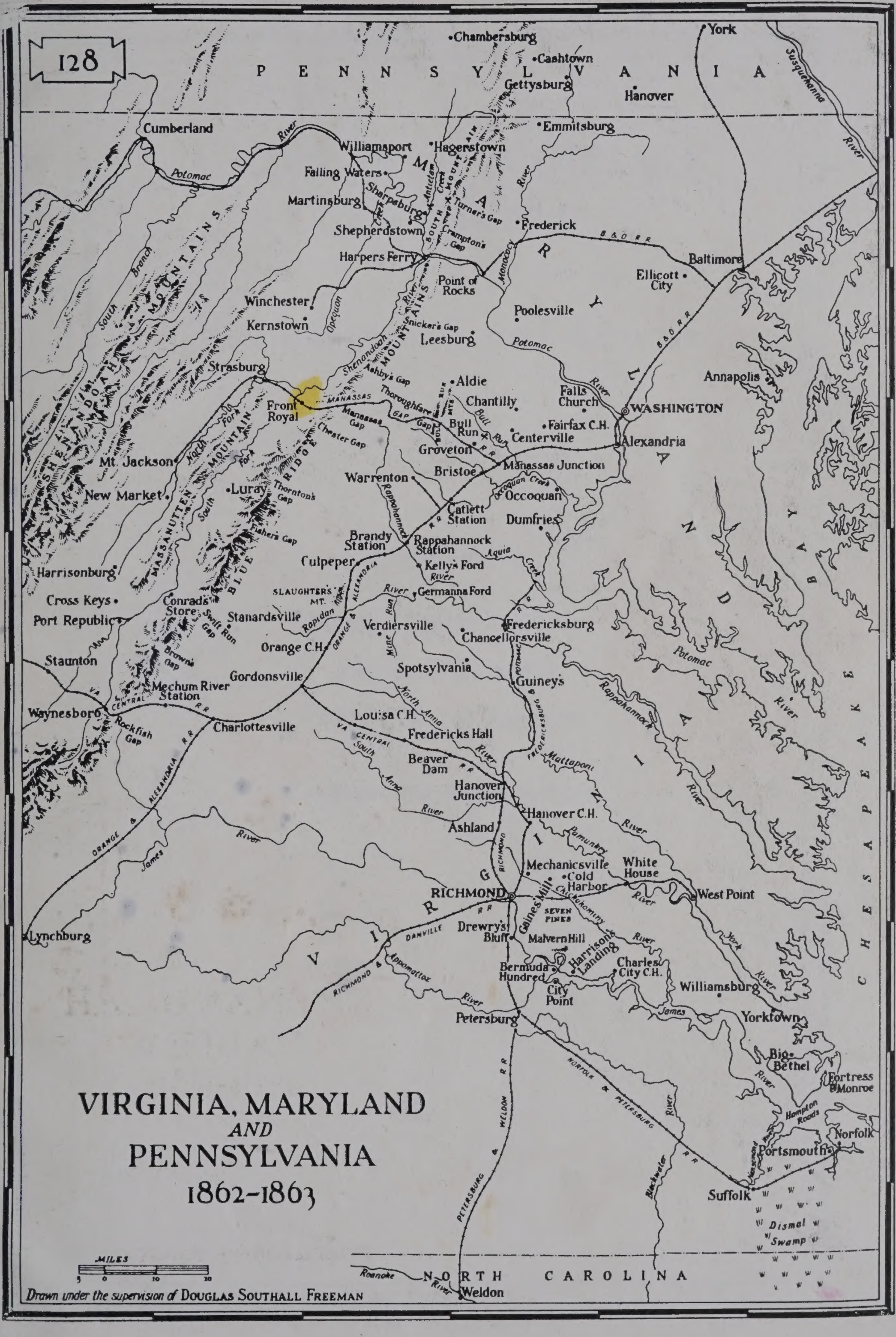
10
20
30

SHENANDOAH VALLEY 1716-1780

Drawn under the supervision of JAMES ELLIOTT WALMSLEY


PENNSYLVANIA
Chambersburg
Cashtown
Gettysburg
Hanover
York
Susquehanna River
Emmitsburg
Cumberland
Potomac River
Williamsport
Hagerstown
Falling Waters
Martinsburg
Sharpsburg
Antietam Creek
SOUTH MOUNTAIN
Turner's Gap
Crampton's Gap
Shepherdstown
Harpers Ferry
Frederick
Monocacy
MARYLAND
B & O R R
Baltimore
Ellicott City
Point of Rocks
Poolesville
Winchester
Opequon
Kernstown
Snicker's Gap
Leesburg
Shenandoah River
BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS
Ashby's Gap
Aldie
Strasburg
Front Royal
MANASSAS GAP
Thoroughfare Gap
Manassas Gap
Chester Gap
Chantilly
Falls Church
WASHINGTON
Annapolis
Fairfax C.H.
Bull Run
Centerville
Alexandria
Groveton
Bristoe
Manassas Junction
Warrenton
Catlett Station
Occoquan
Occoquan Creek
Dumfries
Mt. Jackson
New Market
Luray
Thornton's Gap
Fishers Gap
MASSANUTTEN MOUNTAIN
SHENANDOAH MOUNTAINS
Brandy Station
Rappahannock Station
Rappahannock River
Kelly's Ford
Aquia Creek
Culpeper
Harrisonburg
Cross Keys
Port Republic
Conrad's Store
Swift Run Gap
Stanardsville
SLAUGHTER'S MT.
Rapidan River
Germanna Ford
Mine Run
Verdiersville
Fredericksburg
Chancellorsville
Orange C.H.
ORANGE & ALEXANDRIA R R
Brown's Gap
Staunton
Mechum River Station
Gordonsville
Spotsylvania
Guiney's
Waynesboro
VA CENTRAL R R
Rockfish Gap
Charlottesville
Louisa C.H.
North Anna River
Fredericks Hall
South Anna River
Beaver Dam
Hanover Junction
Hanover C.H.
Mattaponi River
Ashland
RICHMOND & FREDERICKSBURG R R
Pamunkey River
Mechanicsville
Cold Harbor
White House
West Point
RICHMOND
Gaines's Mill
Chickahominy River
SEVEN PINES
Drewry's Bluff
Malvern Hill
Harrison's Landing
Charles City C.H.
Bermuda Hundred
City Point
Williamsburg
York River
James River
Yorktown
Big Bethel
Fortress Monroe
Hampton Roads
Norfolk
Portsmouth
Lynchburg
VIRGINIA
DANVILLE
RICHMOND & DANVILLE
Appomattox River
Petersburg
NORFOLK & PETERSBURG R R
PETERSBURG & WELDON R R
Blackwater River
Suffolk
Dismal Swamp
Nansemond River
Potomac River
Rappahannock River
CHESAPEAKE BAY
NORTH CAROLINA
Roanoke River
Weldon
MILES
5 0 10 20

VIRGINIA, MARYLAND *AND* PENNSYLVANIA 1862–1863

Drawn under the supervision of DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

Given to grandsons
by Emogene VanVort
May 2004

A CIVIL WAR MARRIAGE IN VIRGINIA

Reminiscences and Letters

Collected By

Carrie Esther Spencer

Bernard Samuels

Walter Berry Samuels

the three surviving children

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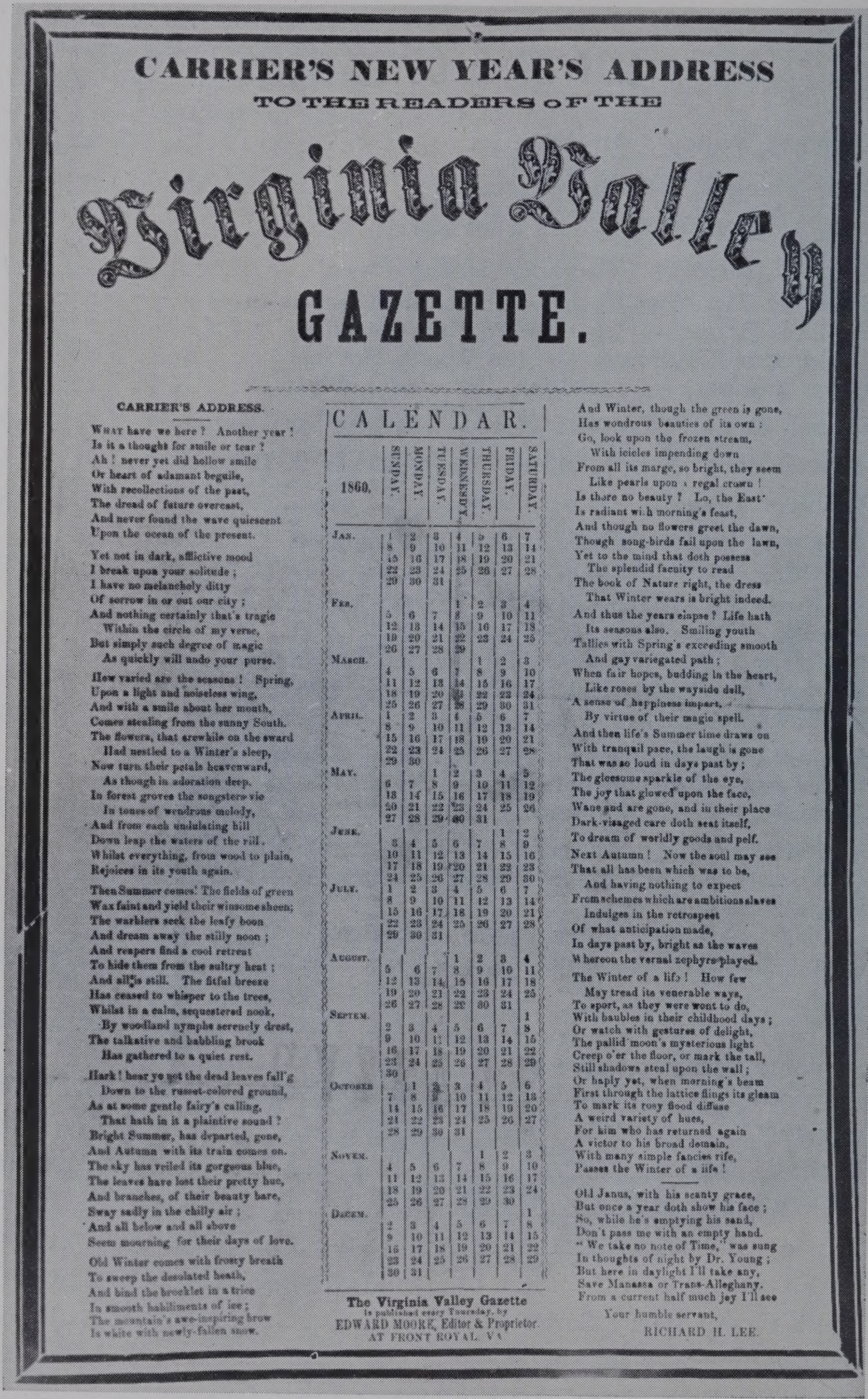


CARRIER'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

TO THE READERS OF THE

Virginia Valley GAZETTE.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

What have we here? Another year!
Is it a thought for smile or tear?
Ah! never yet did hollow smile
Or heart of adamant beguile,
With recollections of the past,
The dread of future overcast,
And never found the wave quiescent
Upon the ocean of the present.

Yet not in dark, afflictive mood
I break upon your solitude;
I have no melancholy ditty
Of sorrow in or out our city;
And nothing certainly that's tragic
  Within the circle of my verse,
But simply such degree of magic
  As quickly will undo your purse.

How varied are the seasons! Spring,
Upon a light and noiseless wing,
And with a smile about her mouth,
Comes stealing from the sunny South.
The flowers, that erewhile on the sward
  Had nestled to a Winter's sleep,
Now turn their petals heavenward,
  As though in adoration deep.
In forest groves the songsters vie
  In tones of wondrous melody,
And from each undulating hill
Down leap the waters of the rill.
Whilst everything, from wood to plain,
Rejoices in its youth again.

Then Summer comes! The fields of green
Wax faint and yield their winsome sheen;
The warblers seek the leafy boon
And dream away the stilly noon;
And reapers find a cool retreat
To hide them from the sultry heat;
And all is still. The fitful breeze
Has ceased to whisper to the trees,
Whilst in a calm, sequestered nook,
  By woodland nymphs serenely drest,
The talkative and babbling brook
  Has gathered to a quiet rest.

Hark! hear ye not the dead leaves fall'g
  Down to the russet-colored ground,
As at some gentle fairy's calling,
  That hath in it a plaintive sound?
Bright Summer, has departed, gone,
And Autumn with its train comes on.
The sky has veiled its gorgeous blue,
The leaves have lost their pretty hue,
And branches, of their beauty bare,
Sway sadly in the chilly air;
And all below and all above
Seem mourning for their days of love.

Old Winter comes with frosty breath
To sweep the desolated heath,
And bind the brooklet in a trice
In smooth habiliments of ice;
The mountain's awe-inspiring brow
Is white with newly-fallen snow.

CALENDAR.

1860.	SUNDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
Jan.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
Feb.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29			
March.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
April.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
May.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
June.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
July.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
August.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Septem.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
October		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
Novem.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
Decem.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					

The Virginia Valley Gazette
is published every Thursday, by
EDWARD MOORE, Editor & Proprietor
AT FRONT ROYAL, VA

And Winter, though the green is gone,
Has wondrous beauties of its own:
Go, look upon the frozen stream,
  With icicles impending down
From all its marge, so bright, they seem
  Like pearls upon a regal crown!
Is there no beauty? Lo, the East
Is radiant with morning's feast,
And though no flowers greet the dawn,
Though song-birds fail upon the lawn,
Yet to the mind that doth possess
  The splendid facuity to read
The book of Nature right, the dress
  That Winter wears is bright indeed.

And thus the years elapse? Life hath
  Its seasons also. Smiling youth
Tallies with Spring's exceeding smooth
  And gay variegated path;
When fair hopes, budding in the heart,
  Like roses by the wayside dell,
A sense of happiness impart,
  By virtue of their magic spell.
And then life's Summer time draws on
With tranquil pace, the laugh is gone
That was so loud in days past by;
The gleesome sparkle of the eye,
The joy that glowed upon the face,
Wane and are gone, and in their place
Dark-visaged care doth seat itself,
To dream of worldly goods and pelf.

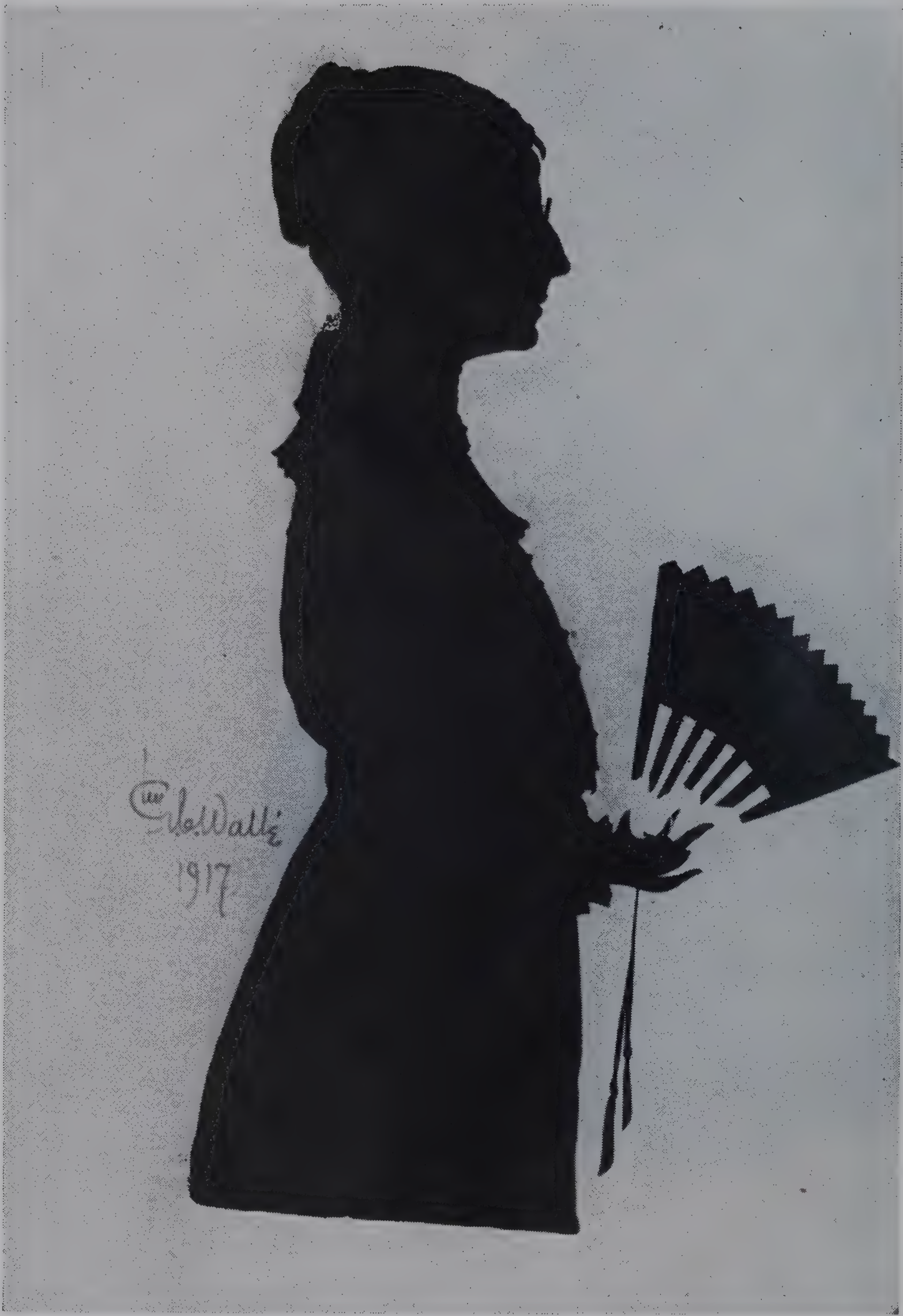
Next Autumn! Now the soul may see
That all has been which was to be,
  And having nothing to expect
From schemes which are ambitions slaves
  Indulges in the retrospect
Of what anticipation made,
In days past by, bright as the waves
Whereon the vernal zephyrs played.

The Winter of a life! How few
  May tread its venerable ways,
To sport, as they were wont to do,
With baubles in their childhood days;
Or watch with gestures of delight,
The pallid moon's mysterious light
Creep o'er the floor, or mark the tall,
Still shadows steal upon the wall;
Or haply yet, when morning's beam
First through the lattice flings its gleam
To mark its rosy flood diffuse
A weird variety of hues,
For him who has returned again
A victor to his broad domain,
With many simple fancies rife,
Passes the Winter of a life!

Old Janus, with his scanty grace,
But once a year doth show his face;
So, while he's emptying his sand,
Don't pass me with an empty hand.
"We take no note of Time," was sung
In thoughts of night by Dr. Young;
But here in daylight I'll take any,
Save Manassa or Trans-Alleghany.
From a current half much joy I'll see

Your humble servant,
RICHARD H. LEE.

It Was Customary For The Newsboy To Deliver Such a Poetical Greeting At The Residences Of The Gazette Subscribers. The Above Pictures One Actually Delivered At Mr. Boone's Home On Chester Street.



Kathleen Boone Samuels
At The Age Of Seventy-Five

Reminiscences
of
Kathleen Boone Samuels

(A daughter of Abraham R. Boone and Eliza Ann Van Nort of Front Royal, Virginia)

INTRODUCTION BY ELIZABETH ABBOTT

In her "Reminiscences," dictated in her eighty-third year, the last year of her life, Mrs. Samuels draws a memorable picture of the old log, weather-boarded house, built by Great Grandfather Van Nort about 1787, in which she and her brother, John William, two years older, spent the earliest years of their childhood. Their mother brought them with her on a visit. She dreaded to return to the lonely life and terrifying thunderstorms of her new home in Missouri. She begged to remain, and Mrs. Samuels tells us, "Pa gratified her." The life of the place centered around a large room on the ground floor called the sitting room. The glory of that room was a "tall clock inlaid with tulips......so tall that an opening had to be made in the ceiling which was covered over by a box on the floor of the room above." In the huge kitchen stood the great chimney that burned cord upon cord of wood and in which, at night, the "coals were bedded so that nobody could remember, summer or winter, when the fire had gone out." There was also a preserve closet—something a little girl could never forget—with its rows upon rows of jars of preserves, "some almost as high as little Kattie"—and, presiding over all, Grandma Van Nort going her morning rounds, carrying her key basket and followed by her cook, to whom she doled out the provisions for the day.

It was a life of abundance: servants to attend to one's slightest wish, open hospitality and a warm welcome for the guest. In that life, whites and blacks lived close together with.

on the one hand, a highly developed sense of responsibility towards dependents and, on the other, a deep sense of loyalty that, in many cases amounted to reverence for "Ole Marster and Ole Missy." Three generations of Negroes served the Van Norts, all descended from Rachel, a "Guinea Negro, very black, and only one generation removed from Africa," and old George. It was "all very old-fashioned and settled and peaceful, with on summer evenings Grandpa dozing away on his Windsor chair against the old locust tree, and calling whenever he pleased for one of the young Negroes playing about to bring him a drink of water from the spring." A leisurely, happy existence—a wonderful time for a little girl to be growing up.

Even in those days servants could feel "imposed upon by having to wash and iron and cook and wait on four extra people" —the young Boone family whose visit was prolonged for two years. In 1846, therefore, Mr. Boone moved into Front Royal where he opened a school. Two years later he gave up school teaching for the more lucrative occupation of running a hotel. There Mrs. Boone "kept house in silk dresses" as was the custom of the day, managing everything from her upstairs bedroom, ruling her servants good-humoredly, because "she could get better work out of them by praising them than by scolding."

In this warm, cheerful household Kathleen grew to young girlhood, making friends with the children of families who lived in homes scattered about in the beautiful valley of Virginia, visiting for weeks at a time and entering with real zest into the children's parties on the big farms.

People were forever spending the day, the night or the week with one another. It was the only way they could have a change. Mrs. Samuels mentions some of the lovely old homes where she was a frequent guest: Bel Air, where the children's nurse was Dumb Mary who, though unable to hear or to speak, could tell by vibrations when her mistress was summoning her by pounding on the floor of the room above, and "in no time at all" she would answer the summons; "Rose Hill," home of the Richardsons on the outskirts of Front Royal, where she and her brother John lingered on their way home from Grandpa Van Nort's, where they "loved to spend the night......because the cream gravy and fried ham tasted so good at breakfast."

So many of the prominent families of Warren, Shenandoah and Rockingham counties pass through these pages that they almost constitute a social register of this part of the Valley in the 1800's: The Bucks of Belmont and Clover Hill; the Gardners of Mountain Home; the Wheatleys of Walnut Hill, the Bowens of Clover Hill near Ninevah; the McKays of Cedarville; the Earles of Mount Zion; the Richardses of Riverside; the Williamses and Birds of Woodstock, to mention some of them.

When Kathleen was sixteen, her parents sent her to Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Powell's select finishing school in Winchester, where "young ladies entering society were taught how to behave as well as how to do needlework......music and dancing." To complete her education, however, her father entered Kathleen at the Woodstock Female Academy, at that time in the charge of Mr. Hardie, a former Presbyterian minister from Front Royal and a very strict disciplinarian. It is from Woodstock that Kathleen wrote to her mother the twenty-five "Schoolgirl letters" included in this volume. They were hastily scrawled at the end of her day's studies, and offer a delightfully frank picture of the life of a schoolgirl in ante bellum Virginia. They are even more than that, for they reflect the charming personality of a young girl of Front Royal who moved in the social circles of Woodstock with a quiet assurance. She could be demure on occasion as became the young ladies of her era, but she had a mind of her own and she did not hesitate to speak it, firmly but courteously.

Her life in Woodstock centered about her school, with a few quiet social activities to relieve the montony—evening visits to other girls and older married women, church going on Sundays where she wore her sack and "flat"—a flatbrimmed hat with a veil fastened by an elastic, a style then much in vogue. She notes a May festival and a wedding in which she had more than a passing interest. Though she always denied that she devoted much time to "partys," the truth was that, like most girls of her age, Kathleen loved a good time.

Kathleen had a quick mind and, for one so young, a lively appreciation of her parents' generosity and the sacrifices they made to send her to the best school available. Again and again she assures them: "Indeed I do (study) for I am old enough to know the advantage of a good education. Alas! It is a pity I did not think so years ago!" This from a demure miss of seventeen.

Like most girls of her age, Kathleen gave much thought to clothes and it is natural that her letters to her mother should be filled with talk of fashions and descriptions of the sort of dresses and hats she needed at school. Mrs. Boone was an accomplished seamstress, as were many women of a day when clothes were made in the home, and she made all of Kathleen's pretty frocks for her. However she must have felt constrained to warn her delightfully feminine daughter against thinking of clothes to the exclusion of her studies, for we find Kathleen assuring her mother she "need not be afraid to tell me anything about dress, for it does not keep me from studying in the least......" "Besides," she adds, "I never think about dressing up except on Sunday. Of course I try to look neat and nice during the week."

Thanks to a normal and very feminine interest in dress, Kathleen's letters are rich source material on the various items of apparel worn by a fashionable young lady of 1860. She mentions gaiters and cotton stockings, chemises and a quilted underskirt, heavy for winter warmth, but too bulky for storage and for transportation to Front Royal when she was sending her winter clothes home. She was proud of her small aristocratic foot,—she wore "number threes, narrow." She worried about getting her two new "good" dresses, a muslin and a silk, fitted. But hoops were the real problem. From the time when, at the age of twelve, Kattie first saw hoops while on a journey with her father to his relatives in Ohio and Indiana, she longed to be allowed to wear them. As they traveled along from Alexandria, Kathleen, always keenly observant even at that tender age, noticed that "straight up and down dresses are expanding into cones." She was so disappointed when her mother refused to allow her to wear hoops, that she conspired secretly with Newt, a servant who could turn his hand to almost any sort of job. Newt made an excellent pair of hoops which she managed to wear but once. After Mrs. Boone became convinced that the fashion had come to stay she relented and bought store hoops for both.

Here in these pages we shall look in vain for the romantic South of fiction, or even the South of memoirs that have necessarily lost much of their vividness with the passing of years. This is the real South, warm, vibrant with human interest, throbbing with life as it was lived day in, day out, in an age now almost forgotten under the stress of modern tensions. But even more than a way of life, the letters reveal a great and tender love story. And it is just that love story, as it is unfolded to us through the letters of Green Berry Samuels, which distinguishes this particular volume from the countless other letters and memoirs and stories of life in the South at the time of the Civil War.

Reminiscences

"Pa and Ma were married on December 26, 1839, at the old VanNort home near Riverton, Virginia, on the bluff overlooking the south branch of the Shenandoah river, opposite 'Riverside' and a little to the west of it (the site is to the right hand side of the southern entrance to the present bridge).[1] Ma was nineteen years old and Pa twenty-six. Immediately after the ceremony they started off on horseback for Mount Sidney in Augusta County, Virginia, where Pa was teaching school. It was there that my brother, John William Boone, was born in 1840. At this time many families from around Front Royal emigrated to Missouri, where there were better opportunities for young people. Pa bought a farm about seven miles from Shelbyville, Missouri, in order to join Uncles William and Cyrus Van Nort and Aunt Isabelle Van Nort Hughes who had settled there. There was already a log house on the farm which they began at once to fix up. The rag carpets they bought by the yard from Aunt Isabelle who had probably made them herself.

"There was a dairy near the house and one day, between the house and the dairy, Ma lost her amber necklace that was an heirloom from the Lehews.[2] She searched and searched for

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Note 1 — Col. John R. Kenley had his headquarters in this house. His men set it and all the outbuildings on fire on their retreat from Front Royal on May 23rd, 1862. The smoke and flames from the fire were seen from the house tops of Front Royal. His appraisal of loss of property was approved by General James Shields.

Note 2 — The founder of the LeHew family in Virginia was Nicholas LeHew, a Huguenot who escaped after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to England concealed in a hogshead. He settled in Northumberland County, on a tobacco plantation, prior to 1710. His sole heir Peter LeHew and his wife Frances moved with their children in 1724 to Stafford County, near Manassas, where he bought 927 acres adjoining Mann Page's land. Some twenty years later the family crossed the mountain and settled on Great Happy Creek on land now embraced in Front Royal. One or more of their sons fought in the French and Indian War. For a number of years the town was called LeHewtown, after Peter's son Spencer who established the first Sunday School in this neighborhood. Jonathan Branson, Francis Westley, Charles Edwin, and Elizabeth LeHew were the grandchildren of Spencer. Johnty remained a bachelor; Elizabeth married Thomas Buck McKay; Westley married Sallie Hopewell and Edwin married Anice Buck. "At a Regt. Court of Enquiry, held for the 149 Regt. Va. Ma. Nov. 17. 1860. J. B. LeHew having presented the certificate of disability from the surgeon it was ordered that he

Note 2 — (continued on page 6)

it, and she grieved over its loss. She never saw one like it. She would rub the beads between her hands and the most pleasant odor came from them. Its loss was a mystery. She always suspected that Mary, a girl Grandpa VanNort loaned her, had picked it up and hidden it. This reminds me that they went through the free state of Ohio on their way to Missouri, as Ma said they concealed Mary by day in the wagon as they passed through that State and several times they were asked whether they had any blacks with them.

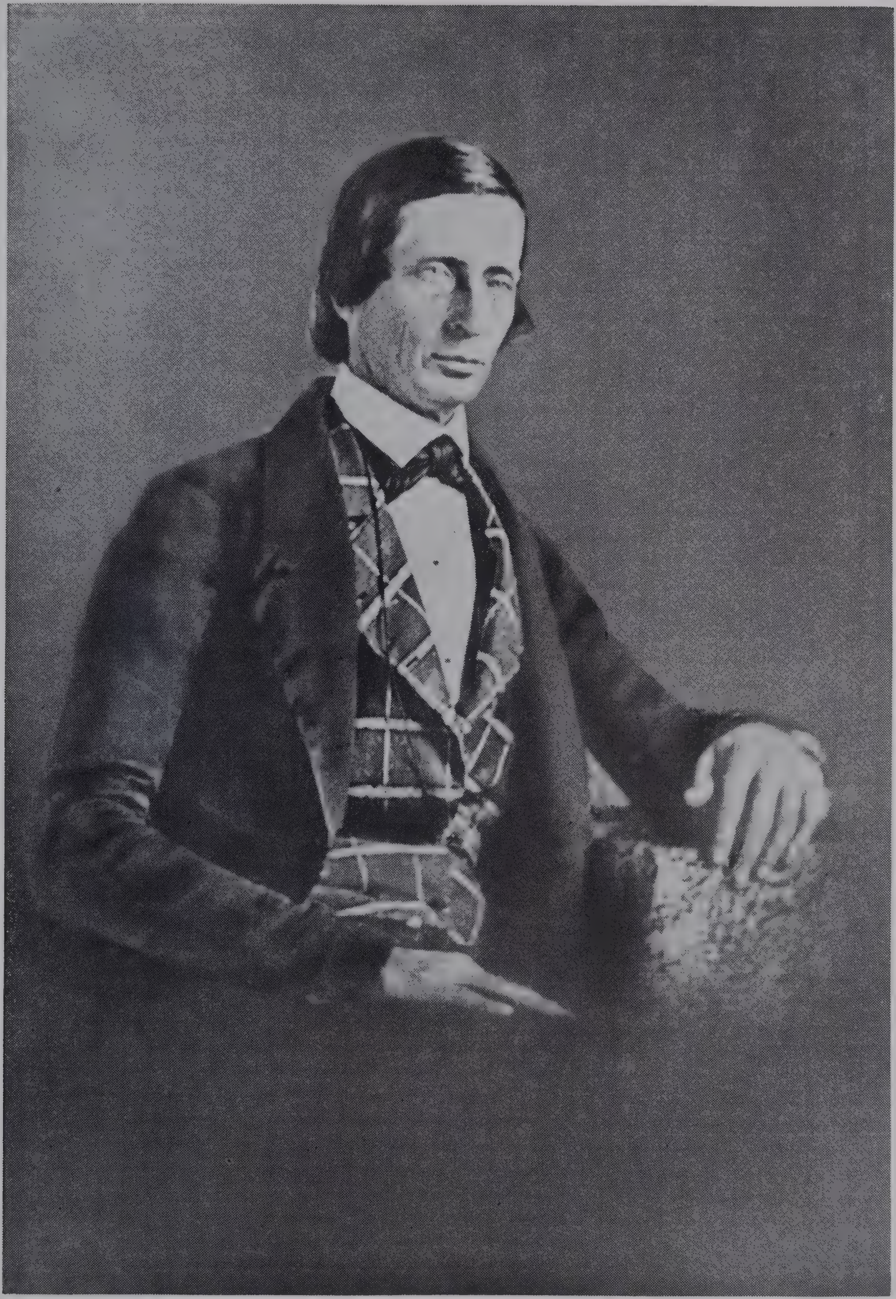
"It was in the Missouri farmhouse that I was born on November 16, 1842. When I was a few days old Mr. William Lane, who came from Front Royal, rode out from Shelbyville on a visit. He told Ma that he knew a pretty name that had been given his niece in Front Royal—Kathleen Cook.[3] Ma took it up then and there and called me Kathleen. Ma used to get on her riding-horse, tie brother behind her and put me in front, and ride off to Shelbyville to visit her relatives and friends there. Pa loved to hunt prairie chickens—there were so many. He often took trips on boats down the Missouri River. Once there was another young man on board by the name of Boone. He was Daniel Boone's grandson or great nephew. The passengers picked them out as being brothers because they looked so much alike. They both had the Boone nose.

"Shortly after Pa and Ma moved to Missouri Aunt Ann VanNort came on a long visit. All unexpectedly one day she received a letter from her first cousin, Eli Lehew, who lived on his farm in Hampshire county, Virginia. He was considered to be very well off in land and negroes. It was just a friendly letter lamenting the death of his wife and telling about the housekeeper and the teacher he employed for his children. He signed the letter 'Respectfully'. Soon there came a second letter asking Aunt Ann to marry him and this he signed "Affectionately." Aunt Ann accepted and he rode on horseback most of the way to bring her back.

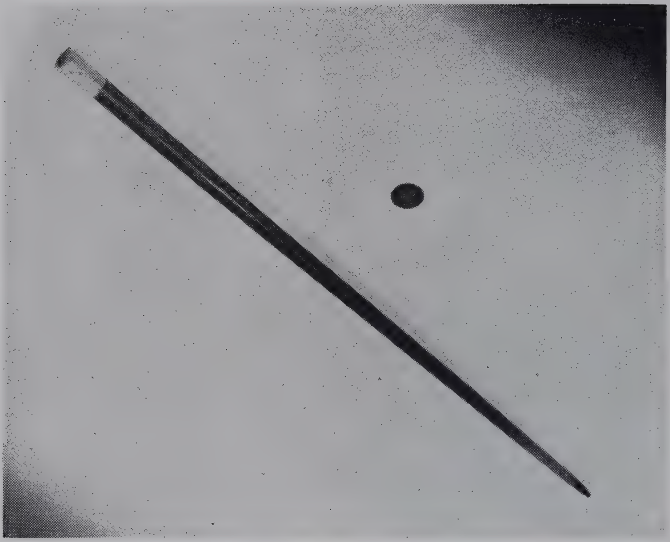
Note 2 — (continued from page 5)
be excused from mustering. Sgn. R. H. Simpson, Clk." After the close of the war it became customary to mark the graves of Confederate veterans with the name of the organization to which they belonged. Johnty belonged to Co. A 39th Va. Cavalry; Westley to Co. B. 17th Va. Infantry (Warren Rifles) of which he became Captain; Edwin to the same company.

Note 3 — This family belonged to the William Cooks of "Willow Brook" near Cedarville. Giles Cook married Elizabeth Lane, a sister of William Lane. Mrs. Boone always said she danced her first set with Mr. Cook at the Lane Tavern and she was so embarrased! Judge Giles Cook, Jr. was Sargeant, Co. B. 17th Va. Infantry.

Eliza Van Nort Boone In Her Mellon Bosom Dress



Abraham Rockingham Boone



Cane And Coin

Grandpa Van Nort's cane and a Spanish coin, dated 1816, which he carried as a lucky piece. The cane was kept at the Chester Street home of his daughter, Mrs. Ann LeHew, to be used on his trips into town to visit his many relatives living on Chester Street. They included, besides Mrs. LeHew, another daughter, Mrs. Eliza Ann Boone and her children; his two nieces, Betsy Bowling (Mrs. Andrew Bowling), and Miriam (Gideon Jones' mother); and Eda Van Nort's great-niece and great-nephews, Elizabeth, Jonathan, Wesley and Edwin LeHew. Like many old gentlemen of his day, Jacob Van Nort had a limited education. He never missed a Court Day, and often served as foreman of the jury. He died on his farm in his eighty-fourth year. His will requested that his life-long friend and neighbor, William Richardson, be given the refusal of his farm, but reserved, with rights of ingress and egress, the family burying grounds where his parents, William and Sarah Van Nort, were the first to be interred. His children were to take any of his servants at the appraisers' price, the others were to be sold.

"When I was about two years old the family returned to Grandpa VanNort's on a visit. Ma begged to remain in Virginia. It was so lonely on the farm in Missouri. The country was unhealthy, nearly everyone suffered from chills and fever and there were so many deaths. The terrific thunder-storms and lightning frightened her. Pa gratified her. He returned to Missouri, sold the farm, and brought Mary back to her master.

"The next two winters we lived at Grandpa's while Pa taught school at Cedarville among the McKay, the Melton and the Garrison families. He lived with first one family and then another a week at a time and every Saturday he walked home. The patrons of his school provided him with board but not with a horse.

"Grandpa's house was built by his parents, William and Sarah VanNort, about 1787. Before that they lived on land near Rockland, Warren County, bought from Lord Fairfax's heir. It was a log house that had been weather-boarded. It stood over a cellar. Strange to say there was no attempt in all the years to add a porch to it. The life of the place centered around a large room on the ground floor called the sitting room. When the wind was very high a draft could be felt coming through the floor from the cellar and sometimes it even raised the carpet in places. The room contained many things—a ten plate stove (the fireplace was closed), a drop-leaf dining room table, Grandpa's desk, a candlestand, and chairs enough. The glory of the room was the tall clock inlaid with tulips. It was always said that this was made in Middletown and that there was a mistake about the measurements, which accounted for its being so tall that an opening had to be made in the ceiling which was covered over by a box on the floor of the room above. It was wound up by Grandpa immediately after breakfast every Sunday morning and had to be cleaned every seven years. Lastly, there was a couch in the room, which was not uncommon in sitting-rooms and dining-rooms because I remember there was a couch in the dining-room at 'Mountain Home'.[4]

"Grandma sat behind the stove on a low cushion cane-bottom chair and in front of her on a like chair laid her Testament and hymn-book, the former given her by Mr. Samuel

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Note 4 — The home of Capt. Samuel B. Gardner. He married Sarah C. Allen. Ann Gardner was their daughter. She died of typhoid fever at Hollins Institute and was buried there. Tradition has it that she and Westley LeHew were engaged to be married.

Spengler who built 'Riverside'. She read just so many pages every day and she kept the place by thumb marks that can be seen today. She was most particular about her caps. They were trimmed with real lace and a small iron with a fine point was set aside for pressing them. The frames of her glasses were made of pure gold. She carried a key basket and every morning, accompanied by her cook, Jane, she gave out just so much meat and flour and eggs as she calculated would be needed for the day. She said she would never have to answer for the sin of not giving her servants a plenty to eat. There was a discussion as to whether the negroes should be given a share of the oysters that used to be brought up from Alexandria. Their master decided in their favor as he said they worked as hard as the white people.

"Day in and day out Grandma pieced quilts. She carded the wool herself that was spun and woven into coverlets and blankets in the loom house in the yard. The bedclothes accumulated and had to be kept in piles on chairs upstairs. When there were too many they were boxed and sent to the children in Missouri. Grandma was told that they did not always take good care of the things and this distressed her very much.

"The passage of the house was wide enough for a Chippendale sideboard, a dropleaf dining table and chairs, but mostly they ate in the sitting-room, after each meal putting the table back against the wall. The cooking was all done by an open fireplace. Matches were never allowed on the place for fear of fire. Jane's fingers were bent from handling heavy iron pots and kettles.

"Grandma's room was what they called the 'shed room'—off the sitting-room. This had a fireplace which was filled with dried asparagus in summer. Back of the passage there was a small bedroom—called the children's room. The upstairs was a half story, with one large room with a fireplace and a small front bedroom over the passage. In the large room stood two double beds and a big chest painted green. Company came and went for there was always a place to sleep and sit.

"I used to wonder how many cords of wood had been burned in the huge chimney in the kitchen. At night the coals were bedded so that nobody could remember, summer or winter, when the fire had gone out. The fireplace was built into the same chimney as the one that was closed in the sitting-room, so that only the thickness of the great chimney separated the two rooms. This small entry had a door at either end and Grandma had trouble in training the young negroes to keep both doors closed. The negroes' sleeping quarters adjoined the kitchen in some way.

"The steps that led upstairs from the passage were closed in by a door, and under them was a closet in which all kinds of preserves were kept. Whenever the door was opened there escaped the most agreeable scent. Once I got into the closet and dipped my hands deep into a jar of damson preserves almost as high as myself. It was smeared all over my face, arms and apron until I was a sight when Grandma discovered me.

"The woodwork in the house was never painted, but the pine had taken the most beautiful color. It was scrubbed with hard soap and sand. Rainy days the negroes, all hands, were put to shining candlesticks and kitchen utensils and whatever else that would take a polish.

"To get into the cellar from the kitchen it was necessary to go around the front of the house. The water was carried up the hill from the spring. The ice-house was on the western slope of the hill and the barn and the granary on the eastern. The smoke house was near the kitchen door. From morning until night, in all kinds of weather, footsteps were being taken by white and black from one place to another. Ma used to say they were everyone of them brought up to industry. The girls by the time they were ten years old could spin and weave—Aunt Ann once raised silk worms. I have a skein of darning silk threads which she twisted and reeled herself. In Aunt Lucinda Van Nort Warden's[5] obituary it says that she was one of the most industrious women that ever lived and because of kind deeds she was probably better known than any other woman in Hardy County. During the war she spun and wove the softest woolen breakfast shawl for Ma.

"The yard to the house with its roses and lilacs was enclosed by a white washed paling fence—and by the gate there was a

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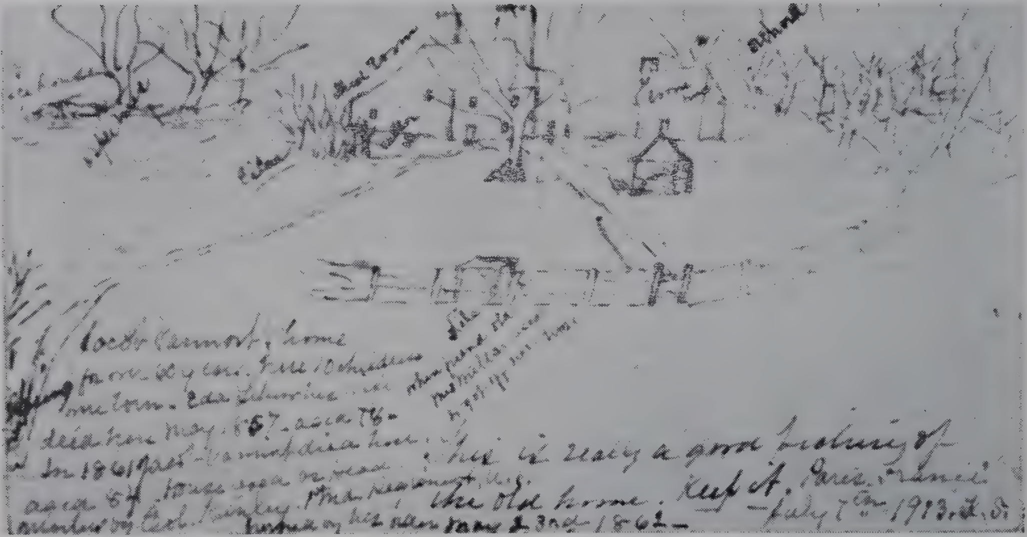
Note 5 — Benjamin Warden married Lucinda VanNort. Their children were Julius of Victoria, Texas; Jacob of "Claremont," near Berryville, Va.; and William, who died in a Confederate hospital at Mt. Jackson, Va. Jacob married Susan Clagett of Hardy County, and her sister, Fannie, married Andrew Bolen, a Confederate soldier of Staunton, Va. The Clagetts belonged to the old Maryland family of Klagetts. Andrew Bolen's mother, Betsy Bolen, was a great-niece of Jacob VanNort, as was her sister, Miriam Jones, the mother of Gideon Jones, the merchant. These two families lived on Chester Street, as did their relatives, the Boones and the LeHews. The Wardens' land had been surveyed by George Washington. They were related through the Bransons to the Richardsons of "Rose Hill."

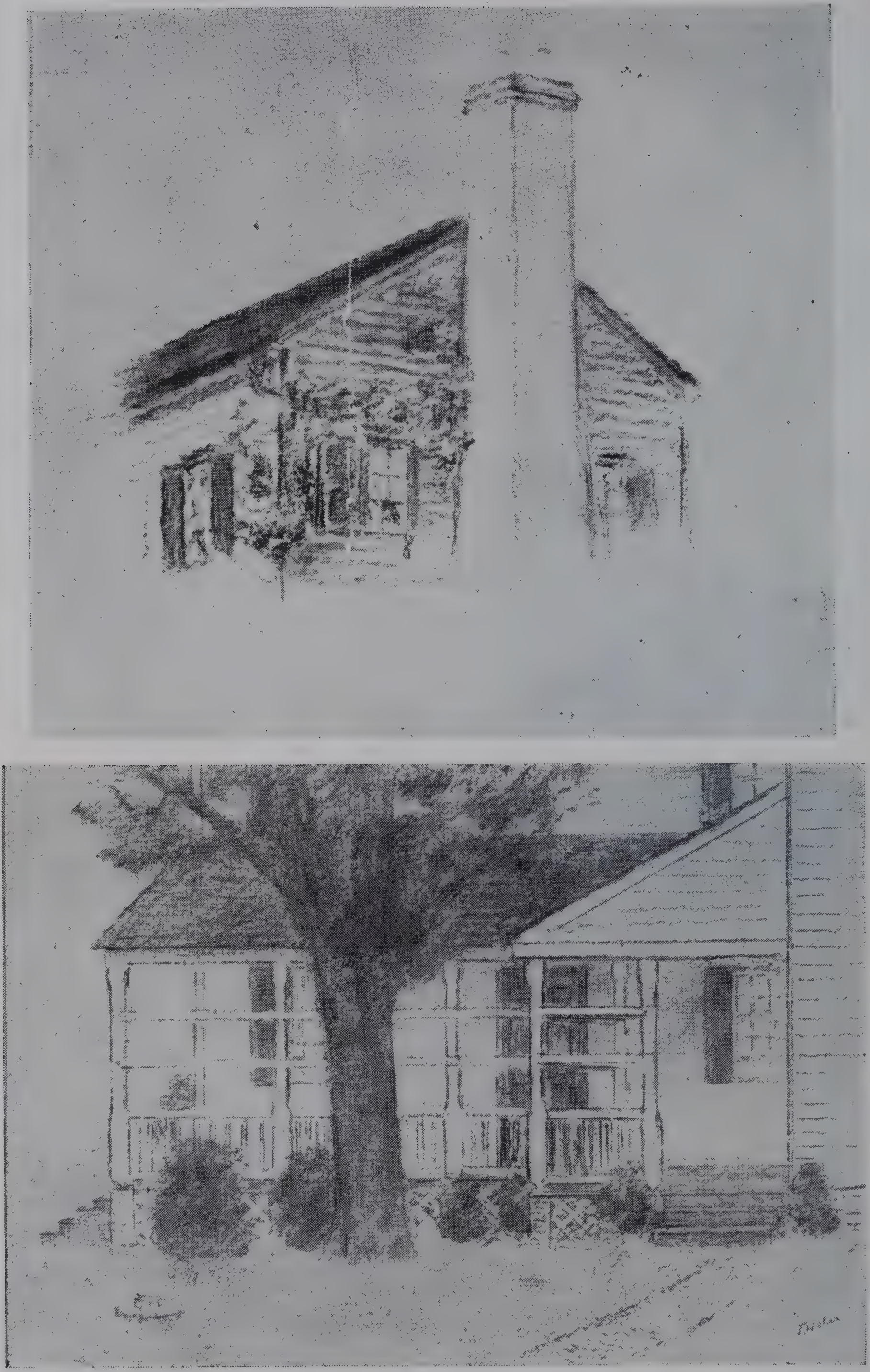

This is really a good picture of the Old home. Keep it. Paris France — July 7th 1913. K. S.

THE OLD VAN NORT HOME. SKETCHED FROM MEMORY
BY KATHLEEN BOONE SAMUELS IN PARIS, JULY 7, 1913

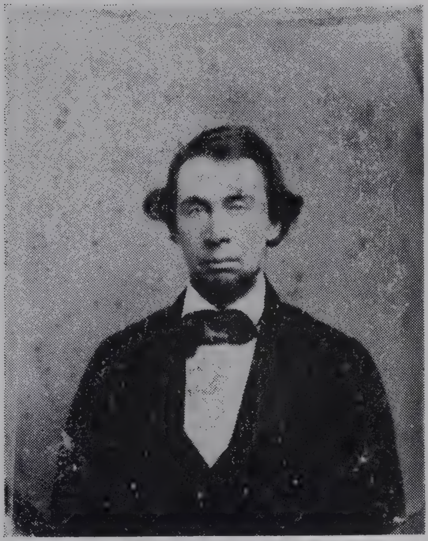
KATHLEEN AND JOHN
WILLIAM BOONE

The Boone Home In Front Royal

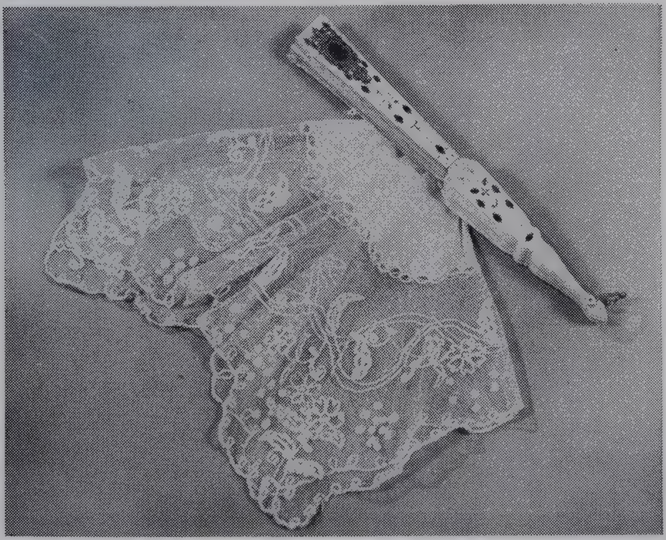
The Children's Playhouse



THE BOONE HOME IN FRONT ROYAL



Jonathan Branson LeHew



French Fan Bought In Baltimore And Given Kattie Boone By Johnty LeHew In 1855. Note Small Mirror On Fan. The Handkerchief, Also, Belonged To Mrs. Samuels Who Records That Mrs. Giles Cook, Sr., Owned One Just Like It In 1865.

stile. It was all very old fashioned and settled and peaceful. Summer evenings Grandpa would doze away on his Windsor chair against the old locust tree, and call whenever he pleased for one of the young negroes to bring him a drink of water from the spring. Grandma would take her nap in the shed-room with the fireplace filled with asparagus branches. The negroes had a peculiar note of reverence as they spoke of 'Ole Marster' and 'Ole Missy'. There were three generations of them on the place. They were descended from Rachel and George who were bought from the Cooks of 'Willow Brook'. Rachel was a Guinea negro only one generation removed from Africa. They were trained to be most respectful and to answer to every beck and call. It was Grandma's request that Eliza who belonged to the Richardsons at 'Rose Hill'[6] be sent for to lay her out in her shroud. The family graveyard was across the hollow on the next bluff overlooking the river to the west of the house and in full view. There rested the dead, white and black alike. It was enclosed by a paling fence which was always kept white washed. Just back of the garden on the incline of the hill toward the river there was an Indian burying ground into which the boys used to dig for flint arrow heads. So it was that on the two bluffs there slept in death—three races, white, black and red.

"The second winter we stayed at Grandpa VanNort's the servants showed signs of being in bad humor. They got it into their heads that they were being imposed on by having to wash and iron and cook and wait on four extra people—Pa, Ma, Brother and me. This vexed Grandpa, who was severe enough on his servants. But he did have a tender heart because I heard it said that one very hot summer evening he rode out into a field and found his man napping under a tree at the end of a row. He rode away without waking him.

"Sometime in 1846 we moved into Front Royal where Pa

Note 6 — There were "the Rose Hill" Richardsons and the "Waterlick" Richardsons. William Richardson and his wife Elizabeth Millar lived at Rose Hill. Eltie was their daughter. She died of diptheria July 29, 1862. Miss Sarah Brown and Kattie Samuels sat up with the corpse which laid in the small upstairs room on the south side of the house. They sat on the porch and every once in a while went to look at the corpse and snuff the candle. William Richardson, Eltie's brother, was "Lieut., Warren Rifles, Co. B. 17th Va. Vol. Pickett's Division, Longstreets Corps. Wounded in the Battle of Williamsburg, Va. May 6, of which he died May 29, 1862, age 21 yrs. 2 mos. We mourn and are grieved but not as those without hope." Copied from his tombstone at Mountain View. His body was brought back to Rose Hill in 1866, where a funeral was held. Mrs. Samuels rode out there on horseback with Mrs. Betty Wheatley. Charley Richardson belonged to the "Waterlick" Richardsons. Mr. William Richardson died of typhoid fever just before the war. Johnty LeHew was one of the pall bearers.

started a school. Mr. Samuel Simpson[7] had conducted a famous school but he was getting old and there seemed to be a good opening for a younger man. We boarded at Aunt Ann Lehew's one winter and Pa conducted his school in the corner office in her yard. Uncle Eli Lehew died soon after he married Aunt Ann. She brought his children, Jonathan Branson, Charles Edwin, Francis Westley and Elizabeth, to Front Royal to be educated. Westly was inclined to be wild and he would not listen to Aunt Ann or Johnty. Old Mr. Felix Welton came down from Lost River to see about the children—he was their guardian. It was decided to send Westley up the mountain to Capt. Gardner's (the Gardners and Uncle Eli's children were related) and there Westley became a member of the family.

"I loved to go next door to Col. Jacobs'[8] and spend the night with Molly and Sidney, who were about my age. They had the prettiest things, because their father was a merchant and their nurse washed and dressed us so nicely in the morning.

"Houses were very scarce in Front Royal, but by the next winter Pa succeeded in renting one from Mrs. Lane, next to the Lane Tavern. One evening I went across the street to play with the Cook children. On the back porch stood a tall, slender cabinet with a door and sides made out of thick cotton material. Lowered into the top was a large tin sieve. It was a forerunner of the present shower-bath. Aunt Ailsy, the nurse, undressed me, put me into the cabinet, and closed the door. Standing on a stool she began to pour water cold from the well through the sieve. When the first drops touched me I bolted out in terror and ran screaming round and round the yard. Mrs. Cook laughed about this until her dying day.

"Pa was an excellent teacher. He knew his Murray's English Grammar by heart and he could tell the botanical names of many plants. He had gone to a good school conducted in Rockingham County. In 1848 he decided to give up school teach-

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Note 7 — Captain Samuel Simpson conducted a famous school in Front Royal for two generations. He died July 28, 1861. He was the father of Major Robert Simpson and Miss Mary Simpson, long a noted teacher, first in the Front Royal Academy, of which her brother Robert was principal, and later in the Front Royal Public School.

Note 8 — Col. Edward Jacobs married Mary Ann Shumate. He was one of the leading merchants of Front Royal. He represented Warren County in the House of Delegates and for a long time presided over the County Court. "His hand was ever open to the relief of the needy, and no man ever dispensed hospitality with a more unsparing hand and genial warmth." His funeral was conducted by the Rev. Charles E. Ambler and he was buried on his farm near Ninevah.

ing forever and to open up a hotel to take the place of the Lane Tavern which had been closed. The leading hotel in the town was run by the Smiths and before them by the Blakemores.

"Pa purchased the property on Chester Street from the Kendricks. Col. Robert Turner[9] had once lived in it so that Dr. Turner who practiced in our family said he always felt at home when he came. It had been used as a tavern before. Pa enlarged the detached kitchen to four rooms to house the servants and he added a story to the rear of the main house and a pantry. There were already a smoke house with a large ashhopper back of it, and a barn and he added a granary. He and Dr. Brown[10] built an ice house on the latter's property for the two families. Later he built a cottage in the yard to accommodate guests.

"Uncle Aaron, who belonged to Mr. Moses Richards,[11] was hired to be the cook and he presided over the kitchen with dignity. He was a slim tall light colored old negro who boasted that he came out of the King Carter estate on the James River. There was an agreement with his master as to precisely what his duties were to be. He took care of everything in the kitchen and he washed the dining-room linen, and Ma never dared ask him to do another thing. Pa bought a woman named Lindy from Capt. Leroy Leach,[12] and a free negro named Thompson spent most of his time on the place. Whenever there was need of it, a servant was borrowed from Grandpa VanNort. Lindy had several children—one a very likely boy named George. Her husband

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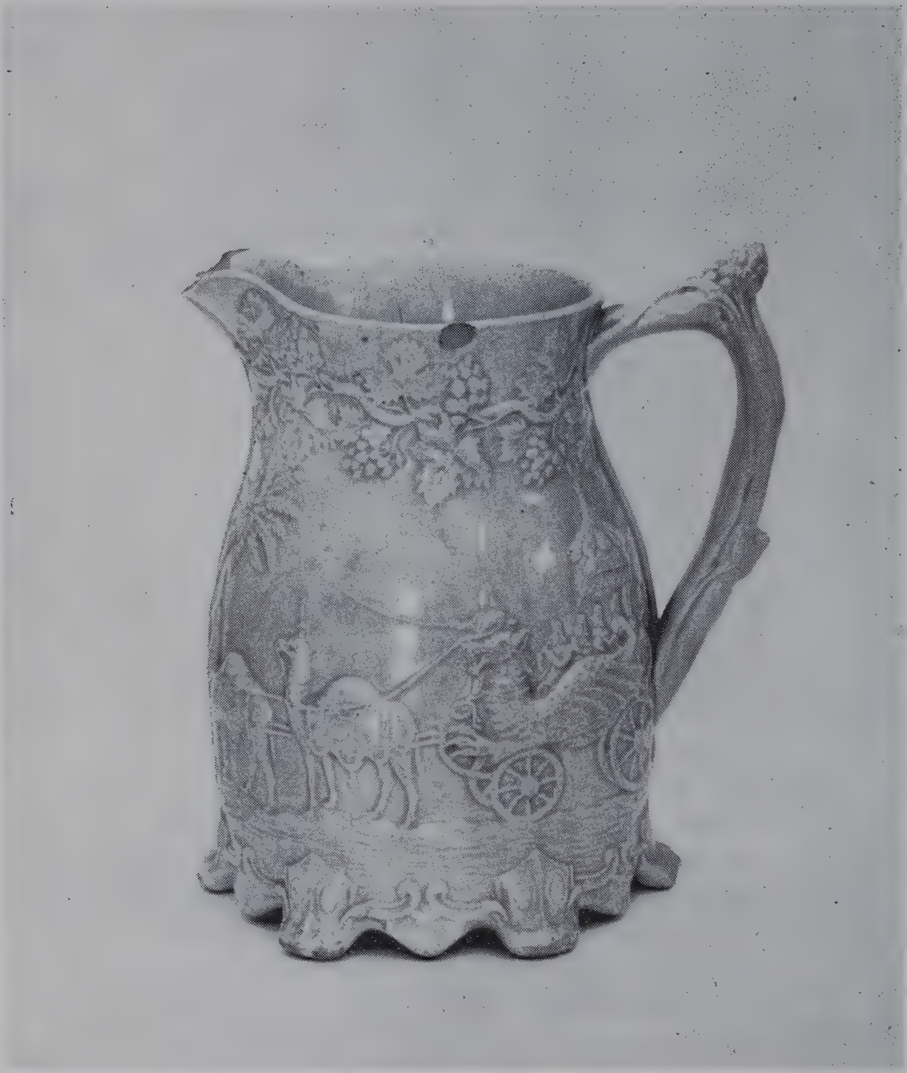
Note 9 — Col. Robert Turner was the first clerk of Warren County. His wife was Lucy Long. He died May 19, 1864, aged 62 years. Dr. James H. Turner, Judge Robert Turner, and the Hon. Smith Spengler Turner were their sons.

Note 10 — Dr. Anderton Brown. Major Victor M. Brown was his son. He married Mollie Jacobs.

Note 11 — Mr. Moses Richards was a brother of Major James R. Richards of "Riverside", near Riverton. Major Richards' wife was Elizabeth M. Blakemore Bayly. She was the mother of Marcus (Mac) Bayly, by her first husband. He married Miss Mollie Buck. He messed with John Boone all during their long captivity at Johnson's Island and Fort Delaware. They were both captured the same day, Nov. 7, 1863, Mac at Riverside and John at Front Royal. John galloped through the gate on "Dolly Grey" on Chester Street and headed for the square and the mountains. He went but a few yards when shots from the Yankee cavalry stopped him. Uncle Aaron was in great demand to cook dinners for important events. He cooked dinner at Mountain View at the marriage of Mary C. Buck to Soloman Cunningham.

Note 12 — Captain LeRoy Leach was a prominent farmer and one time High Sheriff of Warren County. His son Thornton Leach was the last surviving Confederate soldier in this county. He belonged to Mosby's command. Henry Thompson's wife was Aunt Frances who belonged to Major Richards. She was one of the most faithful and capable servants of her day — she worshiped the Richardses. General Sheridan in his Memoirs speaks of stopping at Mrs. Richards' house at Riverton.



Water Pitcher

Water pitcher referred to on page 13 of Reminiscences. It is probably Bennington parian ware, circa 1850. As Mrs. Hanson (Dr.) Dorsey had one exactly like it, both pitchers likely came from Col. Jacobs' store.

was Horace who was Mr. William Buck's[13] coachman. They were really not married because Pa did not believe in marriage among the slaves.

"Ma kept house in silk dresses (that was the fashion then) and she managed everything from her upstairs bedroom. There was a bell outside of her window by which she summoned the servants day or night. Countless times they were called from the kitchen and had to cross the open pavement, up four or five steps to the porch, across this and across the diningroom and up a flight of steps and across a hall to Ma's room. It was the most natural thing to see them come and go without a murmur or complaint. Every night at nine o'clock George brought a pitcher of water to Ma's room and we all drank from the rim of it before going to bed. Ma always tried to keep her servants in good humor, because she said she could get better work out of them by praising them than by scolding them. She never could learn to carry a key basket as most housekeepers did: she carried all of the keys in her pockets.

"Uncle Aaron stayed about two years and Pa then hired a couple, Newt and Sarah, from Uncle Eli Lehew's estate. Newt looked after the garden and horses and Sarah did the housework. Ma set Lindy to do the cooking. When she was bought she could cook only corn bread and bacon. She trained under Uncle Aaron and she developed into one of the best of cooks and was neat about everything she touched.

"Newt was a handy Negro. He corded beds so tight that he could almost play a tune on the ropes. He kept seasoned wood on hand and he had a talent for carving dipping spoons and paddles for butter. In the granary there was a large stump of a tree, with one end hollowed out to form a mortar and in this Newt would pound out the kernals of corn from their hulls

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Note 13 — There were five sets of Bucks on their farms: 1. The "Buckton Bucks" to whom Mollie, Anice and Sandy belonged. 2. The "Bel Air Bucks" headed by William Mason Buck and his wife Elizabeth Ann Ashby. Lucy and Nellie were their daughters. 3. The "Mountain View Bucks" under Dr. Newton Buck and his wife Jane Urquart Lovell. 4. The "Belmont Bucks" under Mr. Marcus Blakemore Buck and his wife Jane Letitia Bayly. Their sons were William Walter Buck and Richard Bayly Buck. Walter was killed in a cavalry skirmish near Upperville, June 21, 1863. He was first buried in the old family burying ground at Buckton. He was Lieut. Co. E. 7th Va. Cavalry. On August 7, 1860 Richard B. Buck wrote an original poem in Kattie Boone's Album. For 90 years a tiny wrapping of paper lay beside this page, unopened. When it was opened it bore the initials "R.B.B."—and contained a lock of hair. This was sent to his son Walter Hooper Buck of Baltimore who placed it in his father's bible. 5. The "Fayette Bucks" of "Clover Hill". Julia Buck was one of them.

as the first step in making hominy. He would then place it all in a sieve and toss it high in the air to get rid of the hulls. This he did without losing a kernel. He was the greatest help to Ma when she dipped candles in the fall and he knew all about the making of soap.

"There were so many bells to answer in those days. There was the front door bell and the bell outside Ma's room. There was a rising bell and a dinner and supper bell. Sometimes the ringing of the bells at our house and of those at Dr. Brown's would coincide.

"The food was placed in covered dishes to keep it warm and carried across the open space to the dining-room rain or shine. Everything was placed on the table at the same time. Ma never trusted a servant to set the table. This she did herself. The meals were simple and bountiful and there was usually no dessert.

"After each meal Ma kept her place at the head of the table and a servant brought in two large dishpans of hot water—one to wash the dishes in and the other to rinse them—and set them down beside her. She did the wiping herself and saw that the dishes were put away. (See Page 28)

"There was a spring and fall housecleaning. Every window was washed inside and out and in the cellar sulphur was burned to drive off the miasma. Laying down the carpet or matting on the parlor floor was a regular ceremony. First the floor was scoured and dried. Then newspapers were placed over the boards, next a layer of straw and finally the carpet or matting. Every few years the entire inside of the house was whitewashed, except Ma's room which was papered.

"In the house a seamstress sat in Ma's room and sewed by hand from morning till night, weeks at a time. Not only did our own clothes, men's and women's have to be made, but an entire new outfit of clothes had to be made for the servants before every Christmas; and there was always darning to be done and stockings and socks to be knit.

"Pa had read about the wonderful invention—the sewing machine. When he went to New York in 1856 to see the Crystal Palace he stopped in Philadelphia on his way back and ordered a Grover and Baker sewing machine. He wrote Ma that it would save countless finger-pricks and do more work in a day than a seamstress could do in a week. After the longest time it came in the finest mahogany case—the first one brought to Front

Royal. After that the seamstress came for certain sewing, but all the fine clothes Ma could now make herself. Mrs. Marcus Buck was so impressed that she had Pa order one for her—and this was the second one in Front Royal.

"I have no recollection of ever having been taken to Pa's schoolroom at Aunt Ann's, but I recall a scene that took place in this same room about 1852.

"Aunt Lucinda Warden brought down from Wardensville Aunt Didy to have a cancer of the breast removed. There was a great deal of talk about it. I overheard when the operation was to be and I peeked into the north window of Pa's old schoolroom. Dr. Brown and Dr. Turner were the surgeons. Aunt Didy was stretched out and tied to a table. They removed one breast and I can still hear her screams of agony. The wound healed and Aunt Lucinda took her home full of hope but she soon died. The Warden children were dreadfully distressed over her loss because she was their nurse. She was a copper colored old woman. They kept locks of her hair as if she had been white. Not long after that Aunt Lucinda's negro boy, Hen, while playing, injured an eye of his young master William. To get him off the place Aunt Lucinda loaned him to Ma to nurse my brother Charley who was born in 1851. Hen was with us several years and used to pull Charley up and down the street in the first baby carriage ever seen in Front Royal. It was a low, deep oblong wicker affair with a great hood to cover the baby's head. It stood on four small solid wooden wagon-like wheels. I laugh to think what a ludicrous picture Hen, the baby and the carriage would make today.

"The Wardens owned quite a number of likely negroes. The first of every year, those that were not needed at home were hired out in the yard. The farmers from round about came to bid on them. One year Aunt Betty, the cook, did something to displease Aunt Lucinda who decided to discipline her by hiring her out. As she mounted the block in the yard she threw off her bandanna turban to show her gray hair—she was so outraged. She was hired out at McKiefer's Hotel in Wardensville. That was the year the war broke out. A company was organized in the neighborhood and Aunt Lucinda and other women stood in front of the hotel to watch their sons go off. Betty came around from the back and made a speech—'Now' she said, 'white ladies knows how niggers feels when their children is taken away and hired out and sold.' Some people took Aunt Betty's part.

"Pa was fond of traveling, which was attributed to his Boone blood. One summer he went to see relatives in Texas. In the Gulf of Mexico a fire broke out on the ship. George Peabody's daughter was on board as a bride. After the fire was put out they all agreed that the bride was the most composed person of all. Pa brought back a sewing box studded with rare shells for Ma and a number of chameleons to amuse the children.

"In his youth he had made a number of trips on horseback to Ohio to visit his family who had sold their farm in Rockingham County and moved to one near Toledo, Ohio. Railroads had been built and he decided to go again, traveling by this easy way, and to take me with him. I was about twelve years old.

Hoop skirts had just come into fashion and I begged Ma to buy me hoops for the trip. She did not approve of hoops. She thought they were indecent and she vowed that neither she nor I should ever wear them. The train left about ten o'clock in the morning. The first thing I noticed as we neared Alexandria was that straight up and down dresses were expanding into cones. At Alexandria we ferried across the Potomac and took a train that brought us to the Relay House at 4 o'clock in the evening. Pa said it was nine miles this side of Baltimore. We took the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad there and by the time we had crossed Maryland and arrived at Harper's Ferry it was moonlight. Pa led me to the end of the car to see where the Shenandoah enters into the Potomac. After supper we started for Wheeling. I never slept a wink that night. I shall never forget the full moon and how it disappeared and reappeared and its reflection on streams of water as the train wound its way in and out of deep gorges in the mountains. The sun was up—when we reached Wheeling. I had heard so much about the Ohio River and here I was to see it and the boats on it. We took another branch of the railroad to Columbus, where we had to wait a long time for a train to take us to Cincinnati. There was a place in the station to wash one's hands. The soap was so hard and coarse it chapped my hands. We arrived in Cincinnati in the dead of night and stopped at the Gault House, where Pa got a large room with two beds. I went to sleep at once. Later Pa came in.

"In the morning we started for Dayton. After we arrived Pa had great trouble in finding his brother Daniel's house. There I met my first cousin, Albert Boone.[14] Pa had my daguerreotype

Note 14 — Col. Albert Boone of Zanesville, Ohio.

Kathleen Boone At The Age Of Twelve

Taken In Dayton, Ohio

taken. We visited his father and mother's farm where they lived and died. It was a stone house with green shutters. I drew a picture of it which I still have. Not far away from the house there was a huge Indian mound which may have been on Grandpa's farm. As we stood on it we saw a train pass on its way from Cincinnati to Dayton. In Dayton there were not many places of interest, so it was suggested that we visit the Insane Asylum. They did not let me see the men's side, but they turned me over to a matron and a young doctor. One patient would not speak. She imagined her mouth had been locked. The doctor took out a key and pretended to unlock her mouth, and when she began to talk her tongue went like a bell clapper.

"After a week we left by train for Indianapolis to visit Pa's married sister, Elizabeth. Going along I saw white women working in the fields—that was a sight to me. I do not remember the name of the family and very little about the visit. I was so tired by this time. They had no servants and my young cousins told me that they did not understand how people could eat bread made by black hands. I did not like it and replied that the black did not rub off. The only cousin I took a fancy to was Albert Boone.

"We returned home by the way we went. At Harpers' Ferry we stopped for the night and the next morning visited the arsenal. Pa examined the guns and talked with the workmen. We walked over the bridge to get the view—the houses looked odd clinging to the hill. The ride to Winchester did not take long. We stopped at the Taylor Hotel. I put on a white dress—the sleeves and skirt I still have. As I went out on the hotel porch a lady with hoops on from the city (City people were spending the summer there) put her arms around me and said that I reminded her of a relative and she stayed with me a long time. It was right on the street and every woman who passed by had on hoops.

"In Dayton I noticed hoops hanging out of the stores. I thought they were the most graceful things, with only the tip of the toes showing as they stepped along. I was crazy on the subject of hoops, but Pa would not buy any. So I arrived home just as straight up and down as the day I left—and Ma had not changed her mind.

"I went to Newt and asked him if he could make me hoops. He was sure he could. He cut out two narrow hickory bands, the upper one narrower than the lower and not as long. He dressed them down with glass to make them as thin and smooth as possible. The servants all knew about it and kept it a secret. One Saturday evening I stood upstairs by one of the small east windows in Ma's room and Newt passed two hoops up to me. I took tucks in an old petticoat and ran the hoops through. The next day Ma walked out to Grandma's and spent the day. I put on my hoop skirt and went to the old Methodist church. The hoops did not set so well as the bought ones: they were too stiff. Ma made Newt destroy them before her eyes and she gave him a severe lecture. Newt made two more hoops. Finally Ma had to give in and buy hoops for both of us—and she was one of the last to take them off.

"When I was a child Dr. Dorsey[15] lived across the street from us. He idolized his son Willie who was taken ill with whooping cough. He would not be satisfied until they sent for Kattie Boone. Ma gave me something to eat and she made a bag, put asafoetida in it and tied it around my neck. I had had whooping cough, but she was afraid I would get it again. Willie lay in a trundle bed and I never saw so many playthings as he had around him. Mrs. Kattie Blakemore was sitting in the room.

"After Dr. Dorsey moved to the country I was invited out to spend the night. Ma bought me a new set of hoops and Willie came for me. We crossed Happy Creek on a log. We walked along the creek and then we cut across a meadow and up a hill where there was a high rail fence between us and the house. I had no trouble with the hoops in crossing the creek, but I was uneasy about how the hoops would act if I attempted to go over the fence. Willie climbed over and let down a couple of rails and then I climbed up and he took my hand as I jumped down from the remaining rails. That night Mrs. Dorsey asked me whether I was afraid to sleep alone. I said no and she put me in a big room upstairs.

"So many things seemed to have happened the summer before the war broke out. Johnty LeHew developed rheumatism. He was so stiff he had to walk with crutches and he could hardly

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Note 15 — Dr. Hanson Dorsey, born in Howard Co., Maryland, in 1810, died at "Greenfields" 1879. His wife was Amanda Castleman. They lived at "Sunnyside", near town. William Hanson Dorsey (1846-1861) died of typhoid fever. He selected a poem for Kattie Boone's album, addressing it to "Kathleen". After signing it he added: "I beg your pardon Miss Kattie for not putting "Miss" at the top of the page, it was a slip of the pen." Twice Belle Boyd wrote in the album—each time an original poem—July 28 and August 14, 1861. On the former date she began: "Owing to the affairs of the country, I cannot collect my ideas together to write as I would wish."

handle his knife and fork. Dr. Turner recommended Berkeley Springs. Ma needed a cure, so they both went. She made lovely skirts for the trip. Johnty took the cold water cure. The first time as the water poured out of the spout and gradually rose to his armpits, as he stood there he said it was torture itself. At the end of his month of treatment he considered it an exhilirating luxury. He came away the happiest mortal because he could dance again.

"There was a tournament at Catsburg. I remember Newton Petty[16] and George Hope[17] were among the knights. One of the young Lakes was the winning knight and he came and asked me if he could crown me queen of beauty. Johnty scolded me for not accepting because he said Mr. Moore would have put my name in the Gazette so that everybody could see it.

"People were forever spending the day, the night or the week with one another. It was the only way they could have a change. I remember the valances to the children's beds at Bel Air. Mr. Buck was so particular that he never allowed his little girls to come into his presence unless they were dressed—to teach them modesty. A woman whom they called Dumb Mary was the nurse. She could neither speak nor hear. If any of the children was sick in the night their grandmother, old Mrs. Ashby,[18] would thump on the floor with a cane kept for that purpose. Dummy felt the vibrations and came right away. Brother and I often stopped at 'Rose Hill' to play on our way out to Grandpa's farm. We loved to spend the night there because the cream gravy and fried ham tasted so good at breakfast. I have Grandma's receipe for making sugar cakes and the tulip, rose, heart and diamond shaped tin molds that were used to cut them out. Brother and Willie Richardson had great fun catching frogs and getting Aunt Dinah to cook them. She was the busiest servant—always doing something or pretending to do

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Note 16— Two brothers with their families lived in adjoining houses on Chester Street. Newton Petty's father was John B. Petty. The other brother was the Rev. James Spellman Petty.

Note 17 — The Hope family lived on the west bank of Happy Creek, below Bel Air. It was a nice home but little by little the stream encroached on it until it almost destroyed it. Near by was Hope's Mill. The firm was Hope and Haynie. Miss Pollie Haynie, a dear old lady, boarded at Smith's Hotel. She was buried in the Millar graveyard at Mountain View.

Note 18 — Mrs. Rebecca R. Ashby (1792-1878) was Mrs. William Buck's mother. She made her home at Bel Air. Her son was Thomas Ashby, the county clerk who saved the county records by having them carted off to "Belmont." He built the fine house called "Oaklands" on a hill to the west of the town.

something for 'my white folks'.

"That summer I had a delightful visit to Julia Buck at 'Clover Hill' on the river and from there I went to visit the Halls. They had a splendid cook. There is one trip I always regret not making. Lucy Buck sent me a note—I have it still—inviting me to drive with them to Capon Springs for a short stay and she said I should bring along a couple of heavy skirts for morning wear. Ma thought I was going around far too much and she would not let me go. A perfectly wonderful visit in the fall, I made to 'Belmont'. The boys, Dick and Walter, were at home. Mr. Buck took us all farther up the mountain on an outing to gather chestnuts. To save trouble he cut down a tree loaded with nuts and the boys came home with bags and pockets full. Mr. Buck was one of the most polite and generous gentlemen that ever lived. He and his wife were related and they always called each other 'cousin'.

"Right often when Westley Lehew came to town on business he would stop by and take me back with him to 'Mountain Home' to play with Ann Gardner. Once while I was there Capt. Gardner took Ann and me on horseback over to Wapping to see the railroad that had been built that far. I do not remember as much about the railroad as I do about the service a Catholic priest held for the Irish workmen. Ann and I opened our eyes in amazement. Later, when the road was finished to Front Royal, Col. Jacobs got up a party to drive to Happy Creek station. We left the carriages and went into the cars so that we could say that we were on the first passenger train that came into Front Royal.

"When I was a child Ma used to send me over the river to Cousin Tom McKay's[19] to get the country air. It was there that Annie McKay and I grew to be such lifelong friends. Once Ma sent me over there but it was not for the air. There were the greatest preparations being made for a big dinner to follow the marriage of Kattie Petty to Jonathan Gardner—and Ma did not want me to meet so many people. She wore a dress made for the occasion—a blue and gold brocaded silk (I have it now). Charley Green[20] used to sing ballads and this time he

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Note 19 — He lived in the "Old Stone House" on the east side of the road near by Cedarville. In the fight at Cedarville several soldiers were killed in the yard and the wounded were nursed in the house. Nannie Antrim McKay married Capt. John R. Rust of Co. I. 12th Va. Cavalry. He was a cousin of Turner Ashby and one of the most fearless men who ever rode with Ashby.

Note 20 — Charles H. Green, father of Kate Green who married Judge John Paul of Harrisonburg.

substituted the bride's name so that Ma said the refrain ran 'Bright are the beams from Katty Petty's eyes.'

"I visited among the Bowens in the Rockland neighborhood. They had fine farms and swarms of negroes. Once I visited Mrs. Betty Wheatley at 'Walnut Hill' in that part of the county. The Baptists had an Association at Ninevah. George Williams came down from Woodstock to Front Royal and we rode horseback to the meeting. We were invited to spend the night at Mrs. Wheatley's It was a large party and that evening we all walked over from 'Walnut Hill' to 'Clover Hill' where the Bowens[21] lived. There were so many guests at 'Walnut Hill' that pallets had to be laid on the floor for the gentlemen to sleep on.

"For some reason Walter and Edwin Bowen's mother and his two sisters Ella and Harriet left their farm and moved to town. They had such a nice way of receiving callers in their parlor in the winter time. Sticks of wood and kindling were always kept ready to light in the stove. A caller was ushered in and immediately the servant struck a match and by the time one took off wraps and sat down the room was getting warm—and in came the Bowens.

"Ma approved of dancing. She was a graceful woman and we used to say that she and Mrs. Judge Turner had the best walk of any ladies in town. The first set she ever danced was with Mr. Giles Cook at the Lane Tavern—and she said she was dreadfully embarrassed as she stepped on the floor. She danced until long after she was married. There was a Grand Ball given at Smith's Hotel in 1855.[22] Ma wore her changeable silk. When

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Note 21 — The Bowens and the family of John I. Johnston were closely related. Miss Ella Bowen was married to a Mr. Wheatley, from the north. The invitation is dated June 30, 1858, at 8 o'clock in the morning so that they could leave on the only daily train going to Alexandria.

Note 22 — Mrs. Boone's Invitation:

Grand Dress Ball
at
Front Royal, Va.
The presence of your company is most
respectfully solicited at a Ball to be
given at Smith's Hotel on Tuesday evening,
the 27th, instant.

Managers

J. R. Richards	Samuel C. Richardson
Jno. N. Buck	Sam'l W. Thomas
J. B. Massie	Dr. Thomas H. Buck
A. Moorehead	Jno. B. LeHew
R. H. Simpson	A. W. Blakemore
I. Holt, printer	39 King St.

she came home late in the night she brought me a piece of cake in her handkerchief. They used to say that Mr. Simpson's mother never went to sleep until Robert returned to give all the particulars of the dance. Johnty Lehew never missed a dance and rarely a set! Brother and I went to dancing-school when we were quite small. Never a Washington's birthday[23] goes by I do not think of the dances that were given at Smith's Hotel—on that night. Jane was sent with me to look after my wraps which gave her a chance to stand with other servants outside by the windows in the cold and see the dancers. Several times I rode on horseback as far away as 'Mt. Zion' to dances. We danced in the big hall. Once John Rust was my escort.

"Of all the parties the one I love to remember best was a May party given by Mrs. Buck for the children at 'Bel Air'. It was the sunniest afternoon, the grass was so fresh and green, and the flowers were lovely. The children in the care of their nurses were exquisitely dressed. We played and sang and sang. Kathleen Cook was crowned queen.

There were three weddings on our Street, within a stone's throw of one another, that I attended before I was grown. They were all home weddings. The first one was at 8 o'clock one morning. Miss Ella Bowen was married to her cousin from the north—Mr. Wheatley from Brooklyn. Miss Ella's note is in my box of invitations. It was a great affair in Front Royal. The Bowens and their friends came in style and carriage after carriage lined that side of the street. Mr. Wheatley's sister came several days beforehand. She braided the bride's hair like her own, just like a picture on one of my sheets of music. Everybody admired it. The bride's dress was made of heavy brown

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Note 23 — The Smiths succeeded the Blakemores in running the hotel. Mrs. Smith was a sister of Major Richards. Then came the Fishbacks from Fauquier County, and lastly Mrs. Stewart, who was "F. Stewart's" mother and Belle Boyd's aunt.

Miss Kattie Boone's invitation:
Front Royal, 20thFeb., 1856
The pleasure of your company is respectfully
solicited to a Cotilion party to be given at
Smith's Hotel on Friday the 22nd Inst. at 7 o'clock.
Managers
Samuel C. Richardson
Abram Lincoln
I. W. Carey
J. B. Massie
R. H. Turner

John Massie married Kitty Cloud. Their daughter was Mrs. Robert Buck of "Edgecomb". Elizabeth LeHew was one of her bridesmaids.

silk. As we started to leave the house to see the couple off on the 10:30 train who should ask to escort me but John Samuel Timberlake. I was about 14 years old and I had never had a beau (Johnty Lehew I never considered a beau). [24]Mr. Timberlake had the most perfect manners and he was the greatest flatterer that ever lived. He was tall and I felt so little beside him. As we walked up and down the platform he kept telling me how beautiful I was. I thought the cars would never come.

"The other two weddings took place on another day and on the same evening. First came Miss Annette Tyler's marriage to Dr. James Turner. After the ceremony we went into another room to cut the bride's cake and such hilarity as we all had over the ring!

We walked from the Tylers down to Miss Betty Lovell's[25] marriage to Mr. Manley Wheatley. She was the sweetest looking bride, dressed in white, with black trimming on account of the death of her father.

"When Dr. Turner and his bride came back from their bridal trip, his father Col. Robert Turner gave them an infare one night and Judge Robert Turner, his brother, one the next night. For Colonel Turner's infare Ma made me the prettiest white dress with short sleeves and lovely lace around the collar. The sleeves were looped with skeleton leaf geraniums and tiny pink rose-buds. Smith Turner was my escort. We just sat around in the parlor and talked and laughed and laughed. The 'Maple Hill' house was so small that the table was set upstairs. The room was beautifully trimmed with quantities of spruce and arbor vitae—and luscious grapes and candies and cakes decorated the table. Miss Annette died during the war and was buried in the garden at Maple Hill.

"Smith accompanied me upstairs. The room was crowded. Immediately after the last guest had gone downstairs the doors were locked for fear the servants would steal things. Pretty soon I discovered I had lost the setting out of my bracelet. Smith had to go off and get the key. The floor was thick with arbor

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Note 24 — John Samuel Timberlake (1833-1901) of "Sherwood" near Milldale. His brother Thomas W. Timberlake was a roommate of Samuel C. Coffman at the University of Virginia in January 1861.

Note 25 — Sarah Elizabeth Lovell (1834-1898) was a sister of John T. Lovell, who among other positions of responsibility was Clerk of Warren County and Editor of the Warren Sentinel. He married his cousin Lucy Williams, daughter of Capt. Williams of Woodstock. It was after her that Lucy Lovell Samuels was named. Major Manley Taylor Wheatley, C.S.A. was born in Culpeper County, Va. in 1835. He died Dec. 1, 1861.

vitae and leaves. After scraping around a long time the setting was found. All the next day it poured down raining. 'Happy Creek' got so high that very few could cross, so that Judge Turner's infare was a failure.

"There was another wedding, while it did not take place in Front Royal, yet it put the whole town agog. After the war the United States Government sent Capt. Ripley, a one armed man, to look after the negroes. He proved to be a gentleman and tried not to give offense. He and Pa discussed the war for hours at a time. One morning Ma got so provoked with a woman she raised and owned that she whipped her over the shoulders with her hands—that was the way she used to do and Aunt Ann did the same thing. The servant walked off to Capt. Ripley's office. He was very nice and quieted the matter so as not to humiliate Ma.

"The Presbyterian Church needed funds and Mrs. Betty Wheatley and I were asked to solicit funds. After much hesitation we decided to call on Captain Ripley. He contributed a five dollar greenback, which was more than all the rest put together. Soon afterwards he called on Mrs. Wheatley and begged her to board him. She hesitated because he was a Yankee, and when she did take him it created a good deal of comment.

"In going to and fro between Mrs. Wheatley's and his office he had to pass by the home of the Methodist minister, who came from Baltimore. He had two daughters—one very pretty and one very ugly. No one ever saw Captain Ripley stop or go into the house. Yet all the time he was carrying on a courtship with the pretty daughter by correspondence. By and by he had to tell Mrs. Wheatley he was going to be married because he wanted to bring his bride to board there. She insisted on knowing her name and she thought of every young lady except the minister's pretty daughter. They went to Winchester to be married and when they came back Mrs. Wheatley gave them a hearty welcome.

"One of my first schoolteachers was Miss Augusta Brown who could not have been much over sixteen years old herself. About this time the Tyler sisters, Miss Tensia and Miss Annette, moved up to Front Royal from Prince William County; I suppose, to be near their aunt, Mrs. Fayette Buck of 'Clover Hill'. Julia Buck had to be taught and so Miss Tensia decided to open a small day school on account of Julia. She agreed to take

Lucy and Nellie Buck, Emma Cloud,[26] Mollie Richardson and myself. It was a most select little school for small girls. We were taught to speak very low and to be very delicate in our ways.

"When I was twelve years old Pa bought a Knabe piano for me through an agent who came from Baltimore. (It is inscribed Knabe Gaeble & Co.). My music lessons began earlier. Ma made an arrangement with Mrs. John B. Petty for me to use Katty Petty's piano, and old Dr. Eckert[27] taught us both. When President Fillmore passed through Front Royal, as he drove by our house, Dr. Eckert made the piano fairly dance as he started up 'Hail to the Chieftain'.

"Pa had my music all bound in two volumes when he was in Philadelphia and all of the Harper's and Peterson's magazines were bound at the same time. It must have been then that he bought a pair of brass sperm oil lamps—and Ma rejoiced because there would be fewer splotches of tallow on the floors—the stains were so hard to remove.

"When we grew old enough, Miss Tensia Tyler's pupils were sent to the new Front Royal Academy, where old Professor Smith taught the boys in the right-hand room and Miss Susan Randolph the girls in the left-hand room. Kate Green, Lillie Robinson, Emma Cloud and Lucy and Nellie Buck were among my schoolmates. Miss Susan taught right up until the time she was married to Mr. Samuel Millar.[28] Ma took me to the wedding in the morning in the old Presbyterian Church. Lucy Buck not long ago said she and her mother were there and we agreed that the bride was dressed in an ash or silver colored satin or silk dress.

"Professor Worthington Smith[29] boarded and died at Dr.

Note 26 — Emma Cloud of "Willow Glen", the old Cloud homestead near Front Royal. She married Thomas Newton Buck of the Buckton Bucks. She lived to a great age and was sweet and lovely to the last. Mollie Richardson was Mary Elizabeth Richardson of Waterlick, afterwards Mrs. Grimes of Front Royal.

Note 27 — Dr. Charles Eckart came from Germany. He taught and also composed music and he could give lessons in French. Kattie Boone's father took her music to Philadelphia and had it bound in two large volumes. John Boone also took lessons. The Boone family held Doctor Eckart in the highest regard.

Note 28 — Miss Susan was a daughter of General Randolph. Samuel Millar of Mountain View was practicing law in Front Royal. He was a brother of Mrs. Richardson of Rose Hill.

Note 29 — Professor Worthington Smith was a very cultured man who had traveled much. The old inhabitants recalled how he used to take Miss Augusta Brown out into the middle of Chester Street and give her lessons in astronomy.

Brown's. His things had to be sold to pay his board. Victor Brown bought his gold watch and Pa his fine stamped leather trunk, which he gave to me. He requested to be buried somewhere around White Post in what he called 'consecrated ground'.

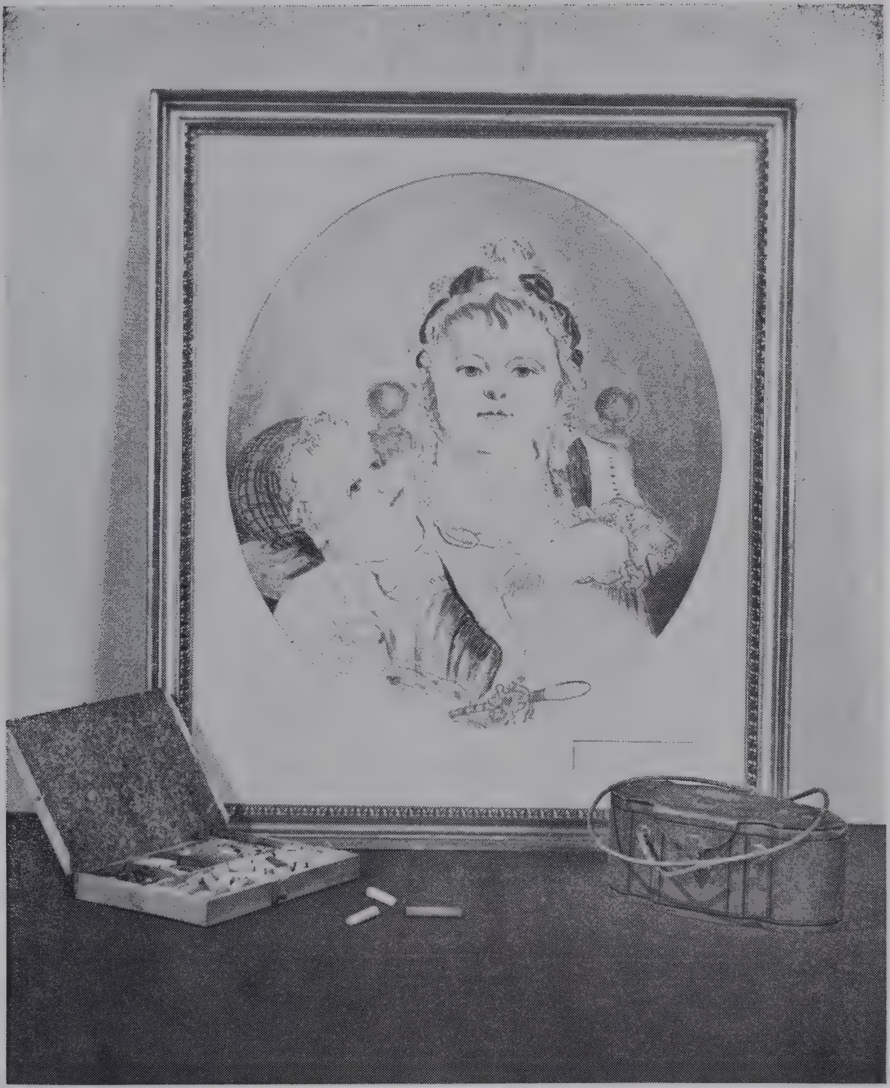
"There was a good deal of trouble in getting a teacher to fill Miss Susan Randolph's place. Finally Miss N. Fellows, a regular Yankee woman, was induced to come. She had previously taught in Woodstock and Lynchburg. She boarded at Mrs. Morehead's.[30] Almost every family in town that had servants took boarders. She was a splendid teacher and after regular school hours instructed us in manners and calesthenics. We were taught how to greet guests in the parlor, how to draw up chairs for them, and how to introduce them.

"As I could not be kept from giggling Miss Fellows seated me with Eltie Richardson of 'Rose Hill', who was older and who, she thought, would have a quieting influence over me. Her father had a nice walnut desk with two drawers each with a lock made for her. She let me use the other one. We each kept our drawers immaculate. Eltie's clothes were of the finest materials. She was the best dressed girl in school.

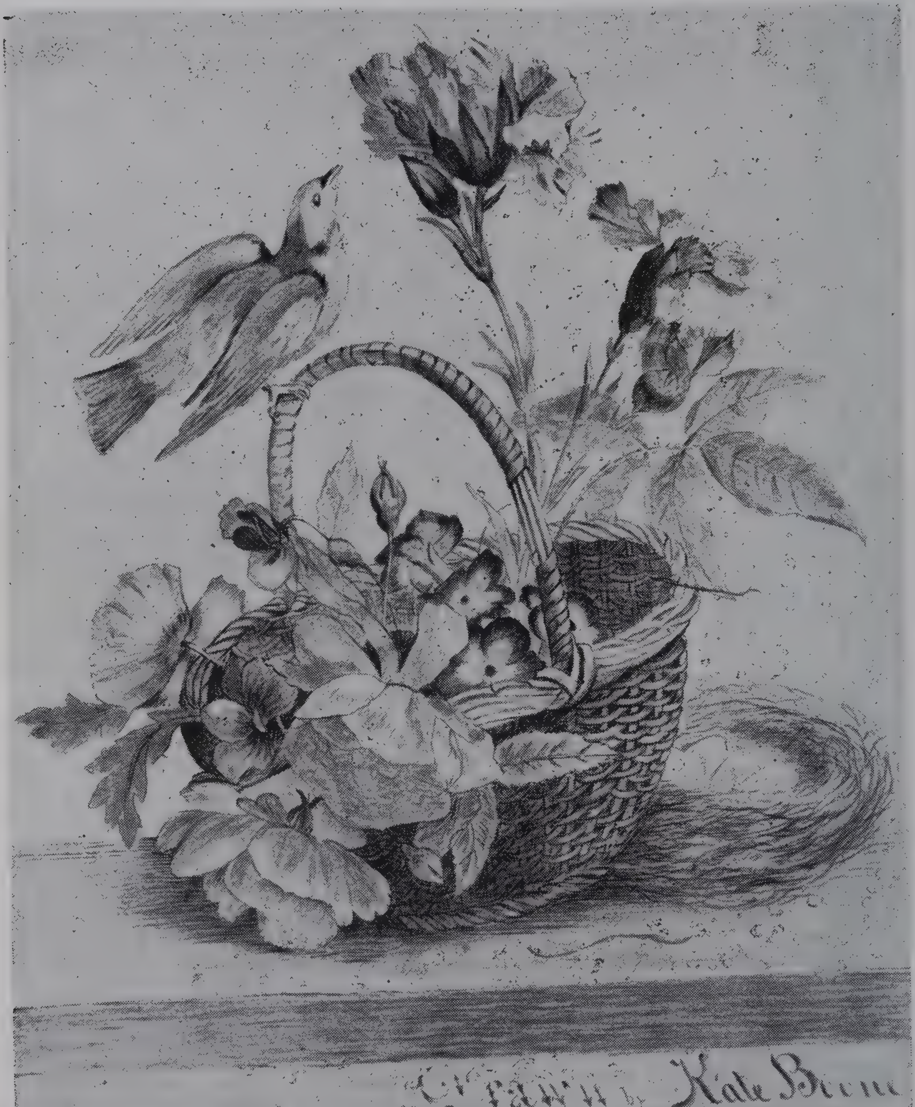
"Miss Fellows gave Eltie and me lessons in crayon drawing privately at Mrs. Morehead's. We drew the same pictures. Our favorite one was the 'Dauphin of France'. The one that came next was called 'Beginning Early'—a little girl seated feeding an infant on her lap with a spoon. Our mothers hung our pictures in the parlor, mine in gilt or walnut frames, Eltie's in frames embellished with leather cut in the form of leaves and fruits. Miss Fellows gave Eltie lessons in leather work. This instruction was the most expensive of all. It was so difficult to prepare the leather. It is all described in one of my Peterson's magazines. Miss Fellows had an eye for beauty and she suggested that it would improve the entrance to Front Royal if trees were planted along the stone fence on either side of the road from 'Rose Hill' to Front Royal.

"Indignation was running high against the North. One

Note 30 — Mr. and Mrs. Moorehead lived in the house that is now the Front Royal Library. It was in the rear room adjoining the large room on the south side of the hall that Miss Fellows gave the lessons. Miss Tensia Tyler used the large room to the left. A bound volume of Peterson's Magazines containing the July, 1856 number shows a steel engraving of "Beginning Early". Another engraving depicts "Onconvenience of Single Life" which Kattie Boone copied and sent to Bailey Jacobs April 1, 1860. He was keeping bachelor's hall on the farm. The same magazine tells how "Modeling in Leather" is done.



Drawings While A Pupil At The Front Royal Academy
Note The Box Of Crayons And "The Elegant Work Box"


Drawn by Kate Boone

Drawings While A Pupil At The Front Royal Academy night Ma invited Mrs. William Buck, Mrs. Thomas Ashby, Mrs. James Richards and Miss Fellows to tea. They began to talk on the subject of slavery. I am under the impression that Mrs. Richards had read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'. They had to be very careful what they said on account of Miss Fellows. The servants sensed that something unusual was happening because I overheard Lindy say that there was a book all about the Indians coming to set them free and they only had one more river to cross! There was really nothing that they did not get an inkling of sooner or later for they were part and parcel of our lives from the time we were born until we died.

"When I was sixteen years old I was sent off to Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Powell's Boarding School in Winchester.[31] It was a very select Episcopal finishing school where young ladies entering society were taught how to behave as well as needlework and drawing. Dr. Togno, a Sicilian, taught music and dancing. The Powells were related to the Lees and General Lee's daughter Mildred went there. The only one of my classmates now living that I know of is Mary Hollinsworth Grabill.[31] She remembers where we all sat in the classroom.

"Before I left home there had been some changes in the servants in our house. Newt and Sarah were hired out elsewhere and Pa bought Ann from Mr. Cunningham[32] and hired Albert from the Lehews. Ann was the most affectionate servant and I retain the most pleasant remembrances of her. She idolized me. Every Saturday she brought hot water to my room and bathed me. She told me how she hated to see me go away. She got me ready to leave upstairs and she kissed my hands. When the stage came she picked me up and put me in my seat. The first letter Ma wrote she informed me what an awful thing it was for me to allow a negro to kiss my hands. She hoped that I would never be guilty of such an offence again. Lindy soon became jealous of Ann and she told Ma that she was dreadfully scarred

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Note 31 — The school was on Bradford Street. Miss Rebecca C. Powell was one of the teachers. There was the usual complaint about the food. Johnty wrote that he hoped Kattie would soon come home where "she can get a plenty of food" and he added that the Methodists had had a revival "but not a single mourner." Miss Hollingsworth married Capt. John H. Grabill of Woodstock, later proprietor of the Shenandoah Herald.

Note 32 — Solomon G. Cunningham married Miss Mary C. Buck, daughter of Dr. Buck of "Mountain View." Ann had been her maid. When they moved west Ann wanted to go with them and they explained that she would be free. This she considered a disadvantage and decided to stay with her own people in Virginia.

in the back from falling into the fireplace as a child. (See below) Ma examined her and found it to be true. There was a lawsuit because she was thought to be the picture of health when she was bought. Ann was not there when I came back, but Jane, whom Pa bought from Dr. Dorsey, had taken her place. She was a plump, vivacious negress with all the airs and graces of Mrs. Dorsey. She had been raised in the Castleman family, in Clarke County, and she knew 'quality folks' on sight.

"After Professor Smith's death, Mr. Hardie,[33] a Presbyterian minister became the principal of the Front Royal Academy and after him came Mr. Robert Simpson. From Front Royal Mr. Hardie was called to Woodstock to take charge of the Woodstock Female Academy. Pa was fond of him and considered him to be a fine teacher. He decided to send me to Woodstock to complete my education under him. I had not been well and was always considered to be very delicate, and that is why I did not start in with Mr. Hardie at the beginning of the session."

Note 33 — He signed his name in Kattie Boone's album:
Henry Hardie
Raleigh, North Carolina
Woodstock Female Seminary
July 2, 1860

In 1858 he was the principal and Miss E. Leach the Assistant of the Front Royal Male and Female Academy.

The custom of bringing dish pans of hot water to the table to wash the dishes led to a most distressing tragedy at old Mr. Lovell's. Suddenly hearing that the Warren Rifles were marching by to Harper's Ferry to defend the arsenals, after John Brown's raid, the family rushed to the front door leaving little Ella Richardson alone in the dining room. In some way she grasped and upset the pan of scalding water and was scalded to death. (See Page 14).

School Letters
of
Kathleen Boone

Woodstock, Virginia

IN EXPLANATION OF THE EDITING

BY WILLIAM BRIDGEWATER

She attended the Academy for two sessions, but only eight of the letters which have been preserved came from the session that began in September, 1860. The others all date from the spring of 1860 (February to June). This is something of a pity, for it was in the autumn of that year that she met Green B. Samuels, her future husband. In the few letters we have she makes no mention of the young man to whom she became secretly engaged on December 5. His brother Sam she does mention. In February she met "Mr. Sam Samuels (son of Judge S - - -)," and noted that, although he was silent, she liked him "very well." He appears again in the letter describing the coronation of the Academy May Queen.

It was a coincidence that the lives of Green B. Samuels and Kathleen Boone were linked by a house. When she stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Campbell during the spring months, she lived in the old home of Judge Samuels. The next autumn she stayed instead with Mrs. Williams, the mother of George. There Sam Samuels had also stayed.

She had a quick mind and did well enough in her studies, but for a weakness in spelling (termed by her "Dictionary") She cheerfully admits her difficulty there, and the orthography of the letters proves it. Otherwise she seems to have learned with some ease. And her program of studies was not quite the milk-and-water affair one might expect of a female academy in the antebellum South. Among other things she studied botany in the spring, chemistry in the autumn. Her preparation was for more than the drawing room.

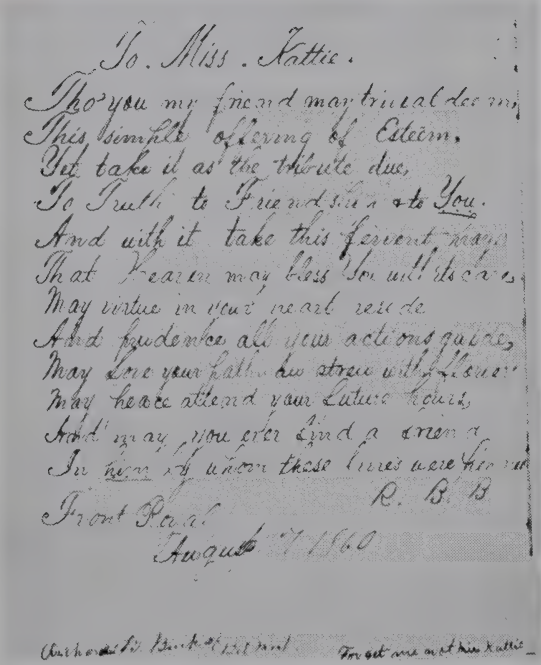
The letters record not only a 'teen-age girl's feeling for costume but also a bit of the popular speech of the day. Over and again she uses the slang expression, "Don't you think," which seems to have been pretty much the equivalent of the later, "What do you know?" This locution she never writes as a query but only as a statement: "Don't you think he wanted to get me some": "Don't you think she gave a tea party and invited all his little cousins"; "Mr. Hardie walked in, and don't you think he took his seat by me, which I considered as quite a compliment"; "Well, don't you think Mrs. S. staid here last night"; and "Don't you think her school closed last Thursday."

It is a bit surprising, perhaps, to find Kathleen also using the phrase, 'I tell you it was rich," in much the way later generations used it. But the affectation of writing "wanto" and "hasto" as single words has since died away. In some Southern communities the use of "come" as a past tense is still more or less current among the educated, and "of nights" for "at night" is commonly heard, but the phrase Miss Boone carefully put in quotation marks probably had no wide use even then—"chicken fixen's and doings." And to speak of "combing my head" is now generally regarded as unacceptable, though it may still be heard.

These variations from today's standard expressions have, of course, been carefully preserved in editing the letters. So have the innocent misspellings and slips of the pen, which occasionally represent a phonetic rendition of Southern pronunciation but more frequently are merely the normal lapses of a schoolgirl. The spellings are reproduced as they occur, and the reader is spared the use of the word **sic** after each one. The errors which appear are, except in cases of a mistake in proofreading, those made by Kathleen Boone herself. Where the meaning is not readily clear, corrections or necessary but missing letters have been inserted and enclosed in brackets.

The handwriting was in some cases hard to decipher, more particularly in the portions (Letters 3, 15, 22, and part of Letter 18) written in pencil rather than in ink. In the few cases where careful study did not remove all doubt, question marks have been inserted in brackets. Where it was difficult to tell whether or not a word was mispelled, the writer has been given benefit of the doubt.

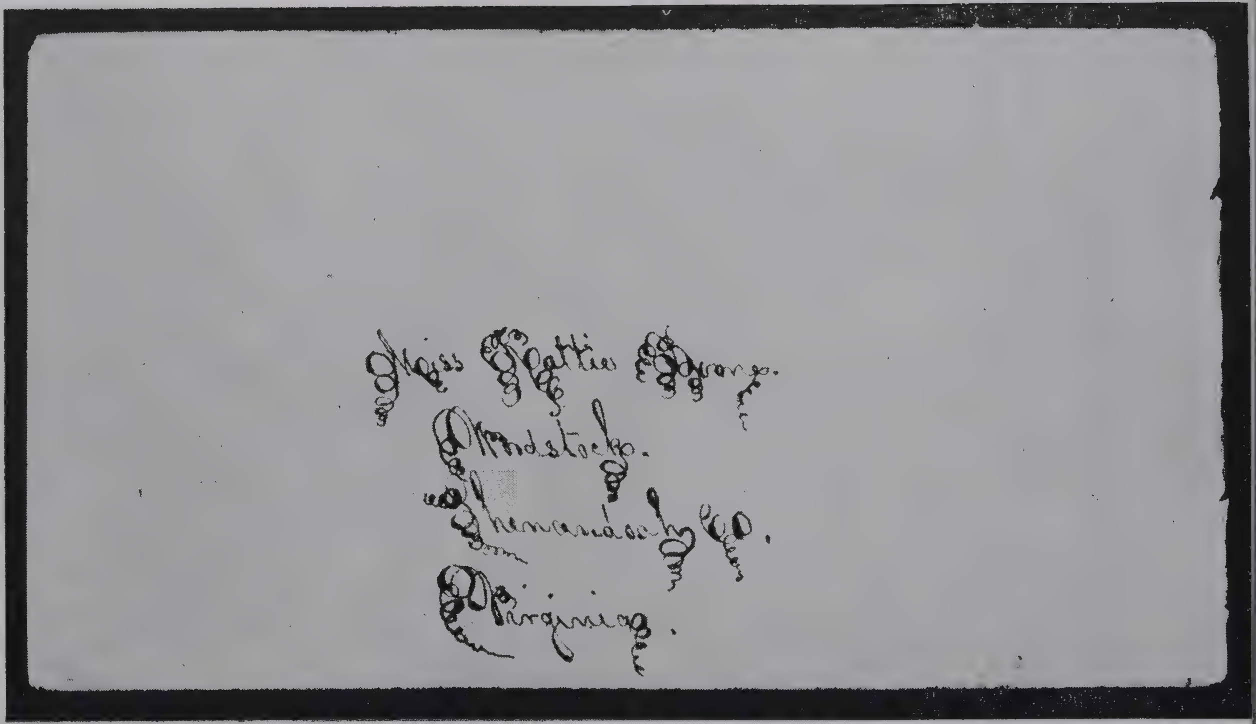
Punctuation and capitalization have also been reproduced as far as possible, despite Kathleen Boone's rather disconcerting overuse of the comma and—at least for the usual modern taste—underuse of capital letters. The days of the week are, for instance, spelled as she had them, without the initial capital. In some cases, however, it was impossible to reproduce in type the devices of extra space and the like which the author of these letters and other nineteenth-century correspondents used in lieu of punctuation. At the end of a line, she also frequently did not concern herself to insert a period. Rather than write cumbersome notes to explain such instances, the editor has altered a few commas to semicolons, inserted a few periods and commas, and changed a few lower-case letters to capitals. Further to make reading easier, a few question marks have been substituted for periods. Superior letters have been written on the line. In each instance of change or addition, care was taken to study the manuscript, and no change was made if there was the faintest possibility that it might affect the meaning of the passage or obscure the author's usage or method of punctuation.



To. Miss. Kattie.
Tho' you my friend may trivial deem,
This simple offering of Esteem.
Yet take it as the tribute due,
To Truth to Friendship & to You.
And with it take this fervent prayer
That Heaven may bless You with its care,
May virtue in your heart reside
And prudence all your actions guide,
May Love your path bestrew with flowers
May peace attend your future hours,
And may you ever find a friend
In him by whom these lines were penned
R. B. B
Front Royal
August 7 1860

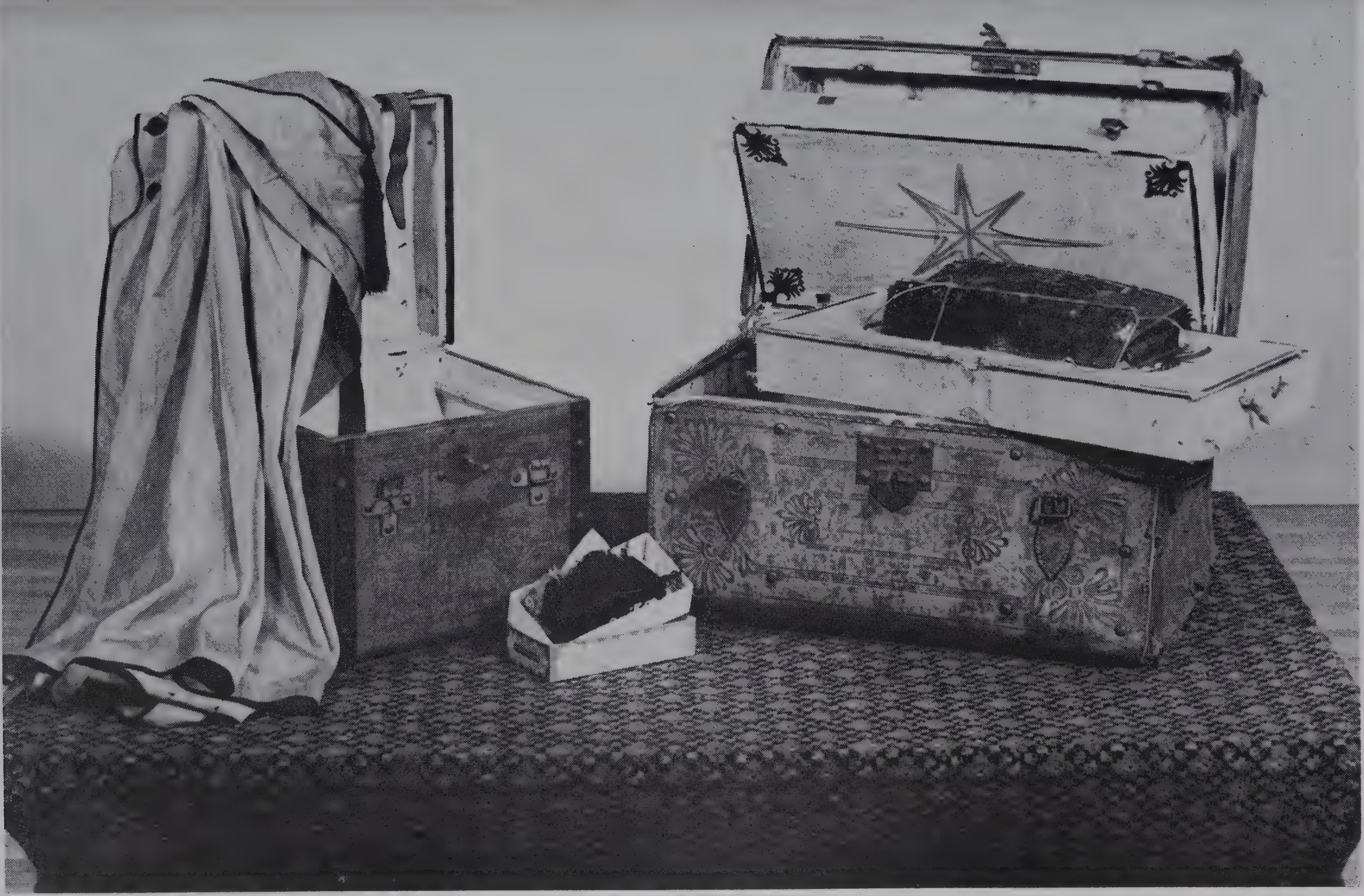
Richard B. Buck of Belmont
Forget me not Miss Kattie

Handwriting of
Richard Baily (Dick) Buck
of Belmont
Note the peculiarity between the young ladies' and young gentlemen's handwriting



Miss Kattie Bryan.
Woodstock.
Shenandoah Co.
Virginia.

Handwriting of Miss Lucy Rebecca Buck of "Bel Air"



THE TRUNK, THE HAT BOX, THE OSTRICH FEATHERS FOR THE "FLAT" HAT, AND THE TRAVELING CAPE FOR BOARDING SCHOOL

School Letters

1

Woodstock
February 5th 1860.
[Actually February 6, 1860]

Dearest Ma,

I know you are anxious to hear how I am getting along. Well, I suppose Johnty told you he introduced me to Mr Richardson and he introduced me to Mr **Walton**[34] (the lawyer) ; I found him quite an interesting escord. Mr Hardie, Dr Campbell[34] & old Mr Walton met me at the Depot and escorted me to my **"new home."** I am delighted with Dr & Mrs Cambell; the latter is a highly educated lady I judge from her conversation. Her house is very nicely furnished so far as I have seen; she has a **Piano** and a great deal of **music** so you see I can practice when-ever I wanto. She asked me this evening if you were coming up to see me. I told [her] no. She said "when you write tell her she must come up to see you. I should be delighted to see her." I have just come up to my room, am sitting on the floor writing on my trunk tray, so you must excuse bad writing. I must describe my room. It has new girting [?] carpet on the floor, a fire-place, a single bed-stead, a washing-stand, toilet with a large looking-glass and a **beautiful pin cushion** on it. I have no press or wardrobe to hang my dresses in, but the room is so nice and clean they will not get dusty.[35] I did not go to school this evening as Mr Hardie did not call for me. I suppose he knew I could not do much at studying this evening. Mrs. Cambell asked me if I would have fire. I told her I would to night. I do not know if she will charge extra or not for it. I did not like to ask her. I believe I have given you all the news in as short way as possible. I shall write again on saturday. Give my love to all and write soon to your devoted

Daughter
Kattie

Note 34 — Dr. Joseph Lockhart Campbell. His wife was Annie Walton Campbell, sister of Moses Walton, Esq. Judge Samuels in his will directed that he and Judge Bird be consulted on the evaluation of his library.

Note 35 — Mrs. Boone in a letter to her daughter in the Powell School, inquired about her washing— "good or bad, the latter I fear." She wanted to know whether "there was any place for her to hang her clothes or do you have to keep them in your trunk?"

P. S. Tell Johnty he must write to me soon for I shall depend on him for the news. Tell Pa & Brother they must not do as they did when I was in W - - [inchester], not write at all.
[Note at bottom:] In Haste

2

Woodstock
Saturday February 11th 1860

Dearest Ma,

I have just finished breakfast, and taken my seat to write you a long letter of all that has happened since I last wrote you. I started to school on tuesday morning, and have been studying hard ever since. Mr Hardie gave the girls quite a glowing description of me before I arrived, so on monday evening two of the **nicest girls in school** came to see me. I am delighted with the girls and school too. I sit with Miss Wunder, Misses Bird[36] & Miss Fiet, the desks are arranged different from those in the F. R. Academy five sit at a desk. Mr Hardie put me in clases to my-self as the girls are just half through their books. I like the arrangement very much, but it is harder for me, because he gives me as long lessons as the other girls, and I have all the questions to answer my-self which are not very short I can assure you. I am studying Grammar, Dictionary, Reading, History of the U.S., Geography, Mythology and ciphering, we cipher from half after three to half-after four in the evening. Every friday Mr Hardie reviews us in all the lessons we have said during the week which is an excellent plan I think. I like the Geography we use so much, it is **Cornell's.** The oldest girls in school study it. Mr Bird has two mighty pretty daughters, the youngest is a **perfect beauty** and very **as[r]istocratic.** They called on me the other day. Yesterday was the first time I have been from home since I have been here, except to the Seminary, which is opposite. Mary Wunder and I took a walk down on main street, she is a niece of Mrs William's [Williams'] and boards with her. As we came back I went in and sat with her a little while, as she has been to see me three or four times since I have been here.

Note 36 — The Misses Annie and Mary Louise Bird were the daughters of Judge Mark Bird and his wife who was Miss Sarah Hite of "Bell Grove." Annie Bird never married. Mary became the wife of Hon. Smith Spengler Turner of Front Royal. The Bird home, "Birds Nest" was probably the finest house in Woodstock. Mollie Wunder signed her name in Sam Samuels' album. June 25, 1860: Mary H. Wunder, Mt. Marion, Va.— She married William Pence.

While I was there Mr Sam Samuels (son of Judge S - -) came in. I was introduced to him, like him very well, though he did not have much to say. I was surprised to find Woodstock so much larger than Front Royal.[37] Mr Cambell and I had quite a discussion about Front Royal & Woodstock when I came back; I contended of course that F. R. was the nicest place if it was not so large. The houses her[e] are built so much nicer than they are in F.R. it is much gayer here too. The ladi[e]s dress so much finer than they do in F.R.[37] When I came back **Bob Gaw** was here. Mr. Cambell asked him if he come to see me, he said **no** I was engaved. He asked him who told him, he said Mrs Weston. I like Dr & Mrs Cambell somuch The former is the greatest tease I ever saw. He found out some way, that it is reported that I am engaged & he teases me almost to death. I like Mr Cambell **only tolerable well** though he seems to be a perfect gentleman. Mrs Cambell has fire made in my room every night and morning. I eat my supper at six and come to my room and study until **ten.** I don't get sleepy like I used to. I get up earlier too and study all the time I dress. I have every comfort. Mrs C - - send[s] cak[e] up to my room of nights. I enjoy it very much too. She think[s] it is dreadful that I do not drink tea or coffee Dr C - - asked me if I was fond of Chocolate, I told [him] I was. Don't you think he wanted to get me some, but I would not let him. Mollie Buck is visiting Alice Spangler. They came around to see me wednesday. Alice moves in the first circle in town. I have had a number of calls since I came. I don't know when I shall ever return them. I am so nicely fixed here that I do not like to go out, besides I don't intend to visit any excep[t] on saturday and very little then, for one can't study & visit at the same time. I nearly know my lessons for monday now. I got them last night. I am going to hear Mr Hardie preach tomorrow if it does not get too cold. Mrs C - - 's baby was a year old on wednesday. Don't you think she gave him a tea party & invited all his little cousins. He is a very sweet baby and not afraid of strangers. When I wrote I told you I had no press to hang my dresses in, but Mrs Cambell gave me a very large & nice one in one of the other rooms. I make my-self perfectly at home; indeed, one hasto where the Dr and Mrs C - - are. Ma,

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Note 37 — Front Royal was described as "a flourishing post-village, capital of Warren County. The Alexandria and Strasburg railroad passes through it and a plank road 20 miles long connects it with Winchester. Population 500." The population of Woodstock was 1200. (See Appendix page 262).

did Mr Spangler tell you he wrote to me? I was very glad to receive his letter, he expects me to answer, and I do not know whether I ought to answer it or not, you can give my pious regards to him & tell him he must write again & not wait for me to write as I do not have time to write except on saturdays. Give my love to Eddy & Johnty and tell them they must write to me. I have been looking for a letter from Johnty every day and you too. Ma, get some nice envelopes and get Johnty to direct them for you as he writ[s] such a pretty hand. Dr & Mr Cambell always goest to the ofice and get[s] my letters. When I receive Mr Spangler's letter Dr C - - declaired he was going to write to Pa & let him know I was receiving letter[s] from gentlemen. Ma please send my **McGuffey's reader and Mythology** on tuesday. I will get Mr and Dr C - - to go to the cars. Have it directed to the care of Dr Cambell. Give my best love to Pa, and tell him I shall expect a letter from him next week. Love to Brother and Charles and retain a portion for your self.

In haste
Kattie

P.S. [Written on the margin of the letter.] Be sure and send those books, for I must have them. You must excuse this letter as I want to write to Miss Lucie. Don't forget to tell Ed & Johnty what I told you.

Mrs C will do my washing for me. Don't forget to send the books & my shoes when they come.

3

Woodstock
Friday night, Feb. 17th

Dear Ma,

I have come to my room, and have such a nice warm fire, I have concluded to write to you with my lead pencil as the ink is down stairs. I received a long letter from "Alice" yesterday, she has been very home-sick, she says, just think what a nice pleasant time I can have, and she is cooped up not allowed to stick her nose out of her room with-out getting a mark. I told her I could have every comfort, and I know I will learn as much if not more than she will. She says if Mr Hardie teaches in Woodstock next session she intends to go to him too. I know she regrets she did not take my advice and come here. Poor Mr.

Hardie has been sick ever since Wednesday, could not teach until to day. He looks very badly. I was invited to a "Sociable Party" last night at Mrs Spangler's, as I had no lessons to get I concluded to go. I enjoyed my-self very much. I was very much surprised when the door opened and Mr Hardie walked in, and don't you think he took his seat by me, which I considered as quite a compliment. I asked him how he happened to come he said he was better and so lonesome he did not [know] what to do with himself. He lives next door to Mrs. Spangler. Now I almost imagine I hear Pa say, "Now she has commenced going to partys she will not learn one thing." He need not indulge in such thoughts for I have known all my lessons ever since I came here. I have to study hard too. Mr Hardie takes so much pains to explain my lessons to me. he asks me every few days when I heard from home and [what] is the news. I generally answer him in the negative. We have a Lyceum here, it is not like the Front Royal Lyceum made up of some boys, but the most highly educated men of Woodst[ock] belong to it. I went last friday with Mrs Campbell. I found the speaking not only interesting but a great deal of knowledge to be gained for it [is] historical, some of the debaters went as far back as the discovery of America by Columbus. Mrs. Campbell wanted me to go to night but I did not want to go the subject was not very interesting. As it is getting late I must close until tomorrow.

Good-morning Ma, I wonder what you are all doing this morning. I was very much surprised when I got up to find the ground covered with snow. I never saw such w[e]ather as we have now, one day it is warm, the next it is snowing.

I suppose [the] Methodist[s] are making preparations for the 22nd. Mr. Hardie is going to give us holiday that day, as the people here will have all sorts of "chicken fixen's and doings." Mr. Shaver is going to have a **"Ball."** Mrs. Campbell asked me if I would go if I received an invitation. I told [her] no indeed I would not. She said she would not be willing for me to go even if I wanted to. She is a member of the Methodist church and does not approve of dancing. Tell Cousin Jane I will write to her as soon as I get time, she made me promise to write. Give my love to her and all of the family. What has become of Charlie Boone, Brother and Mr. Spangler? You never say one word about them. As for Pa I am really provoked with him. I think he might write to me if is only three lines. Brother too. Tell C[h]arlie he must learn to write so he can write to me. I suppose

Mr. Spangler has forgotten me by this time, as he never as much as sends me a messonage [message]. Give my pious regards to hime and love to the rest of the family. I almost forgot to tell you I went to church on sunday. Mr. Hardie preached in the Luther[a]n church. I just wish you could have heard him, his sermon was so eloquent, every one talking about it. It did me good to hear so many persons praise him for he nobely deserved it. I received my Mythology. Tell Johnty he must write to me often. Give my love to Eddy, tell him he is mean as he can be. I wish Old Ogdon would finish my shoes for I want them. I miss your wa[t]ch so much, when I am upstairs I never know what time it is. I often wish I had it. Well I believe I have given you all the news.

Write soon, to your loving daughter

Kathleen

P. S. You must excuse me for writing this with a pencil.

4

Woodstock
Saturday, March 3rd 1860

Dear Ma,

Nothing of any importance has occured since I left you, except I am staying with Mrs. Walton. Mrs. Campbell left yesterday morning. I took tea with Mrs. Ott[38] yesterday afternoon. this family of Ott's are no kin to the one that makes gloves you know. Johnty said thew were, but he was mistaken.

That letter was from "Alice." It came on monday; it was in an envelope like the first one she sent me. I am going to write to her as soon as I finish this. I intend to give her a good scolding too. I suppose you received my cape. Mr. Smith[38] was so kind to me the day I came up, he took care of my bundle and told me he would take the bundle down to you on wednesday, and any time I wanted to send or have any thing brought from Front Royal he would take care of it for me. Now wasen't he kind? Mr. Hide was on the cars. He took a seat by me and talked to me until we reached Starisburg [Strasburg]. He said he regretted he could not have my company to Win - - but I didn't

Note 38 — John Smith, conductor on the Alexandria and Strasburg Railroad. He must have been a very obliging person who knew all the people of the villages through which his train passed. Sydney Ott was Katty Boone's best friend. Bettie Marshall embroidered her wedding night cap.

regret it though. How has Grandpa gotten? Mr Spangler[39] you must give my compliments to him. He said he was going to write to me again, so I suppose he did not mind my not answering his letters. I think I shall stop writing for I have one of the worst pens I ever saw. I have not been able to get a good one since I have been here. Give my love to all the family. Write soon to your

Devoted daughter

Kattie

5

Woodstock
Monday, March 1860

Dear Ma,

I just finished reading your welcome letter. I know you looked for one from me this morning. I intended writing on saturday but we were unexpectedly invited to dine with Mr. Walton; besides I had to go to church in the morning. Dr. Campbell and myself made every excuse we could but Mrs. Campbell would make us go. Mr. Veich is holding a meeting here. I suppose it will not last longer than to night.

A Rev. Mr. McMillan, cousin of Mrs. Campbell, came on friday. I wish you could have seen and heard him preach. he is a Presbyterian but preached in the Methodist church for Mrs. Campbell. He attented a Theological Seminary in **Eddinburg Scotland.** He talked to me and the Dr on the subject of religion.

Does Pa really think of going to Texas and has he written Julia Boone yet? I intend to write to her this week. I cannot write to Willie Vannort very often, though I will as soon as I can. I am very glad you have finished my **calico** dress and hope you will send it to me as you can, I need it so much. Please get me a pair of kid gloves as soon as you can; mine look so badly I am ashame[d] to wear them, don't get the color too dark. Ma, you can send my dress by Judge Kenny[40] probably you would rather send all my things together.

Note 39 — Samuel M. Spengler married Frances Way of "Mt. Zion." He built "Riverside", spending many years and too much money in doing it. It soon passed into the hands of Major Richards.

Note 40 — Judge John Kenny of the Rockingham Circuit. He was one of the presiding judges at the trial of John Brown in Charles Town.

What has become of Fannie Spangler? I received a letter from Alice on Friday. She seemed to be very much pleased. She said George Hope had the imp[e]rtinence to go home with Lucie from church the next sunday after the party. I was sorry to hear Shelkford's sad fate. By the by tell Johnty I am much obliged to him for homade sugar. I have some of it yet. I hope he will go to Baltimore too, for I wanto send for that set of hoop[s]. The firs[t] thing I do on saturday morning is to mend my hoops and then I get my lessons for monday. Every one admires my apron so much, so many persons say they know you are a neat woman. Mr. Hardie came to see me on saturday but did not stay long. Ma, it is dark, I can't see. Write very soon.

As ever your devoted daughter

Kattie

P. S. My love to all the family; tell Pa and Charlie I will answer their notes the next time. I don't [think] I will come home at Easter as I have been down twice. You will make my summer dresses for me, will you not.

6

Woodstock
Friday March 30th 1860.

Dearest Ma,

I received my box and am delighted with my dress. Where did you get such a pretty piece of calico? It is made so neatly too. I will not wear it for two or three [weeks] yet as it is so light. As for the gloves I hardly know what number to send for I looked on my gloves but the number is rubbed out but I suppose number seven will not be too large. You can tell Mr W - - how much you are willing to give for the hoops and let him get the best set he can for that price. I gave two dollars for the set I have now; you can give a little more and the set will have more hoops and of course be nicer.

I went down to look at the goods here on monday. They have some very pretty lawn's &c &c. You ought to see the new bonnets. They are shaped entirely different from those worne last summer. They are much larger too. You need not send my silk dress until you get the hoops, shawl &c., then you can send my gaiters & cotton stockings. I have not had time to try my dress on, but I guess I had better do it now so I can let you know how it fits. Well, ma, I have tried it on and it fits beautifully. It is not too tight across the breast. It is just the length. You must not make the silk any shorter.

Ma, I enquired of some of the girls what number they wore. They say six and a quarter. I am afraid seven will be too large. Did you tell Johnty to send for some small white **corsets?** you know they never bring any up that will fit me. I intend sending for a steel busle; if you are willing to get one for me you can tell Mr M - - to get one of the nicest that he can. I am not thinking about putting on summer clothes yet, but I thought you would have more time to make them now. I hate to ask you to make my clothes for me but I have to have them and have no time to sew. I saw the Judge get off the cars though I did not get to speak to him. Why hasen't Johnty written to me? I think he owes me a letter. By the by I received a letter from Wes on Tuesday. You need not be surprised to see him any day, as he expected to leave a day or two after he wrote his letter. He says I had better mind how [I] talk about Bert Finnel for I may have to call her cousin yet. I am afraid you will not be able to read this letter as it is written so badly. I never saw such paper in my life. Write very soon.

To your devoted daugh[t]er

Kattie

P. S. I am so much obliged to you for the cherries & cake. Mrs C - - says she never ate nicer cake.

7

Woodstock
Wednesday April 11th 1860.

Dear Ma,

I have received Johnty's letter and he says you are looking for a letter from me. I intended writing to you yesterday morning, but Mary Wunder came over to see me, when she left I practiced about an hour. I have been practicing a good deal this pretty weather. Ma I wish you could see Mary Wunder; she is the nicest girl I ever saw. She has been so kind to me since I have been here. I believe every body in Woodstock loves her. She is a distant relation of Mrs Campbell's.

I have moved my washing. Sarah washed so badly I told

Mrs Camp[b]ell I would have to get someone else to wash for me. She said very well I had intended to tell you to get someone else. Old Mrs Walton will wash for me hereafter. I cannot have it done for less than a dollar and a quarter per month. Mrs Campbell charged that too, you remember I told you she only charged a dollar, but I was mistaken.

I wore my gloves on sunday. They fit very nicely and I am delighted with color. It will not [be] long until Mr Weaver[41] gets his dress goods, will it? What clerks has he gotten besides Johnty? I know if I had been in Brother's place I would have gotten that situation. I suppose you have finished my dress. Do you sew as much on the sewing [machine?] now as you used to? You never say any thing about it now, but you do so seldom write. I have not received a letter from you for two or three weeks, but I suppose you do not have time to write. I believe I have given you all the new[s]. Tell Johnty I will [write] to him soon. My love to all

Write soon to your devoted daughter

Kattie

I send you my report so you all can see how well I am getting along.

8

Woodstock
Friday, April [13] 1860

Dear Ma,

I received your rather unexpected letter and hasten to answer it. I must confess I was somewhat disappointed when I read it, to think Pa took **some exception to my report,** and you being under the impression I **was not studying much,** but indeed you are very much mistaken for **I do study** and hard at that. I have certain rules and come up to those rules. I always get my History the first thing after school. If I know that, I will go to see some of the girls on this street, but not every day by any means. As for dressing, mercy knows I do not trouble myself about that. I have not dressed up to make any calls since I have

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Note 41 — The firm's name was Weaver and Miller. Other merchants at the time were William Buck and Gideon Jones, who was the postmaster. In his store was the post office.

been in Woodstock. when I go to see any of the girls I just drop in, with my sun bonnet on. Well, about my report, I told Mr. Hardie you sayed "you did not believe I studied," he was sorry you were under such a false impression, because **he knows I do study.** The reason he did not give me anything for arithmetic was because we were ciphering where we had no rules. We cipher every evening regularly. I suppose you will wunder why I am so particular to explain every thing, but I do not want you to think I do not study when I know I do.

I did not know Pa even thought of going to Philadelphia. I do not know what kind of a bonnet to get. I will leave it to Pa's good judgement, he always make[s] such good selection, you can tell him what you think will suit me. Which one of my white dresses did you alter? The dotted one is too short. **I am sorry to put you to so much trouble to fix my dresses.** When you send my things don't forget to send my gaiters and cotton stocking[s]. You will have to get me some new ones, as those I have are wearing out. I wish you would send me that purple calico bonnet if you can spare it. My old green one looks so badly. Besides it is to dark for this time of the year. I can weare the purple one until you make the braize [baize?] bonnet you were talking about. Yes, Johnty gives me all the news. I intended writing to him this evening, but as I wanted to answer yours, I thought I [should] wait until next week before I answered his.

My clothes have come in. They are washed beautifully. Mrs Walton has an excellent washer I can tell you. One of the school girls is making me the nicest tatting for a chemise. Don't you think she is kind? I wanted her to take some of my f[l]oss, but she would not, because she wanted to make me a present of it. I believe I have given you all the news. You must write soon. Give my love to one and all the family.

Your loving daughter

Kattie

P. S. Mrs. C.'s sister showed me the prettiest mantilla to day; it is the shape of a shawl. Tell Pa I wish he would get those ear rings, he promised me, like my preast [breast] pin, every one admires it so much, for that reason I would like to have ear rings too.

9

Woodstock

Tuesday, April 17

Dear Ma,

I have only time to write you a few lines as it is getting so late, besides I have made a rule to get my lesson directly after school as the nights are so short. I get so sleepy, before ten I cant hold my eyes open. I have five lessons to get ev[e]ry night which you may know takes no little time to get.

How can I thank you for making my sack and fixing my dress? The former is beautiful. It fits me beautifully and is so becoming I wish you could see me with it on. The dress fits very nicely too, only it is most too short. It is about an inch too short behing [behind] and in proportion before. I think I shall take the silk off the body and put it to a band, so I can wear it with my sack, but I will not wear either until you send me my shawl, gaiters &c. Were you afraid to send my cotton stockings for fear I would put them on? It does not make any difference for I should not put them on now if I had them. When you send the trunk of summer clothes I will send it back full of winter clothes. My gin[g]ham is too short I know; the girls here wear their dresses so long, but I only like for mine to touch the ground or nearly so. What did Pa say about getting those ear rings? but I guess he will hardly get them though. How long does he expect to be gone?

Ma I know you think my letters very uninteresting, but indeed I have nothing to write about, as Woodstock is quite dull at this time. I went to hear Mr. Givens on sunday morning and at night. He is not an eloquent preacher but his sermon[s] were very sensible. I intended writing to Johnty to day, but I expected you would look for a letter from me tomorrow so I will write to him on saturday. Tell him not to wait for me as I will be more busy now than ever, I have a new study. Ma, you must excuse this letter and write soon. Give my love to Brother & Charley and all enquiring friends.

In haste

Kattie

10

Woodstock,
Saturday April [27?] 1860.

Dearest Ma,

I received your letter, box &c. I am so delighted with the things. The shawl is perfectly beautiful, don't you think so? As for the bustle it is the most complete thing I ever saw. Mrs Campbell is so charmed with it, she told me to tell you to get her one if Mr Weaver has any more and send it up by Mr Eakin.[42] I showed it to Mollie Wunder this evening. She took it over to let Mrs. Williams see it. Miss Bettie has just returned from Washington and she says she never saw one like it. The bonnet, too, is very nice, and very becoming. Who trim[m]ed it? I am thousands of times obliged to you for those and the smaller articles. I am writing and eating figs. They are so nice. Tell Johnty I can never thank him enough for the comb; it is the nicest one I ever saw. I broke mine the other day combing my head. I can use it very well. When I come home I will get pa to mend it for me. I am glad you did get my slippers without heels, for Johnty can have a nicer pair of heels put on them than those you get at the stores. You said you would send me any thing I wanted by Mrs Eakin.[42] I will not need any thing more until you send my summer clothes except the hoop and parasol. Yes, you may send me some starch to put in my starch-bag as it is almost empty.

Ma, Mrs Spangler told me if I would get her the worsted she would knit me a maraposa. The worsted will only cost seventy-five cents, whereas if I were to get the maraposa alread[y] knit I would have to give a dollar and a half. I intend to have it all white, so it will suit both of us. I do not know of any one in Front Royal who has one except Carrie Brown and hers is not a nice one.

I am getting along at school **very well.** I am studying History, Botany, Grammar, Geography, Spelling and Mythology. We cipher all the after-noon. Now you may know I have to study right hard to get all those lessons. There are several girls in the class older than myself. I have not gotten any new books. Mr Hardie lends me his. I received Edd[y's] letter and would

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Note 42 — Mrs. Eakins conducted a school in Front Royal. Another school was conducted by Dr. Sickers of Baltimore in what had been the old Lane Tavern. Schoolbooks were protected by a calico covering neatly stitched on.

have answered it but Johnty sayed he had gone to Hardy. I hope Pa will go to see his relations in Baltimore, then maby you and I will be able to visit that great Metropolis some day. I must send you some calacanthus; we have a very large bush in the garden. I intended sending Johnty some in my last letter but I forgot it. Tell him he must excuse that letter for I could not write on such mean paper. This is the nicest paper I ever saw to write on. Ma, you must write soon. Give my love to Brother, Charlie and all.

Your devoted daughter

Kattie

Mrs Morehead is very much mistaken if she thinks Alice can wear the same number of shoes I do, for she wears number fours.

11

Woodstock
Wednesday May 2nd 1860.

I received your welcome letter and hasten to answer it. You need not be afraid to tell me anything about dress, for it does not keep me from studying in the least, for I have to study hard to keep up with the class. Besides I do not trouble my-self about dress. I never think about dressing up except on Sunday. Of course I try to look neat and nice during the week. I am very much obliged to Pa for the bonnet and ear-rings, if he had have gotten me a watch I would have been very much surprised. I knew he came yesterday. Miss Kate Welsh[43] told Dr Campbell she came as far as Front Royal with him. Did he visit his relation in Baltimore?

Mrs. Campbell says she [is] very glad you succeeded in getting her a bustle. did Mr. Weaver bring any more than those two? I hope he did not, so I will be the only person who has one. I am so glad to hear Eddy is coming up, tell him he must be sure and come to see me. Mr Hardie is going to have a **May-party** on friday night. I did not know anything about [it] until to-day. It is custimary for the girls of the Seminary to have one every May. The girls chose Annie Bird as Queen, and I am one of

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Note 43 — Kate Welsh and Mack Welsh were brother and sister. They were related to the Carson, Simpson and Overall families of Warren County. Nearly all the old families were related in one way or another.

the Maids of Honor. Mr. Hardie says he thinks the girls ought to dress in white. I for my part would just as leave dress in calico, but as the others are going to dress in white I suppose I will have to too. So Ma, I wish you would send me my white dress on friday also the sash and things that go with it. Don't forget to send it for I will have to dress like the others. If it is cold I will wear my sack. I think it would look so sweet. Send all three of my sashes so I can make [a] choice or I don't care what you send me, for I don't care any any [sic] thing about going any way. I never saw Mr. Hardie seem to take so much delight in any [thing] of the kind before. He asked me if I would make an address. I told [him] no indeed I would not. Brother must have had the mumps very badly at least I judge from the time he has been sick. Did Charlie have them? If he did not it is a wunder. Well, I believe I have given you all the news. You must write soon.

Give my love to one and all.
I remain as ever your affectionate

daughter Kathleen

Be sure and send those things.

12

Woodstock
Thursday May 10th

Dearest Ma,

I had just finished Eddy's letter when I received your's, and knowing you would expect an answer tomorrow, I concluded to write and put it in the envelope with Eddy's.

Yes, I received the box. I always knew M- - - - was mean but I did not think he would refuse to bring a bundle on the cars for anyone. The ear-rings are perfectly beautiful, and every one who has seen them thinks so. they cou[l]dn't suit the breast-pin better. Tell Pa I am thousand's of times obliged to him for them. the hoops did not get mashed in the least, they are very nice ones. though they bend most too easily. I did not wear the cambric because I was first maid of Honor and wanted to dress as much like the queen as I could. Miss Beck Loder lent me a beautiful swiss, which fit as well as if it had been made for me. she also lent me an under-body and skirt which she wore with it. I did not ask her for any of them. She came over, offered them to me of her own accord. After I put on my under-clothes, I went over to Mr Birds, and the Miss[es] Davison's dressed and fixed my hair for me. I of course wore natural flowers. The Queen was dressed beautifully, she wore a veil that touched the ground—was trim[m]ed with Heart's ease' and Lillie's of the Vall[e]y. Dr Triplet crowned her. Sam Samuels presented her a scepter. I presented her with the prettiest bunch of flowers I ever saw (Miss Sue Davison[44] brought them from home), besides several addresses were made to her. The seminary was literally crow[d]ed. Several persons were not able to get in; we had refreshments and [every] thing nice. It used to be customary to have May party's (See Appendix Page 235) in Front Royal, when I was small but they have given them up entirely now. The people her[e] take great interest in such things. You did not seem to approve of it. I don't see why you should have disapproved of it, because it did not draw our attention from our books, because we had to know our lessons. Mr Hardie turned us all back in arithmetic so we can review the first part. we have to get eight paiges in History every night and review it all on friday and I am happy to say I have not missed a single question since I have been studying it. I never miss my lessons. I have not missed a question in any of my lessons except dictionary. I believe I have missed two or three in that.

Since the weather has gotten so warm I get up early every morning. I really dread getting the mumps, and I don't know why it is for I never realy dread any disease. If I were to get them I know my throat would swell shut, for the least change in the weather affects it. Give my compliments to Mr S - - & tell him I don't think my new bonnet will have such an effect on me as he might suppose. Did you let the green gin[g]ham dow[n]? You must forgive me for not writing to you sooner but I thought I had writen to Johty on tuesday, I would wait and write you on friday. Give my best love to Pa, brother & Charile & the rest I have not time to enumerate & retain a large portion for your-self.

Your devoted daughter
Kattie.

Don't forget to send me some starch.

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[44] Note 44 — The Misses Davison were nieces of Mrs. Bird. They lived at "The Forest" on the Shenandoah River near Strasburg. It was noted round about for its beautiful flowers.

13

Woodstock
Tuesday May 11th [15?] 1860.

Dear Ma,

I received your long looked for letter, and hasten to answer it. I was some-what amused at the way you concluded your epistle, telling me **"not to fall in love,"** and was very glad you did not listen to Sandy's fibs. I suppose he thought it would please you, to hear I had a great many beaux. You need not give your-self any anxiety about my falling in love, for I can assure you there is no danger; besides, do you think I would be so treacherous as to fall in love, after you being so kind as to send me here to school? If you wish to know what gentlemen visit me I will tell. Dr Magruder Jr., Sam Samuels and George Williams, and they are three very nice gentlemen. Dr Magruder is much older than I am and George Williams is nearly two years younger. Sam Samuels is eighteen and has a sweet-heart. I only tell you this that you may know there is no danger of my falling in love with those three.

I asked Mrs Campbell if she had any idea of visiting Front Royal this summer and she was perfectly surprised, wanted to know who told me so. I told her Mrs Eakin. She said she must have been mistaken, for she had'nt thought of such a thing. You remember of my telling you about Mr Feete, the German reformed minister, do you not? Well, his daughter died on saturday morning and was buried on sabbath afternoon. She had the Consumption, she suffered very much like Bettie Jacobs. I was at the funeral, had an exlant sermon.

I told Mr Hardie that Pa would pay him for my tuition, when he went to Front Royal. He said it did not make any difference about his payment. Mr. Walton will be down next week to court. Pa can send the money up for my board by him. I could not have washing done for less than [a] dollar and a half during summer months. Give my love to Johnty and tell him I will answer his letter soon. My love to all and **give your self no anxiety about my falling in love.**

I remain as ever

Your devoted daughter

Kattie

14

Woodstock
Tuesday May 22nd 1860.

Dear Ma,

I received your welcome epistle and hasten to answer it. I made sure you had received the band-box - - at least Dr Campbell told me you had gotten it. Do you really think he was on a spree? I did not think he ever drank any thing. He told me he had intended dining with you, but it was so warm he thought he would take a nap, when he awoke it was so late and having some business to attend to, he did not get down to see you any more.

Well, dont you think Mrs S - - - staid here last night. I never was as much surprised as when I came in & who should be sitting in the parlor but Mrs S - - -; she was as much surprised as I for she did not know me. You ought to have seen her hug and kiss me. I tell you it was rich. I intended sending my winter-bonnet by her but she could not take it as they had so much baggage. Thought I would send those two dresses and quilted-skirt so that I would have more room in my press for summerdresses. Did you forget to send that fine cotton skirt of mine. I wish you would sent it, because the outher will show where it is pieced under thin dresses. I will not have them washed as long as I can wear them or the dresses either. I wore my silk on sunday. It fits beautifully. Mrs Campbell says, she cant imagine how you can fit me so nicely without trying the bodys on.

I received Johnty's letter on Monday. He said he was going to sell you one of those **Lace-points** for me. I wunder if he succeeded? but guess you will answer that in the negative. Give my love to Johnty, tell him I shall answer his letter the latter part of this week. Ask, Eddy, if he knew it was "impolite for a gentleman not to answer a ladis letter". I am sorry to hear Pa is sick. I was afraid when I heard he had the mumps that they would [go] pretty hard with him. I must acknowledge I feel somewhat disappointed at not being able to visit you all at Whitsuntide, but dont make much difference as it is not long until the first of July. Mr Hardie intends teaching here next session, and wants me to come back. I do hope Pa will send me too. I some times wish I had'ent gone to school when I was small so that I could take what it cost me then to go now. Ma, you ought to attend to Charlie's education and see that he learns, for no one know[s] how important it is to attend to a childs education I am sure I would be much farther advanced if I had had the least little pains taken with me. I am reading "Longfellow's Poems." I think they are beautiful. when I finish I wanto read "Milton's Paradise Lost." Give my love to all.

Write very soon.

In haste Kattie

15

Monday Morning
[Probably May 28, 1860].

Dearest Ma,

I received my unexpected box on saturday. I was just mending holes in my old cape, and wishing I had a lace point when Mrs. Campbell called me and said she had a box for me. I was of course all curiosity to see the contents. The dress could not fit me more nicely. I like the way you made it too. Mrs. Campbell says you must be a **"moddle of a mother."** I told her you were. You wished to know if I wanted any more dresses. I guess I have enough, and if I hade'nt I would not ask you to make me any more, after being so kind as to make me so many. You say you do not think I like my new bonnet, but indeed I do. I wore it yesterday for the first [time], also my new lawn and lace point. I was very much surprised to see Mrs. Miller on Saturday. She was dressed so fine I really did not know her. I knew you would expect a letter from me this morning so I thought I would write and send the letter by Mrs. M. I intended writing to Johnty on friday evening, but school did not let out until very late and I was so tired I though I would put if [it] off until saturday, but I had to make my purple lawn longer. you have no idea how much I have grown since last summer, at least my dresses are too short. I had to make my green flounced dress longer. You must not think I am making them with trails, for I am not. all that I have let down hardly touch the grown [ground].

We have holiday to day, but it is so cloudy I expect I will have to stay in the house all day. Ma, I am making some such pretty trim[m]ing out of that wavy kind of braid.

What is Brother doing now? Attending to his bees I suppose, and Charlie is going to school. I am glad to hear Pa is getting better. I intended sending you a pretty bunch of flowers, but it is too wet to gather them this morning. I wish you had have come up on saturday, you can come up any time. As it is nearly time for the cars I must close. Write very soon

Kattie

P. S. Those lawns are so cheap you ought to get another. Mrs. C - - thinks my lawn the cheapest piect [piece] she ever saw. My love to all.

Kattie

16

Woodstock
Thursday. June 7th 1860

Dearest Ma,

I embrace this opportunity of writing to you, though I am afraid I will not be able to interest you. I have looked for a letter from you every day this week, but I suppose I can attribute your not writing to the want of news.

I have just finished my lessons for tomorrow, and feel so tired of sitting. I come right home from school and study an hour and a half without any interruption. Mr. Hardie has concluded not to have an examination. He thinks of teaching until after the fifth of July; if he does not I think I will stay until the fourth as the people of Woodstock i[n]tend having a celebration, that is if you have no objections, which I don't think you will. It will be only two or three [days] after school closes. Dr & Mrs Campbell insist on my staying. The Woodstock company though[t] of inviting the Front Royal company up, but they have concluded not to do it. Does the Front Royal company intend staying at home or going away to spend the fourth? I guess the Methodis[ts] will not succeed in having a celebration as they had last year.

How is Mr. Simpson getting along? Mr. Eakin told me he had scholars of every class going to school to him. I know I am very glad I stopped. It is a wunder Nellie Buck would go. She and Lucie are always so aristocratic. What has become of Lucie? I have not heard a word about her since she returned from Baltimore. Have you had any strawberies yet? We had some very nice ones to day for dinner, had frozen cream and strawberies for dinner yesterday. Mrs. Campbell sits an exlant table.

Pa will have [to] write to Dr Campbell and ask him for a bill of my board. Ma, I would like to write you a long letter, but indeed I have nothing to write about that would interest you. The Presbyterians are going to have a protracted meeting which will commen[ce] tomorrow. Please write very soon, I wanto hear from you all so badly. Give my love to all and retain a large portion for your-self.

Kattie.

P. A. Please excuse this badly written letter.

Kattie

17

Woodstock Seminary
Tuesday, June 26th 1.60

Dearest Ma,

I presume you think I am a long time answering your epistle, but I wrote to Johnty the latter part of last week and knowing you saw the letter, I concluded to wait and write to you this week.

Isn't it getting warm? I declare I have hardly known what to do with myself to day, it makes one feel so sleepy and lazy. Our class have gotten through Botany. We said the last lesson yesterday. It is a very large book, I do not remember the number of pages it contains, but we have only been studying it about two months and a half, so you may know we have been very smart. It is a beautiful study too. I like it very much, we will get through Mythology to morrow. Finished Pope's Essays (you know we parse it) two weeks ago, but turned back; when I first commenced parsing it, I could scarcely parse a word, but I have studied the lessons so much that I can parse almost as well as the other girls. I received a long letter from Alice just now. She expects to pass through here tomorrow. I shall go to the cars to see her. I expect it will make me homesick to see her going home and I can't go. Don't you think her school closed last thursday. Mine will not close until friday if then. Sometimes I think I cannot stay until after the fourth, but I don't know when I will get back to Woodst[oc]k again so I think I had better stay a day or two after school closes, so as to see all the girls. But you may expect me on the fifth of July. I will get home in time to see the great Circus & Menagerie. I guess Mr. Fishback is delighted as he was always for the Circus' to visit Front Royal.

Mrs. Campbell is busy making curant wine to day. She has so many curants in her garden, also raspberries. We have had them for dessert every day for nearly two weeks. Mrs. Campbell said to day she expected we would get tired of them soon. I must close, as it is getting so late. I will write to you once more before I leave & don't forget to look for me on the fifth. Write soon.

In haste

Kattie

Love to each & all.

18

Woodstock
Monday evening.
[September 3, 1860]

Dear Ma,

I did not write to you as I promised because I thought I would wait until I started to school and I could tell you what I am to study this session.

Well, we are going to study History, Chemistry, Parse in "Pope's Essay on man," Geography, Spelling and reading. And the whole after noon we will devote exclusively to Mathematics. Mr. Hardie intends making us say a lesson and cipher on the black board every evening. I am very glad I came up on saturday, because I would have missed three very important lessons this evening. Mr. Hardie had twenty eight scholars this morning, don't you think that is doing well for the first day? Anice Buck came up to day, she will board with Mrs. Spangler and go to school.

You remember you asked me if I would have a ward-robe to put my clothes in and I told you no. But Miss Bettie has a very large and nice one; she offered me both sides, which I of course accepted. She was showing me some of her clothes saturday night. I do think she has some of the prettiest c[h]emise's I ever saw. I am just as well pleased as I expected to be. Mrs. Williams sets an exlant table, we have corn and cucumbers in abundance. Mary Julia has gone to get some corn to roast for she and I.

Charlie Richard[son] left to day for school. I did not see him but I received the Circular. George and Sam Samuels have all left, so there are no gentlemen about the house. Every thing is very quiet and I will have the same opportunity [to] study that I had last year.

I suppose you will look for Johnty the latter part of this week. When you send those things you had better have them directed to the care of Capt. Williams. I hope you will excuse this letter; I am in a hurry because I have not studied my lessons yet. Give my love to all the family and write soon.

Kattie

[Added on front:] I saw Marth[a][45] to day; she looks very well.

19

Woodstock
Sunday-evening
[September 9 or September 16, 1860?]

Dear Ma,

I will have to break the Sabbath to write you. I would have written to you yesterday, but it was time for church when I left Mrs. Spangler's. I enquired of a number of persons if there was any one in Woodstock who could fit dresses nicely, but there is no one in town but Mrs. Spanglers who understands the business and she was very sick with the head ache yesterday evening and cannot fit my dresses on me until Monday. I wish you had fitted them on me whil'st I was home. Miss Bettie can fit but she said as my dresses were both very fine I had better get some one who

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Note 45 — This is a most casual reference to one of Jacob Van Nort's slaves whom Mrs. Boone inherited at the appraiser's price of $500 and brought home. She remained most faithful during the war taking the advice of old Aunt Jane Mouton who belonged to the Tylers, that if "they was to be free they'd be free without running away." In the course of years Martha, taking the name of Mattie Thomas and knowing not one letter from another, was destined to settle down in Charlottesville and run one of the most notorious houses of ill fame in the south. She grew rich and wore diamonds far beyond the appraiser's price! Judge Adam Carson used to relate that at a reunion of University of Virginia graduates in the Phillippines someone said "let's drink to the health of Old Mat Thomas", whereupon there was the loudest ovation and uproar of all. In compliance with a lifelong promise Martha lies buried at the foot of her "old Miss" about whom she was wont to brag. This elevated her own status. She lived to about eighty. A Charlottesville paper took notice of her death in the form of "An Appreciation."

understood the business. She advised me by all means to have my silk made low in the neck so I can wear it at any time. I think it will suit better made that way too. She say[s] you can line the cape with drilling and that will make it as warm as if it were high in the neck, she had her silk made in that way. I know of no new way for making sleeves and capes, the latter are all made like my blue silk except they are made to fit the neck. Cord is not used for trimming about here. I do not know why it is, because every one admires my traveling dress. If you go to Winchester don't forget to get my shoes. If you don't go you must send for them. I weare number three's **narrow.** Ma, I wish you would try and sell these hoops of mine and get me a new set. they are so limber that when I sit in school, they get so bent and set so mean I can't do anything with them. I am sorry Johnty gave so much for my winter dress. I would much rather have had two than one to cost so much. I am sorry he did not get the net for my head. I think I would like one so much.

Well I must close or Mrs. Williams will think I am a terable sinner to write so much on sunday I will send the linings down on tuesday, you can send to the cars for them. my love to all. Write soon to your

Daughter
Kattie

P. S. I wish you would fix that veil if you can and put a gum cord [on] it, so I can weare it on my flat. They are worn very much by the grown ladies here. If you cannot fix that one try at the store and maby you can get a ch[e]ap one. I mean one that has not much work on it.

20

Woodstock
Monday afternoon
[September 10 or September 17, 1860?]

Dearest Ma,

I went down to Mrs. Spanglers at dinner-time. She fit both dresses on me. they fit very nicely too, only, they wrinkle at the arm, aspecially the high-necked one. Mrs. Spangler pinned a pi[e]ce of paper on one of the bodies so you could tell where to put the wadding. She says you must wad it very heavily at the arm hole because I am so hollow. Whose patterns did you cut the muslin by? It was a mile too large. You must cut the pattern of both so you will not have any more trouble. Mrs. Spangler had a great deal of trouble to make them fit and for that reason I would not like to ask her to fit another body on me. She only fixed one side, you must make the other exactly like it. Do not make them any tighter expecially across the breast. That piece of calico is for the length before. You can allow as usual for behind as you choose. Those spots on the lining came off the grap[e]s you sent. I am very much obliged to you for them. Mrs. Williams thought they were the finest she had ever seen. I believe I have told you all that is necessary about the dresses. You can send the silk when ever you finish it. Don't forget that veil; when you write put that piece of edging for my cape in your letter. I have not worn that dress yet. When you make my chemise with the tatting, make the piece of linen between the insertion and edge very narrow. I think it is prettier that [than] when it is too wide.

Give my love to one and all and write very soon.
As ever your devoted daughter

Kattie

P. S. Cut off as much in the back as I have turned down, the neck also. I have just compared the lining of the muslin with my traveling dress. You make the wadding for both dresses and fix it like the one that you took out of your silk. If you do not like the looks of the high necked lining send me a word and a box, and I will send you my traveling dress so you can make the muslin like it. It fits me very nicely and I am afraid the muslin will not fit as nicely as the lining does not compare with the lining of the traveling dress.

21

[No heading]
[Perhaps about September 24, 1860]

Dear Ma,

You say you wanto know how I am getting along. Well, finely studying and in every other respect. The wash-woman brought my clothes in this evening. I wish you could see them, they are washed and ironed beautifully. I only regret I did not get her to wash for me last session.

Ma, if those waists are too short it is your fault. I don't [believe] Mrs. Spangler cut any off the waist. The high necked dress will not fit me I know, for you cut it large enough for Aunt Ann, but I think the body for the silk will fit, at least the lining did. I thought the waist very long. I am sorry you did not fit a lining on me before I left for I need the silk at least I will when the weather gets cool[e]r. We will differ about the muslin, for I would rather have had two for that price. That red dress only cost five dollars and I think that is nice enough for any use. You say school girls are not expected to dress very fine. Every one are not of the same opinion as you. I for my part don't care any thing about dressing, only I want to go neat and look tidy. I have worn this old shally ery [ever] since I have been here except last week. I am getting right tired of it.

Ma, I wish you would get me those shoes as soon as you can. I told Johnty about it. I told you these shoes would not last much longer after Old Copp fixed them than they did before. I have not walked any scarcely since I have been here, no, I have not taken three walks, and don't you think the soalds is nearly off. If you think I had [better] have them half soaled I will do it, though it will cost almost as much to have them fixed as it would to get a new pair.

What in the world did Johnty think you would do with a whole boult of unbleached cotton? I am crocheting some very pretty edgin[g], but it is too wide for chemises. Probably you can get something that will do to trim it when the goods comes up.

Did Pa intend to come home this week? I hope he will get me a nice present, though I shall not expect one. I know he will think if you read this letter to him that I am not studying one bit. Indeed I do for I am old enough to know the advantage of a good education. Alas! it is a pity I did not think so years ago. Write to me very soon and let me know about the shoes. I think I had better get a new pair. I have worn these almost constantly for a year. I don't know what I will do about a pair for sunday. You know I never could wear thin shoes in winter.

Your devoted daughter

Kattie

22

Woodstock
Tuesday-afternoon
[October 2, 1860]

Dearest Ma,

I received your letter and hasten to answer it. You say you want me to come home on Saturday. I can come very conveniently, but I know I will have to pay more than a dollar on the cars. You must write or get Johnty to write to me thursday or friday so I will know whether to come down or not.

Miss Bettie went to Winchester this morning. I did not send by her for anything. If I thought about it I would have sent for a set of hoops, but I can wait until you go up. I would rather you would get them than any one else; get me a set in which the hoops are very close to each other. She is having a beautiful white tarleton made to be married in. She is to be married on the seventeenth two weeks from tomorrow. No one but relation [s] are to be invited. Dr. Boyd of Winchester is to marry her. Some of her relatives from Winchester are coming up. Indeed I hardly know what to wear; I thought of wearing my braize [baize?] but I am invited to a party at Mr. Birds tonight and will have to wear it there. I would not go to night but I know the Birds would not like it. The party is to be composed of a very selected company from all I can hear. I have not worn my white that I brought up with me. I do not know whether it will do to wear or not. I spent an evening at Dr. Magruder's some time ago and wore my silk.

Does Pa intend getting me a calico? If he does not I wish you would get me one and make it just like my purple calico, full on the shoulders so I can wear a ruffle with it. Did you send by him for anything else? I expect you can get your goods very cheap at Winchester. The merchants are getting their good[s] here I went down to Mr. Heller's to look at his goods he had some very pretty 25 cts muslin's. the girls are all going to get those kind to wear to school. Have you determined what you will get for me to wear? Or will you fix my last winter dresses? Send my bonnet to me as soon as you have it fixed, as my crape bonnet is too light for the season. I had my shoes half soled and only paid half a dollar for it they look as nice as if they were new. I believe I have given you all the news. Write to me by friday's mail. In haste

Kattie

I have to get my lessons now so I can go to the party.
Your affectionate daughter

Kattie

23

Woodstock
Monday afternoon
[October 8, 1860]

Dear Ma,

I received your letter to day and hasten to answer it.

I was afraid you would be uneasy after I received Johnty's letter on saturday. I have no idea why it did'nt come on Friday, unless they neglected to mail it in Front Royal, but it wont make any difference; I can come down next Saturday just as well.

I am very sorry you misconstrued the words in my last epistle about the **postage-stamps.** The reason I asked Jonty to get them for me was this, I forgot to ask you for them when I wrote, I made sure of course that you would get them or give him the money to get them so that he could send them to me on Monday as he usually writes or at least I receive his letters on that day. I did not inte[n]d that part for him about using the postage-stamps. I intended it for you. I did not read the letter over as it was nearly supper-time when I finished it, but I hade'nt the most distant idea that either of you would misconstrue my words. You must explain it to him. I need a fall bonnet sadly, went to church yesterday and wore my falt [i.e., flat] and traveling dress, but it is not customary to wear them to church. I should'nt think you could have my old bonnet bleached to do any good but you can try if you wish. **Yancy** came down in the cars this morning. It stopped raining awhile after breakfast, and we all went to the depot to hear him speak, but we hadn't more than gotn there, when it commecned raini[n]g in tor[r]ents. We were of course in the Depot. By the time the cars arrived the whole depot, platform, and freight cars were crow[d]ed with people rushing forwards to see and hear the great and eloquent Orator Yancey. The cars were crow[d]ed too. He came out on the platform, took off his hat, bowed very politely, and said: "Gentlemen—

whilst Gen. Jackson was once traveling through the country he stopped at a village the inhabitants requested to see his face. He came out and said, Gentlemen, I am sorry I have not a more handsome face to show you; and retired; now Gentlemen, I hope you will allow me to do the same." He bowed very politely and went in the cars. Every one yelled at the top of their voice Hurah! Hurah! Hurah! Yancey! We were compelled to remain at the depot for about ten minutes. The gentlemen soon procured umbrella's for our accommodation and we arrived home without getting wet. You did not say any thing about the hoops, I suppose you [do] not want me to get them. You say you sometimes think I do not care about the F.R. people. I would like to [know] upon what groun[d]s you base your reasons for thinking so, for I am sure I think as much of my old friends as I ever did. I have several corrispondants, but not gentlemen. I know you were hinting about George when you spoke about the stamps. I do not corispond [with] him. didnt I tell you I would not before I left home? Indeed, Ma, I have'nt the most distant idea what I will wear at the wedding I have not thought about [it] yet. I will let you know when I come down on saturday. You may look for me if it don't rain. I hope you keep the chestnuts and apples for me. They are both very scarce about here. I hope Pa will enjoy his visit. Give my love to all the family. it is so dark I can hardly see my pen, and raining just as hard as it can. Mrs Campbell came down this morning

Write soon to your
Obedient daughter

Kathleen.

24

Woodstock
Monday afternnon.
[October 15, 1860]

Dearest Ma,

I have nothing to write about that would interest you, as I gave you all the news last saturday. Mr Kemper was on the cars sure enough but he did not recognize me. there were several gentlemen with him that I did not know. He looked at me very hard. I wondered if he saw a likeness to the Boone family.

I received a letter from Alice Morehead to day. she is not going to school, and did not say anything about starting. she does not like Washington City at all. I was very sorry it rained yesterday as you will not be able to go to Winchester for several day[s] I presume. Mr. Williams was delighted with the grapes, an I believe took them doow[n] the street too show, at least he said he intended to.

I examined Miss Bettie's dress sleeve it is not cut bias, that pattern you received from Philadelphia was sent to Miss Bettie, but she did not like it, and would not have her's cut in that way. I would rather you would cut my silk by some pattern that I can wear short-sleeved.

I will wear that bonnet all winter so that you can put more towards getting my cloak. they all admire my bonnet very much. I did not wear it to church, as the girls had no bonnets to wear and wanted me to wear my flat. I am so glad I brought my winter dress up with me, I am dressed all in winter to day You must excuse the way in which this letter is written. School lets out so late that by the time I get home, it is time for supper. Write soon to your devoted daughter

Kattie

My love to all.

25

Woodstock
Tuesday afternoon.
[October 23, 1860]

Dear Ma,

I received your letter to day and hasten to answer it. I expected you would send my calico dress to day, and sent to the depot, to see if any thing came for me. I suppose you are very busy assisting Johnty about the sale. As a matter of course Grand-Pa is very officious. I can see him running out in the middle of the street, hailing every one that passes.

Ma, don't you think you had better make my silk full in the back and bre[a]st? I don't like low necked dresses made plain. How do you think it would look, made like my purple lawn? I mean the one you made for me last summer. Mary Bird had a braize [baize?] dress made plain waist with folds extending from the shoulders to a kind of a point in the center. It is made something like the body of your old silk you made your quilted skirt out of. At least I think that is the way it is made. I bought the set of hoops. I am very glad you did not get gauntlets. I think I like gloves better. I have not seen any new dresses made yet, but I think tight sleeves will prevail. Mary Wunder and myself are invited to spend the evening at Mrs. Sheffers [Stover's]. I don't [know] whether I will go or not. If I finish my lessons in time I expect maby I will go. Mr. Hardie has fortyfive schollars. He is very strict, makes the girls sit in for every lesson if they miss three words. I have not missed in any of my lessons so far, not even in dictionary. So you think I had better not send you my summer clothes. I can fold them up and put them in my trunk. I don't expect you will be able to read this letter. The paper is so smooth I can hardly write at all. Tell Johnty I shall expect him to give me all the news when he writes.

My love to all.
Write soon
Your affectionate dau . . .

Kattie

Shall I send you the pattern of the sack I told you about? I have not gotten it yet, but can get it any time you want it. I wish I had time and I would work it.

The Love and War Letters

INTRODUCTION

BY BERNARD SAMUELS

The author of the letters of love and war was Green Berry Samuels. He was born on November 2, 1839, at Woodstock, Virginia. His twentieth birthday lay shortly behind when on December 30, 1860, he wrote his first love letter to Kathleen Boone. Five years later, on June 10, 1865, as a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware in the Delaware river near Philadelphia he wrote the last war letter to Kathleen Boone Samuels.

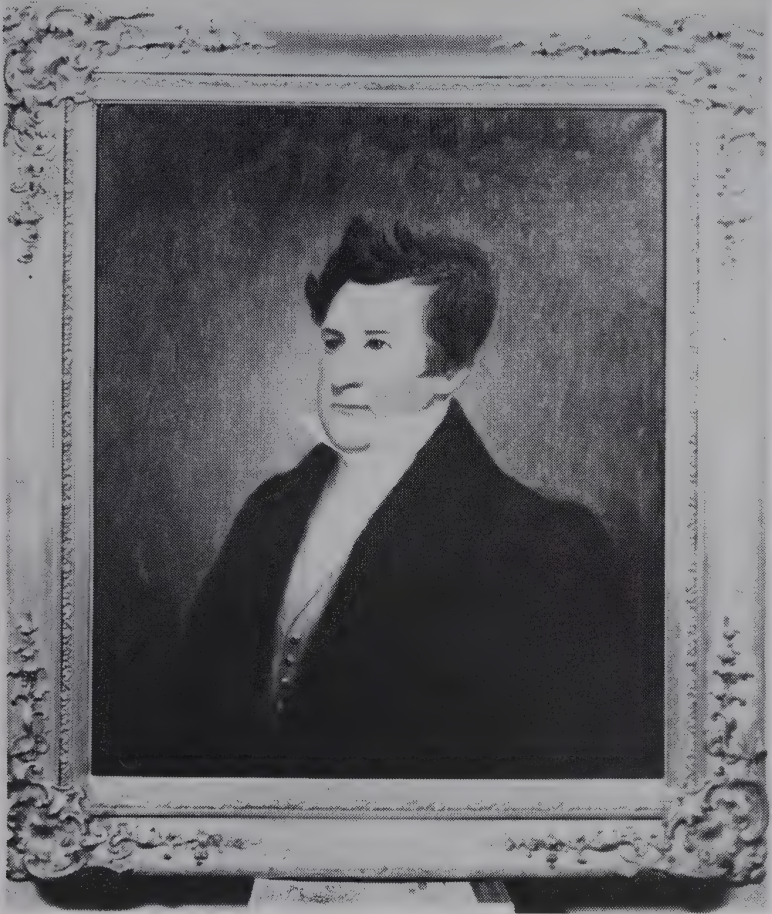
He was a son of Judge Green Berry Samuels and Maria Gore Coffman. Both came of families long settled and well known in the Valley of Virginia. His maternal grandfather was Samuel Coffman, of Rockingham County, who belonged to a group of farmers and merchants, called, because of their education and wealth, "the barons" of that part of the Valley. He was a member of the convention of 1829 that met in Richmond and was charged with the task of forming a new constitution for the Commonwealth. In a letter home he deplored the spirit of speech-making and procrastination that pervaded the convention and he said that, as for himself, he would "never cast a vote that sacrificed principle to expediency in a matter of fundamental legislation." He lived and died on his farm, "Mannheim", named after the city in Germany whence his family came. It was a very active farm. Three tables were set—one for the family, set on occasions with imported China, one for the white hired men, and one for the slaves. In the attic was kept a long narrow board, shaped like a coffin, on which the dead, white and black, were laid out, and it was held by all in the greatest awe. In a field back of the house was a whipping-post, used especially for slaves caught in the act of riding the horses to distant farms at night.

The founder of the Samuels family in the Valley was the first Green Berry Samuels, who was of Welsh descent. He lived on his farm called "Green Hope", on the north branch of the Shenandoah river, not far from the village of Mount Jackson. His son, Isaac Samuels, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, who witnessed the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. Isaac Samuels married his first cousin Elizabeth Pennybacker, a daughter of Captain Dirck Pennybacker, who emigrated from Pennsylvania to the Valley of Virginia in 1781. He was a son of John Pennybacker and Anneke Keyser of the Pennsylvania Keysers. She lived to be ninety-one years old and is remembered to this day by the personal possessions which she left behind her. They included a shawl, a silk scarf, a cloak, a beaver hat, six pairs of cotton stockings, two worsted petticoats, four linen petticoats, five lindsey petticoats, five cotton petticoats, three lawn handkerchiefs, four table-cloths, seven short gowns, twelve pillow cases, sixteen check aprons, sixteen towels, twenty sheets and forty-eight shifts.

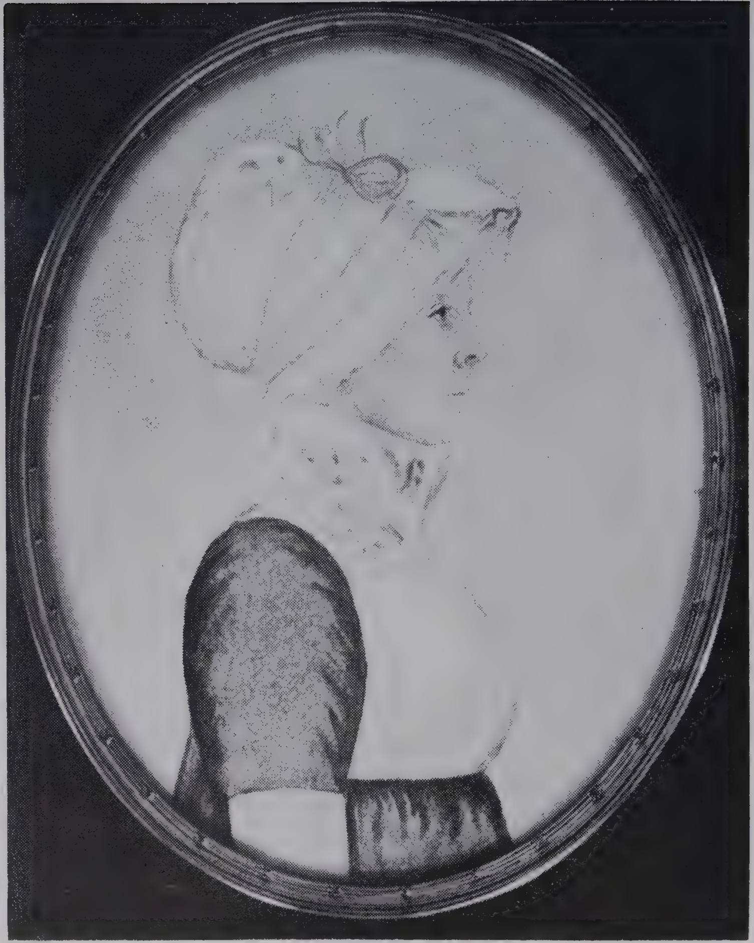
The relationship between the Samuelses and the Pennybackers in Virginia was by blood and intermarriage close and intimate. The Pennybackers engaged for generations in the mining and sale of iron. They built and owned a number of furnaces, notably, "Pine Forge" near New Market and "Redville," near Luray.

Captain Dirck Pennybacker's son, Benjamin, married his first cousin, Sarah Samuels. Tradition says of this lady that she was very strong, that she could lift a furnace hammer. One story of her force of arm and character has it that one of the white laborers at Pine Forge (white day laborers were used in addition to the slaves) was in the habit of going on sprees and whipping his wife. Madam Pennybacker gave orders that the next time this occurred she was to be informed. The occasion came one day after his wife had finished churning and had put her house in order. When Madam Pennybacker arrived, the man was engaged in sprinkling the soft butter over the clean bare floor. She attacked him with a cowhide. Completely surprised, he executed a brisk dance over the greasy floor, throwing up his hands and begging for mercy, but none was granted.

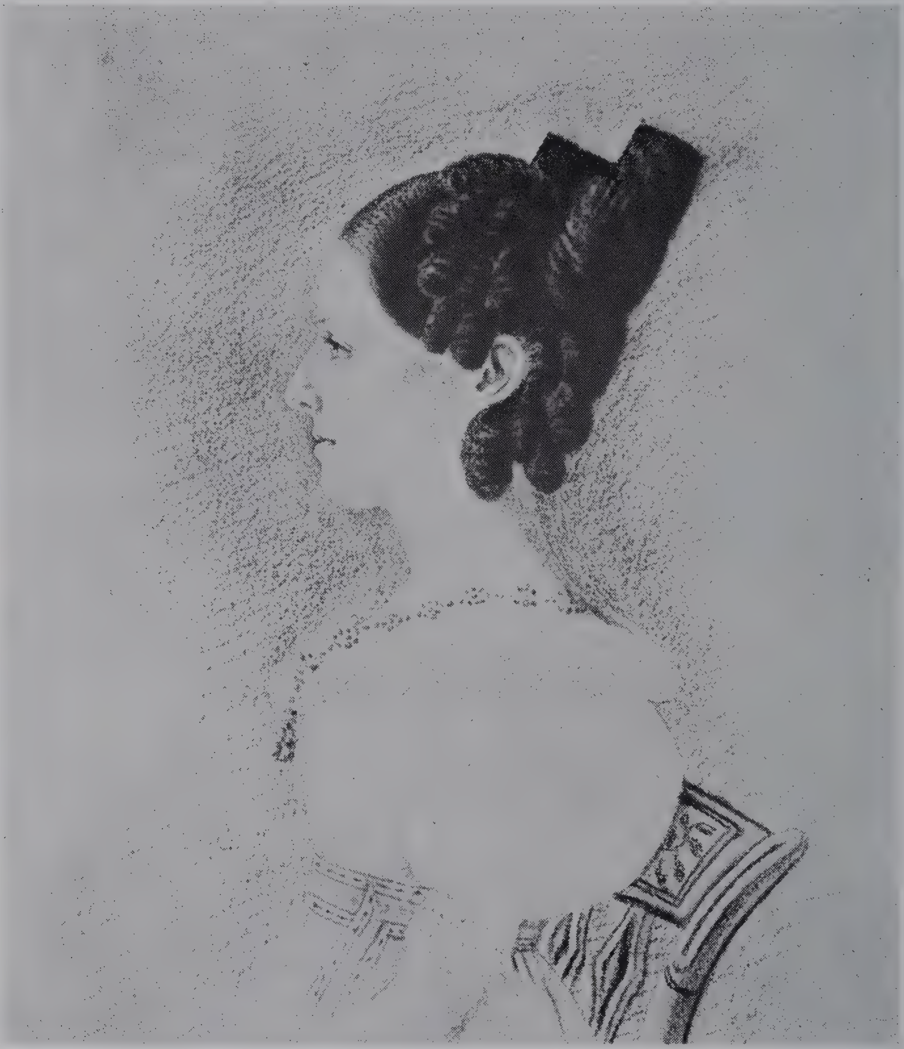
About 1808, Hannah de Haven Pennybacker, the widow of Captain Dirck Pennybacker and a sister of the wife of Green Berry Samuels the first, decided to give a dinner at Pine Forge for all of her descendants. They were so many that a partition had to be taken down in order to gather them all around one table.



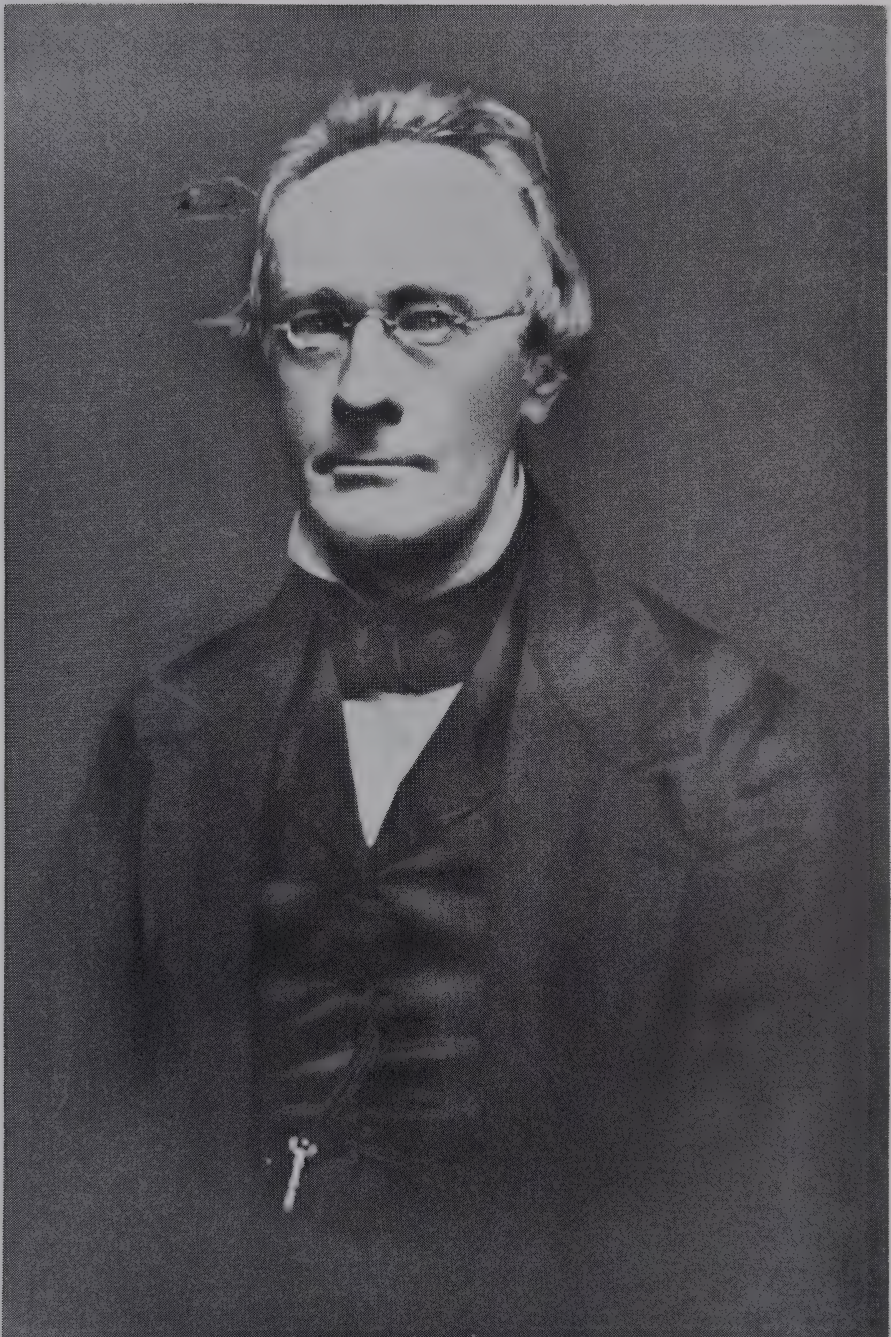
Samuel Coffman, Esq.



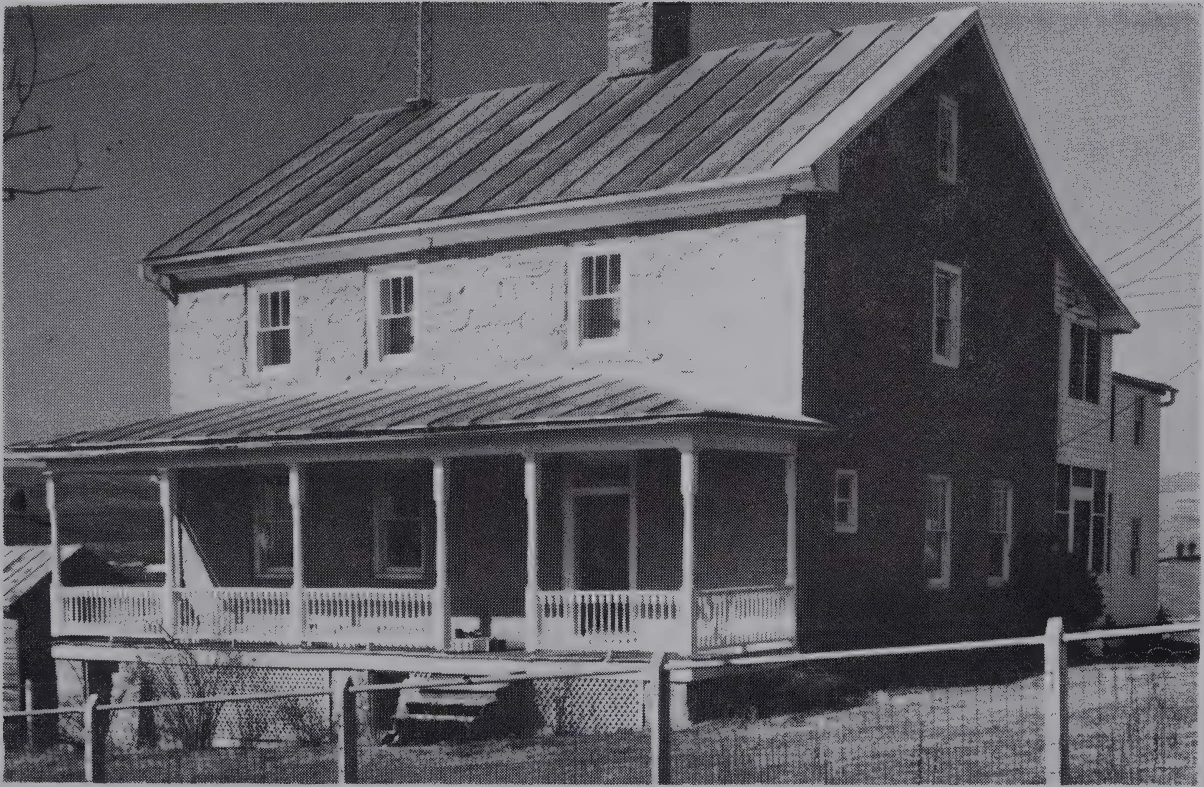
Maria Gore Coffman



Maria Gore Coffman Samuels



Judge Green Berry Samuels



Old Mannheim

At this banquet the girls were seated according to size, not age. One of them, small for her years, did not wish to be placed among the very young children and, to avoid this degradation, stuffed raw cotton in the heels of her shoes to add to her inches.

It was well that this family dinner was given when it was because shortly thereafter a break in the large family circle took place. George Mayberry, also a manufacturer of iron, who had married Captain Dirck Pennybacker's daughter, Rebecca, made up his mind to move West. He and his wife traveled in a gig, while their children, two boys and two girls, went on horseback and the servants rode in a wagon or wagons. When they had reached a point on the Ohio river a flatboat was hired, the servants going ashore and camping for the night. By the time they arrived at Parkersburg they had grown so tired of traveling by land and water that they decided to settle there and abandon their plans for going further. There a Western branch of the family was formed.

The bountiful dinner that was the last full family reunion, some 140 years ago, had as one of its younger guests Joel Pennybacker, a grandson of Dirck Pennybacker, who later became district attorney for Shenandoah County, and a member of the Virginia Senate. He was president of the Shenandoah Pike Company which constructed the pike that was used by Sheridan on his famous ride to Winchester and from which his men deployed to burn the barns and mills and desolate the adjoining country.

At the giant party the youngest descendant was Green Berry Samuels the second, who was brought from Green Hope buttoned up in the overcoat of his father, Isaac Samuels. The next youngest was Isaac Samuels Pennybacker, a brother of Joel Pennybacker. These two brothers were double first cousins of Green Berry Samuels. Isaac was born on February 1, 1806, and Green on September 9, 1805. Through their lives there was destined to run a remarkable parallelism. They read Law at the same time in the office of St. George Tucker in Winchester, Virginia, and their later attainments had a curious likeness.

Isaac Samuels Pennybacker became a member of Congress and a judge of the United States District Court for Western Virginia. He refused a seat on the supreme court of Virginia. He was one of the organizers and first regents of the Smithsonian Institution. When he died in Washington at the age of forty-two, he was the youngest member of the United States Senate. "He died," as was said on the floor of the House of Representatives in the memorial ceremonies, "without a solitary reproach or a solitary enemy." The President, the Congress and the Supreme Court of the United States followed him to his grave.

Green Berry Samuels became a member of Congress, a United States Circuit Court Judge and a Justice of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia. During his life he occupied a position of the highest distinction in the State. Both he and his cousin had been offered by their party the nomination for the governorship of Virginia, at separate times, but they both felt constrained to decline it.

Judge Samuels' death was also untimely. It occurred in Richmond on January 8, 1859. As a mark of respect Governor Henry A. Wise caused his body to be brought from his hotel to the Senate Chamber of the Capital, there to remain until the time came for its removal to Woodstock. It was in this same room that so shortly afterward the Senate of the Confederate States was to meet. Here too on July 12, 1863, the body of Stonewall Jackson was to lie in state.

Judge Samuels began the practice of law before he was twenty-one years of age, first in Parkersburg, in the office of his eldest brother, Joseph Hope Samuels, who was said to have gone there primarily to court his first cousin, Catherine Pennybacker Mayberry, whom he married. There was a long interval of twenty-eight years between the births of the two brothers.

Returning to Woodstock in early manhood, Green B. Samuels formed a partnership with his kinsman, Judge Mark Bird. In their office his nephew, Henry Jefferson Samuels, read law. This nephew later became a member of the Legislature of Virginia and a judge of the Circuit Court. He was the last adjutant-general of the State of Virginia before it was divided and the only member of the family to side with the North in the Civil War.

Judge Samuels' home in Woodstock was a large, massively built stone house not far from the old stone Court House. It was said to have been once occupied by Thomas Marshall, the father of Chief Justice John Marshall. The portico that graced it is gone today, as are the servants' quarters in the yard. Yet enough of the original paneling in the wide entrance hall and in the great master's bedroom over the parlor remains untouched for a descendant to ponder over and admire. A description of the old garden has been handed down. "It contained small fruit trees, grapevines, berry bushes, herb and vegetable beds. As one entered the gate a flowerbed on either side of the walk bordered by sod, kept clipped, ran almost to the back of the lot. It was filled with a great variety of flowers and they were kept in order by Anthony, the man of all work."

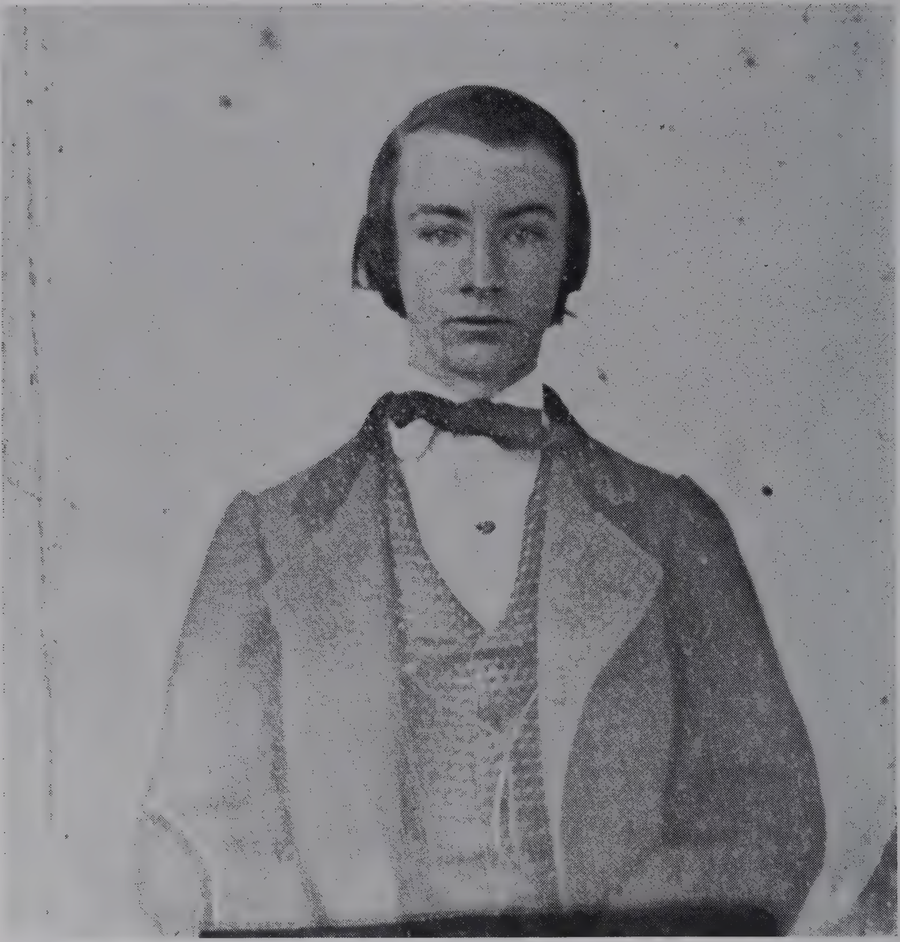
It is recorded that Judge Samuels' servants were well cared for in every respect. One Christmas the cook was allowed to have her husband and three children to stay with her at her master's expense. Another servant was a full-blooded Negro who walked when he was nine months old. He later broke his back in attempting to climb a fence and lived a hopeless cripple. Every time his master came from Richmond, he would come into the diningroom, take his stand with plate in hand, and say "Master, I ain't had nothing to eat since you been gone." Whereupon his plate was filled from the white folk's table. In his will Judge Samuels directed that his servants be sold by private arrangement to good owners unless at any time their conduct justified otherwise.

A great sorrow fell on Judge Samuels' home when his wife died on March 12, 1844, aged only 32 years.

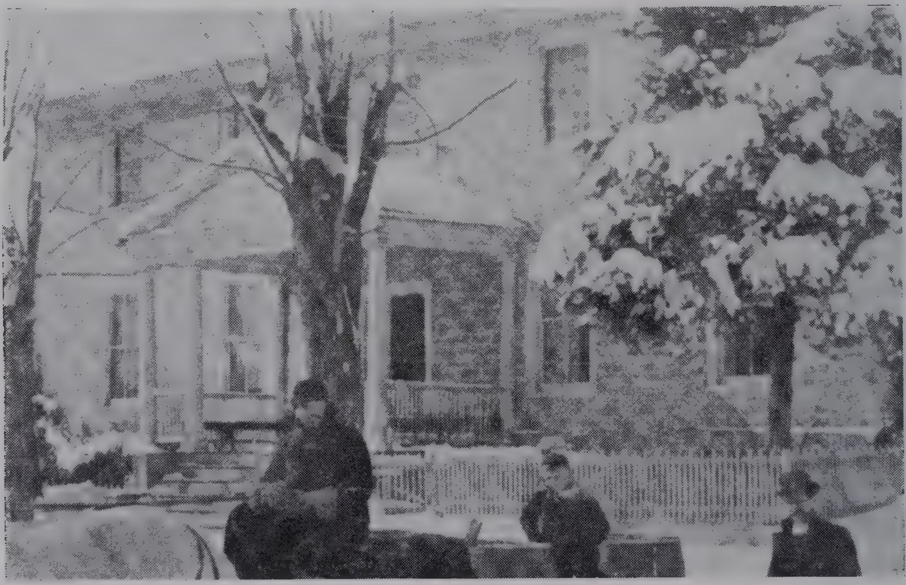
She left six children: Isaac Pennybacker, Margaret, Anna Maria, Green Berry, Samuel Coffman, and an infant, Joseph, who died in infancy. Directly after the death of their mother the children were sent to old "Mannheim" and placed in the care of their unmarried Aunt, Ann Coffman. When Anna Maria went to say good-by to her old mammy, she gave her a small box and admonished her: "You will lose this as soon as you get out of my sight." It was kept over eighty years.

The marriage of Ann Coffman to Col. Robert Wallace of "Mount View", Stafford County, Va., within a year after she took charge of the children, necessitated a change and they were all sent to "Green Hope". Their Uncle Joseph Hope Samuels had moved back to Virginia. He was considered a good lawyer, but his wife, whom the children called Aunt Kitty, was held to be almost as able. He had an office in the yard at "Green Hope," and there people came to consult him.

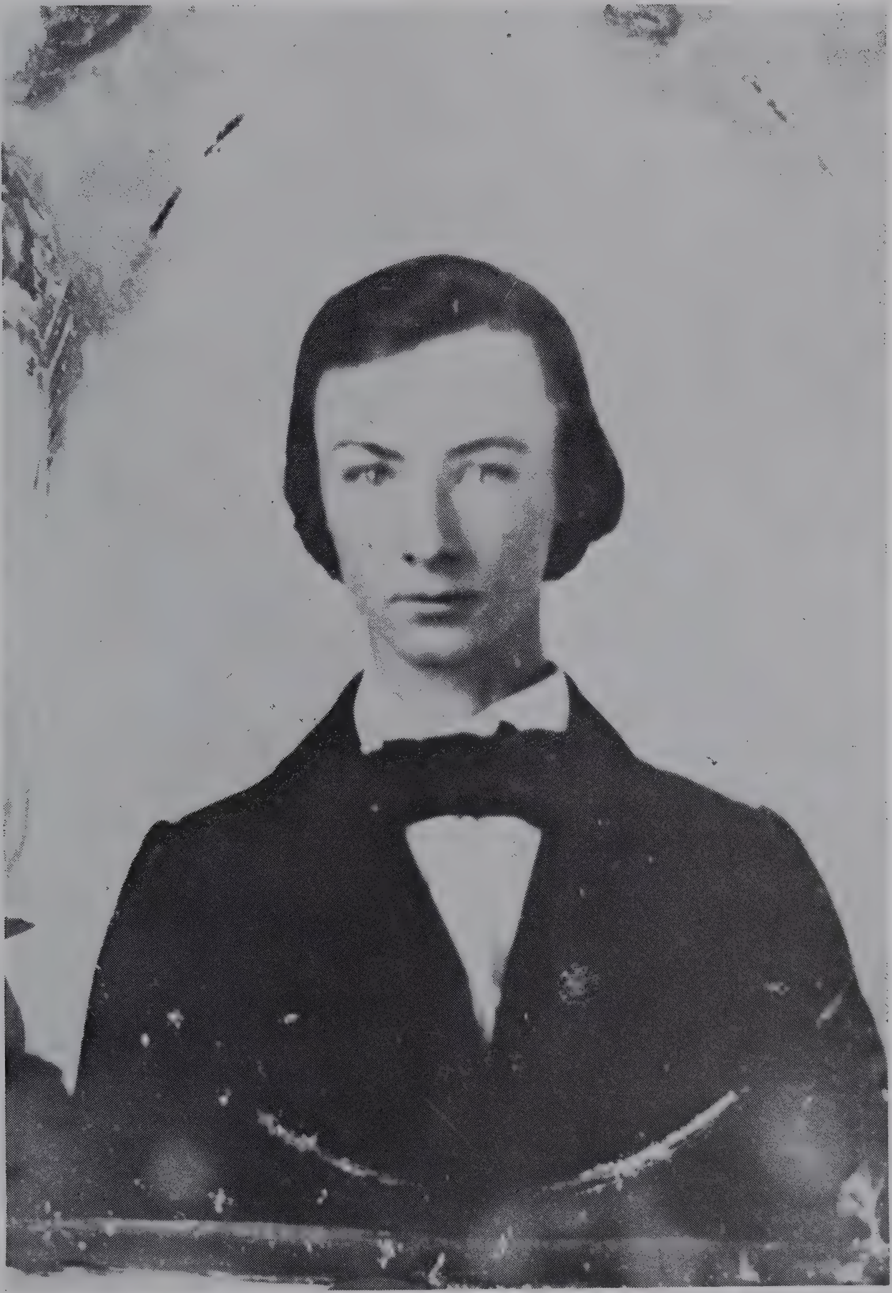
Aunt Kitty had already taken three motherless grandchildren of her own into her home. Her eldest daughter had married Mr. John Dyer and these were their children—Lucy, Chapan and



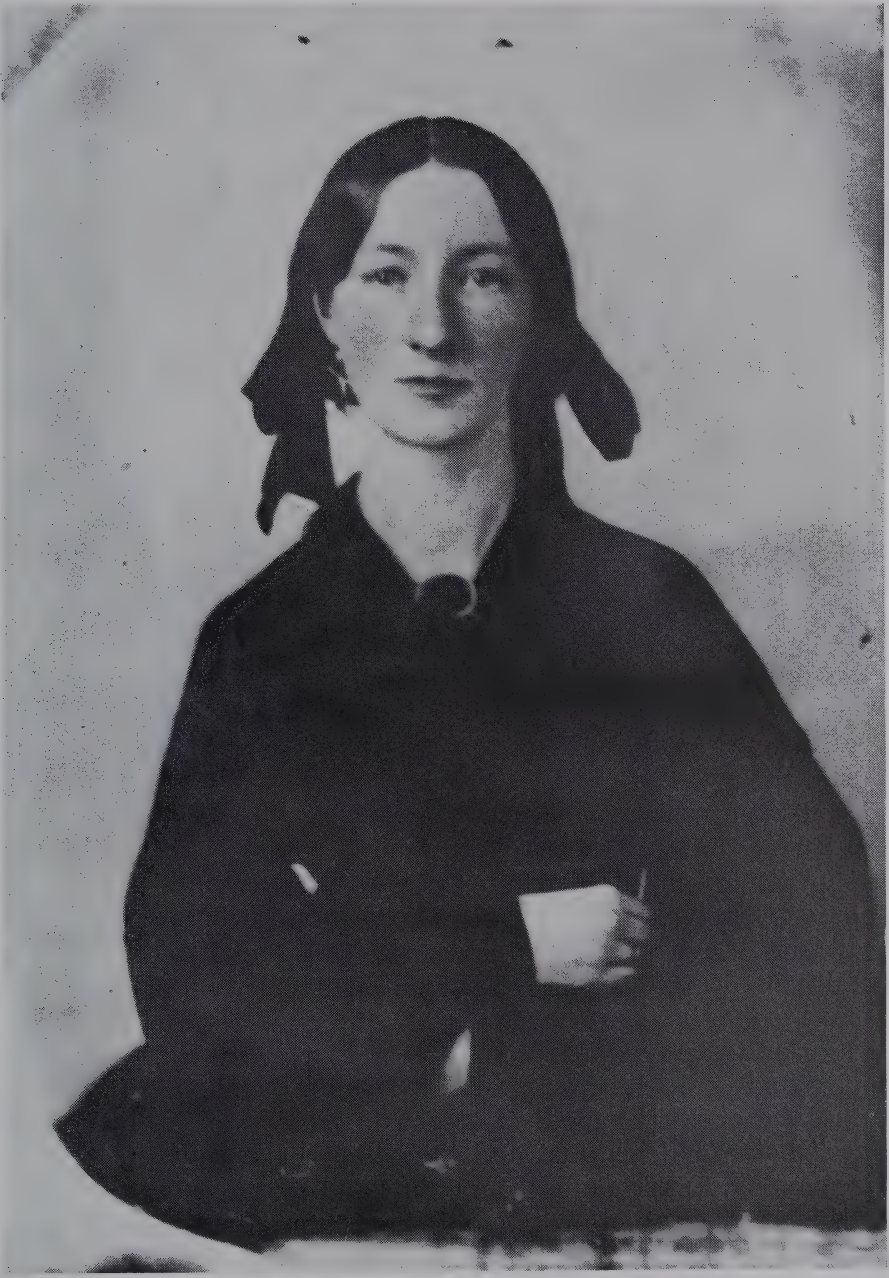
Isaac Pennybacker Samuels



The Samuels Home At Woodstock



Samuel Coffman Samuels
Aged 18 Years



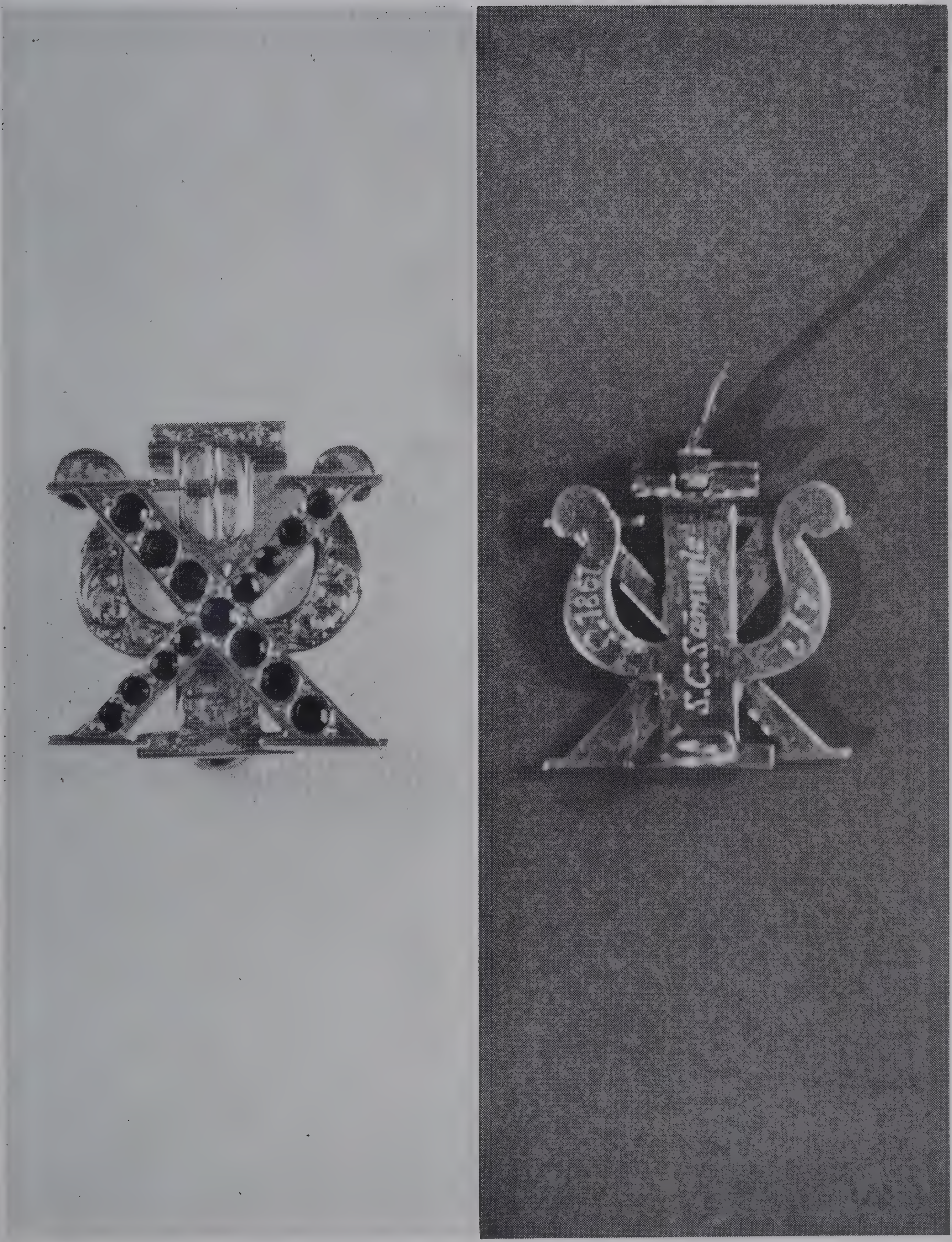
Anna Maria Samuels
In Deep Mourning For Her Father

Mary. So it happened that in all there were at one time, nine youngsters at "Green Hope". Aunt Kitty would gather them around her evenings and read Bible stories, and Uncle Joseph would tell them stories about the old Indian fighters. The girls had their hair put up in curl papers every night and their ears were pierced. The children were taught table manners and every morning they were lined up to recite their spelling lessons before being rowed across the river to school a mile away.

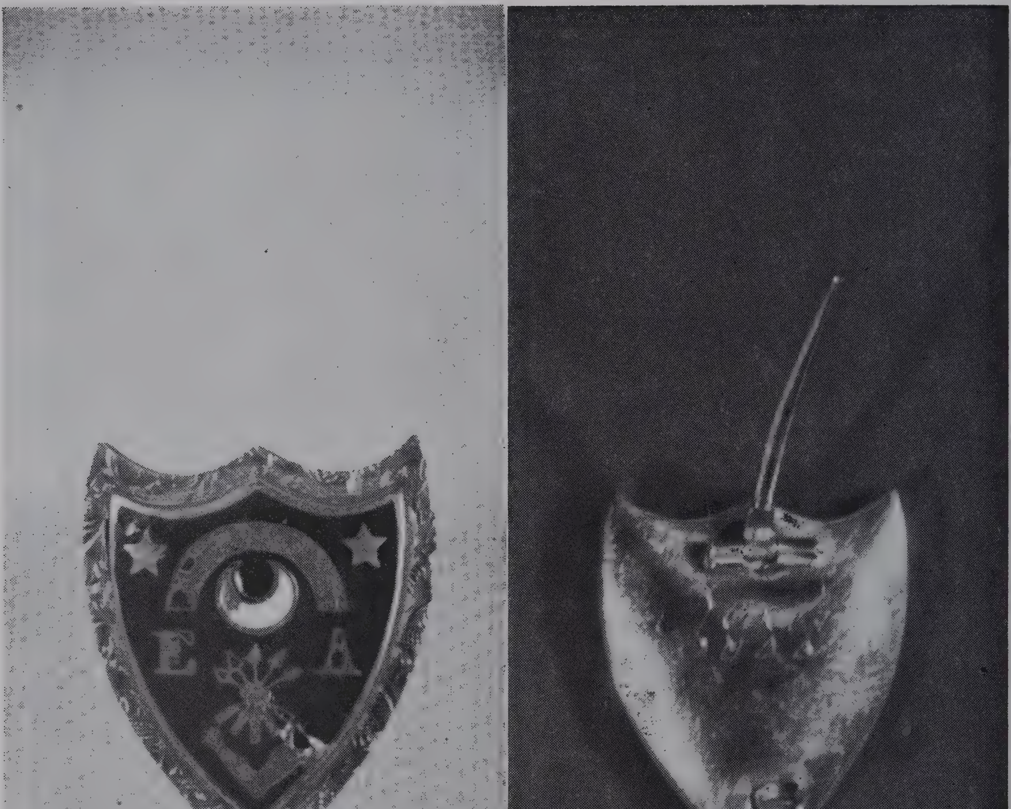
At that time the law in Virginia prevented a man from marrying his wife's sister so that when after his wife's death Mr. Dyer decided to marry her sister Lucy they had to leave the state. After some years they came back to visit relatives and friends and when they left they took the three Dyer children with them to Iowa.

As the Samuels children grew up, they were sent off to boarding school, Margaret to Maryland, Isaac to Winchester and Staunton, and Anna Maria to the Virginia Female Institute, an Episcopal school in Staunton, known far and wide today as "Stuart Hall".

In 1853 Judge Samuels reopened his house in Woodstock. His niece, Mary Byrd Kyle, a daughter of his sister Rebecca who had married Abraham Byrd of Harrisonburg, Va., came to take charge of the household. Shortly afterward his son, Isaac, a boy of the greatest promise, beloved by white and black, died of typhoid fever. Soon Margaret married Dr. George Henry Houston Koontz of Mt. Jackson, Va. Anna Maria spent four years at the Institute and, she wrote, "fretting the livelong day." She roomed with two of her cousins, Margaret Stribling Pennybacker and Lucy Mayberry. Their room was in the attic, and had two small windows. They ran up two pairs of steps to get to it. With an eye to making good housekeepers of them, the school required the girls to clean up their room. Anna Maria blistered her hands every time she had to sweep. There was the usual boardingschool complaint about the food. One morning they had "molasses and liver" both for breakfast and they thought the Judgment Day was coming. But from her complaints and routine she was graduated in 1855, complete with a gold medal for "deportment." (See Appendix Page 265). It was not long before Mary Byrd married Mr. Robert M. Kyle (after his death she married the Rev. L. S. Reed and became the step-mother of the famous doctor, Walter Reed.) Uncle Joseph and Aunt Kitty having no more children to care for at Green Hope moved to Woodstock to look after the



Chi Psi. Samuel's Fraternity 1858



Epsilon Alpha. Green's Fraternity 1857
He Roomed At No. 2 East Range
University Of Virginia

Samuels' household as their father was absent much of the time in Richmond. Aunt Kitty took charge of the housekeeping. She was a motherly soul, going around nights tucking everybody in bed, Uncle Joseph included.

As the years passed of the children of grandfather Samuel Coffman only De Witt and his wife and a bachelor brother Michael remained to carry on at Mannheim. Isaac Gore married Magdalene McDowel Smith and move to Harrisonburg. Samuel Augustine Coffman studied medicine in Philadelphia and finally settled down at "Inglewood" near Harrisonburg to practice. Following in the footsteps of his father he represented Rockingham County in the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1861. Admiral DeWtit Coffman was his son. Erasmus Coffman remained a batchelor and became clerk of Rockingham County. His bearing was so fine that it was said he could grace a court.

The Samuels' connections were ever and anon on visits to Col. John Hopkins, who had married their Aunt Ann Coffman and lived at "Maplewood". She is recalled as having queenly but affectionate manners. Col. Hopkins represented Rockingham County in the Virginia House of Delegates in 1861. Or if they were not at "Maplewood" they would surely be visiting at "Bogota", overlooking the Shenandoah. Jacob Strayer had married their Aunt Adelaide Coffman. After her death he married Betty Ann Samuels, daughter of Joseph Hope Samuels. There were two sets of children but with stately Bogota surrounded by hundreds of productive acres and overstocked with servants Uncle Strayer felt that there would be a plenty to provide for them all.

At the time of his father's death, Green Berry Samuels the third was a law student, under the famous teacher, John B. Minor, at the University of Virginia. He roomed at No. 2 East Range and his fraternity was Epsilon Alpha. His preparatory work had been done at Bloomfield School, in Albemarle County. Samuel, younger by two years, was still at nearby Brookhill School. These were among the best-known plantation schools in the South. In memory of his stay at Brookhill Sam Samuels kept an album, which was in 1859 inscribed with many fine and tender sentiments bearing the names of schoolmates from Florida, Louisiana, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, in addition to various parts of Virginia. The owner and headmaster of the Brookhill School was Charles Minor, who for proficiency in

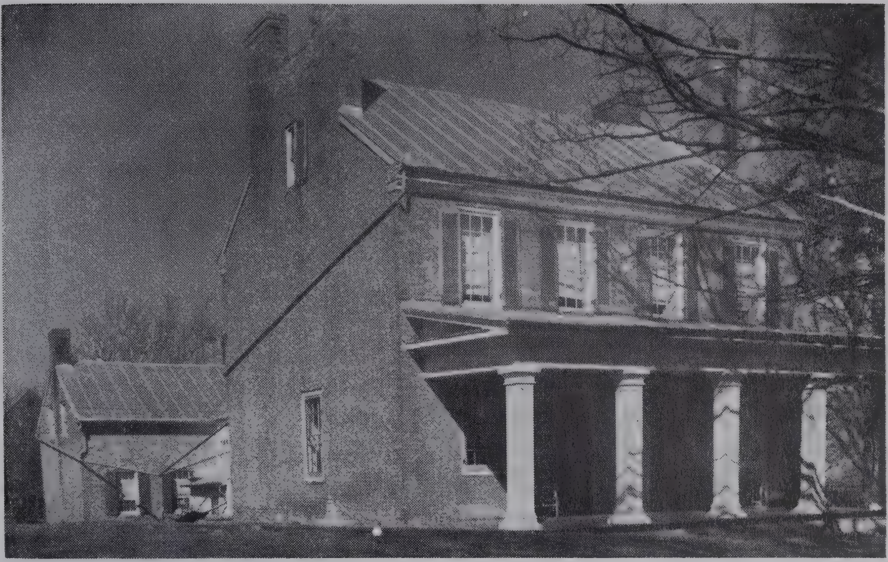
Latin awarded Samuel Coffman Samuels two plaques in stone, which he had brought back from Pompeii; each bore the profile of a Roman emperor. How many of these youths were destined soon to endure the hardships of camp life, to drop barefooted and exhausted by the way side on forced marches, to languish half starved in northern prisons, or to lay down their lives on the battlefields of the south!

After leaving the University, Green settled down to the practice of law in Woodstock, at the same time looking after the river-bottom farm he had purchased near Strasburg; Samuel Coffman entered the Medical Department of the University of Virginia in the class of 1860-1861. His fraternity was Chi Psi.

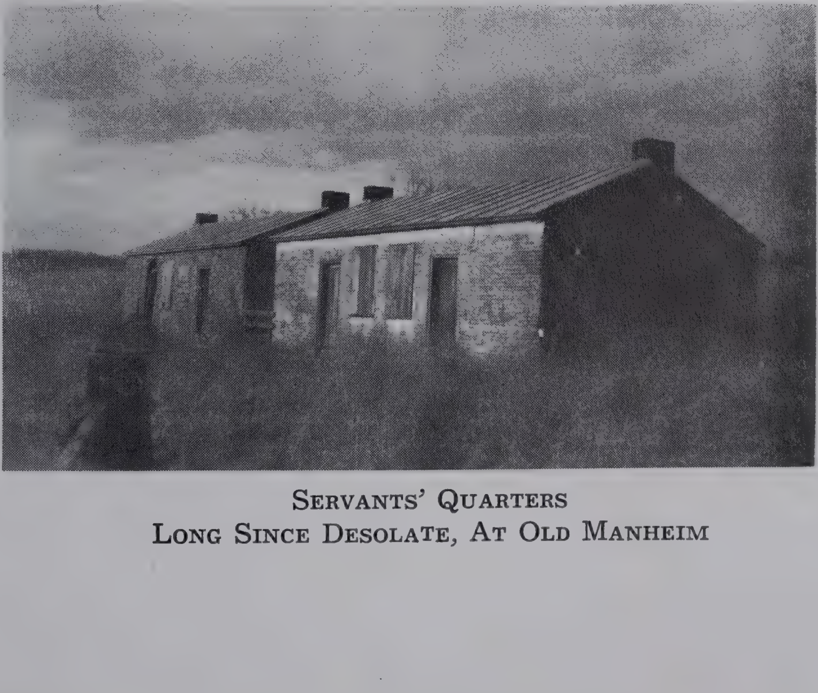
Thus did matters stand when Green B. Samuels wrote the first of his letters to Kattie Boone.

BOGOTA

This house, built by Joseph Strayer, Esq., replaced an older one in which the renowned lawyer, Gabriel Jones, lived and died, 1753-1806.



MAPLEWOOD, WITH THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS IN THE REAR.
HOME OF COL. JOHN HOPKINS.



SERVANTS' QUARTERS
LONG SINCE DESOLATE, AT OLD MANHEIM

II

War Is the Interruption

1861-62

1

Woodstock
Dec. 30th 1860

Dear Kattie.

I sit down in despair to write you a letter, the idea of declaring my love for the **sweetest** and **best** of woman kind, upon paper, completely unnerves my hand and paralyzes imagination. I never knew until to-day how **near** and **dear** you were to me. **Absence** which generally diminishes the power of love has but heightened mine. Memory and your daguerrotype furnish but poor consolation for your absence; the first one can recall but faintly the happiest dream of my life, **the dream of love,** the latter can never portray the eye beaming with love, or the cheek blushing at the praise of its own loveliness.

I can scarcely realize the thought that you have promised to **love** me **through life,** to share my joys and to partake of my sorrows . . . .

Do you remember the **pressure** you gave my hand when we parted at Front Royal the other day, it removed all doubt and jealousy from my mind. I felt no fear of Mr. L. or of anybody else. That **clasp** I considered as a pledge of your fidelity, of your love. In imagination I return the **clasp.** You need feel no fear of my **sincerity, I love you** and **you alone.**

. . . . Tell me in your **answer** about the **ring.** I knew it would bring you into trouble. I had begun this letter yesterday but was prevented by company from completing it. Since that time I learned from McKay[46] that he saw you sleigh riding in company with Mr. L. . . . Do you remember what I told you about your **flirting.** That I would be certain to find it out. So soon as I learned what you were doing I immediately posted off and **made love** desperately to a certain young lady in town. She blushed so sweetly at my gallantries that I was almost tempted to propose for the sake of a **kiss.** . . . I am glad to hear that you have determined to remain in Woodstock until next summer. This is indeed an agreeable surprise, but it would please me a great deal better if you would only consent to **live** in Woodstock after the 2nd of next November.

I went to see Miss Mary Bird to-day. She inquired about you. I told her that you were sick. She seemed astonished at my information **about you.** I then told her that my information was purely accidental and that I entertained for you no other feeling than that of **friendship.** I think she believed me. You must excuse this story at it was for **your sake** I told it. George and I had a long talk about you Sunday. He believes we are engaged and says that he understands your way of keeping a secret, that is trying to conceal it by an apparent acknowledgement of its truth.

I think of you every hour in the day; I frequently catch myself saying **Kattie.** There is something musical in it for me and very good medicine for the **blues.** I frequently pass the Captain's window; it lacks something. It must be the bewitching little face that **stole** my **heart** away.

Now Kattie I insist on your answering this letter if it is only a line, simply an assurance of your continued love. Do not disappoint me. I shall certainly look for an answer. Please **write** Kattie you don't know how much I desire it, if you could but see my face I know **you** would do it. I will get **tipsy** if you dont. I will get **jealous.** I will get **mad.** I will **hang** myself. You believe the last resolution to be a **story,** but you will see if you dont answer.

Yours truly

G. B. Samuels

Note 46 — Jesse C. McKay of "Erin" near Ninevah. A lawyer. He organized Company E. 12th Va. Cavalry in the summer of 1861. He practiced law in Woodstock after the war.

2

Woodstock
March 2nd 1861

My Dear Kattie

This letter I know will be somewhat unexpected to you, as I promised not to write until next Thursday. I was at Mr. Williams' gate yesterday and talked some time with the young ladies; the Dr. of course was there. You have no idea how much I missed **you,** my whole thoughts were directed to the many pleasant hours we had spent together in that spot. I looked into the red curtained window, and the night of the 5th of December, the happiest hour of my life, recurred so forcibly to my mind that I mentally **vowed** never to prove faithless to the promises of love and devotion that I made you that night.

I was most agreeably surprised to see you at the **window** when I returned from Markham. You must not think strange of my not waving my handkerchief in return. The fact is I had placed it in my breast coat pocket and could not find it.

Tom was plaguing me about you the whole way down and thought it very foolish in me not to have stopped. I told him it was solely on **your** account that I did not stop as every one would be teasing **you.** He said I was telling a **story** and I think I **was too.**

I obtained in Winchester for you an elegant work-box you will get on Monday, the day you receive this letter. **Think** of me when you **use** it. I hope it will please you as I made the best selection I was capable of doing.

Did not you Mother **scold** you for waving your handkerchief when the cars left? I was afraid she might and can almost imagine what she said. Why Kathleen aint you ashamed of waving your handkerchief at gentlemen upon the street? I begin to believe you are **engaged** to that **light** haired boy. This accounts for the ring on your finger.

Should your mother speak to you about our engagement it would be better to tell her all. Both of your parents ought to be informed of it. If you will give your **consent** I shall tell your father upon my first visit to you.

.... Write soon. Yours in all sincerity and Love.

G. B. Samuels

3

Woodstock
March 7th 1861

Dear Kattie

. . . . I did not receive your **present** until I had mailed my letter and consequently could not acknowledge the receipt by my former letter. You expressed the wish that I would receive it for the **giver's** sake, as the **giver** is the dearest person upon earth to me, you ought to know that anything even the most trifling will be most gratefully received and most fondly preserved.

The next letter you write to me don't address me by the formal **Mr.** Samuels. The relations existing between us do not call for such formality . . . .

I saw Miss Emily Ott at her Father's mill. She told me about your letter to Miss Sidney and your inquiries concerning my flirting. To satisfy you I will tell you the amount of my attentions to the Ladies since your absence. I walked home with Miss Betty Jones from church and called upon Miss Annie Bird on last Tuesday night. The first of these Ladies is engaged to be married ans so there is no danger of falling in Love with her. The second has been absent from home some three months and thinking it no more than an act of courtesy due to an old friend and acquaintance I took upon myself the pleasure of calling upon her. So you see I am entirely **acquitted** of any reasonable doubt as to my fidelity towards you . . . .

Tom Pritchard told me that you received the work box. I hope it pleases you. I made the best selection my poor taste was capable of making.

I saw Miss Betty Rigdon yesterday on the street. She was out begging for subscriptions to our new flag. What won't Love do? You know the Dr. is a **member** of the company.

You must excuse the envelope in which this letter is enclosed, as there are several persons in the room I am afraid to enclose it in the usual kind of envelope for fear they may suspect that I am writing to a **Lady** . . . .

Please answer this letter as soon as you can conveniently do so. I must excuse you for not answering the other as you have just gotten home and no doubt your time is much occupied in calling upon and receiving the calls of old friends and acquaintances and have thus but little time to devote to me.

Yours in all Love and Sincerity.
G. B. Samuels.

4

Woodstock
March 13th 1861

My Dear Kattie.

I cannot express in words the happiness I felt on reading your letter of the 10th inst. You have no idea what a load of apprehension it removed from my breast—for fear that your parents might either positively refuse giving their consent or might indefinitely postpone our marriage.

Your letter has removed all my doubts and fears. I finished reading it the happiest man in Woodstock, its contents doubly assuring me of **your Love** and **willingness** to comply with my most earnest wishes on the 2nd of Nov . . . .

I hope when I come down to see you (which will be very soon) to find that you have entirely laid aside your scruples in regard to your **age.** If this should not be the case I will begin to think you have very little regard for your Father's opinion, as you say he is an advocate of early marriages.

We had quite a pleasant time the other night at the Fair. I missed **you** very much. The Young Ladies plagued me a great deal about your **absence** . . . .

In your answer tell me how it happened that you told your mother of our engagement. You were not as much confused as on the 5th of Dec. I hope. I was at Mr. Bird's the other night, and heard something about you. Miss Mary said you had been at work in the **kitchen.**[47] I hope that by the first of next week when I shall come down you will have learned how to **bake** me a nice little cake. I took dinner the other day at the Town Hall. Miss Betty Rigdon **waited** upon me. I ate as much as I **possibly could** so as to keep them waiting on me. I believe the Ladies succeeded

Note 47 — In the kitchen the cooking was done in a stove and in a fireplace. The walls were coal black from smoke. The woodwork clean as hard soap and sand could make it. What with the cook and children and washing and ironing going on it was certainly no place for a young lady stiff in hoops. Once after the war a guest remarked to Mrs. Boone that she believed people kept their kitchens cleaner than they used to. Mrs. Boone replied that freedom had made no difference in her kitchen.

in obtaining quite a handsome sum for the purchase of a Flag for the Company.

Jesse McKay went home this morning. Had I known his intention a few moments sooner I would have gone down with him.

I think it very probable that I shall spend the summer down on my little farm, as it is difficult to obtain a tenant and I will be so much nearer to **you** . . . .

I shall speak to your Father when I come down in regard to our **engagement**; I trust my request will be favorably heard.

I have not used the watch fob yet but keep it in my trunk with my other little **treasures.**

My Sister Annie has been staying at Mr. Bird's the last few days. I am very sorry she did not get to see you. I am sure she would be pleased with her future sister.

Your's in all Love

G. B. Samuels

5

Woodstock
March 26th 1861

My Dear Kattie.

I judge you begin to feel some apprehension on **my** account as I left you with a very severe cold and a slight fever and as I have not written to you at the time promised, which was last Monday. My excuse for not writing earlier is an **absence** of two days from Woodstock, upon business which did not allow me the time to write you a letter of my usual length.

As regards my cold I am almost entirely relieved of it, although the attack was a very severe one.

I was down at Strasburg yesterday and would certainly have paid a visit to Front Royal to see **Mr. Cussac**[48] had not **Mr. Cussac** been in Strasburg at the time to see me. I do not think it can be very long until I am obliged to visit **Mr. Cusac** again as he was so kind as to furnish me a **dose** of **red pepper** tea for my cold, in fact I was so well **pleased** with Mr. Cusac's **company** that I came very near missing the return train to Woodstock, and had

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Note 48 — John Cusac, a farmer near Front Royal. Private Co. A 39th Battalion Va. Cavalry.

to indulge in the very undignified act of **running** through the streets of Front Royal to avoid missing the connection.

I felt so much disappointed in not being able to give you the **farewell kiss** that I was almost tempted not to go until the next day, however I hope to make amends for that **lost kiss** by a dozen when we meet again. Mr. Richardson teased me a good deal about **you** yesterday; his wife having been on a visit to Front Royal learned through Charley Richardson's mother that I had been down to see you. I tried to make her believe that my visit was intended for **Mr. Cusac** and that I had simply called upon you as an **old acquaintance.** In your answer tell me **everything** connected with your own sweet self; anything however trifling and unimportant it may seem to you will be most eagerly read by me.

I judge you were quite fatigued after the ball, no doubt obliging your Father to purchase you a **new pair** of **shoes.**

I shall write to your Father in a day or two in regard to our **engagement.** I earnestly hope that my request of him to **give me** his charming daughter will meet with a **favorable** answer. Should my hopes be realized I trust that I will meet with no opposition on **your part** however soon I may come to claim the fulfillment of your promise . . . .

I will come down soon and talk with you as to my plans of **living** for the first year or two after our marriage. My sister will soon return to Rockingham, if you have no objection I will inform her of our engagement.

. . . . Think of me often. My whole soul is centered in you. **Good night.**

Yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

6

Woodstock

My Dear Kattie

I received your **sweet letter** and its contents filled me with joy. All that is now needed to make us **one next** fall is the consent of your parents. Next November then begins our **married life** . . . .

Your account of the ball made me **miserably jealous.** I shall either have to **challenge** Dick or write to your Mother not to allow her **susceptible** daughter to go to **balls,** I think the latter plan however the best as I might get **killed** and you **marry** Dick after all. Don't you think such a **result** would be nice. I am going down to Strasburg tomorrow and will stay some time. I shall very probably spend the summer on **our** farm so you must direct your next letter to **Strasburg.** I hope to see you before long as I will only be twelve miles from you. If I weren't afraid of your acquaintances **teasing you** I would come down every week to see **Mr. Cusac.**

You spoke of Miss Owens teasing you about me. I thought she was too busily engaged in **eating** to take notice of me . . . . I hope you are making great progress in your knowledge of **domestic** duties, a bad housewife according to an old **adage** is no wife at all. If I keep **bachelor's hall** this summer, no doubt I will **learn** something of the mystery of housekeeping myself and be able to give you some **useful advice** after we are married. Dont you think I would make an **excellent housekeeper?** I have concluded instead of addressing a letter to your Father in regard to our engagement, to speak to him personally upon my next visit. I walked home with Miss Annie Bird from Church last night, she teased me about you. I saw Syd on Sunday but did not have the opportunity to speak to her. I feel highly complimented at her **comparison** and feel an inclination to become an actual preacher. You will then be a **parsons wife** and have to wait on all the sick in the neighborhood and go to prayer meetings, have to say **your prayers** and get **religion** too. My next shall be a **longer** letter. Goodnight. Think often of your devoted Lover

G. B. Samuels

7

Woodstock
April 8th 1861

I am back at **Woodstock** as you may see by the heading of the letter, but will return to Strasburg tomorrow. I came up last Saturday on business and have been detained here ever since, so I have been unable to write you the long letter I had anticipated doing until to-night. I have a great notion to give **you** a good scolding for allowing your **domestic fever** to wear off so soon, destroying all my hopes of having a good housekeeper in the **commencement** of my married life. You must try and get used to it now so that I may find you a little **household angel** when you are mine. Wont you try and learn. You say you have not **forgotten** my abrupt leave of you at Front Royal. It was unavoidable, the whistle of the engine startled me so much that I lost my **senses** and entirely forgot that I had only to **beg** and obtain the **sweetest kiss** in the world. If you have not **forgotten** you certainly have **forgiven.** I am very sorry to learn that you are sick. I hope that this may find you well again. Dont go to any more dancing parties, it always makes **you** sick and me feel so badly to think that my little sweetheart is unwell.

I am coming down before long to see you and want to have a **long** and **sober** talk with you about our future arrangements. I shall in whatever plan for the future I determine on, try and **consult your wishes.** My Dear Kattie, you cannot for a moment imagine how **tenderly** and **devotedly** I love you. The very thought of **you** awakens in my bosom the most powerful emotion. Sometimes happy in the thought that I will soon possess you **as my wife, t**hen again when I think of **my own unworthiness** of so much happiness, rendered **miserable** with the fear of **losing** you. I dont think so, and can never be **content** until I have you secured beyond the risk of a **loss.** Every body has been teasing me about you since I returned to Woodstock, of course they could not **please** me better.

I expect to spend the summer down on **our** place. The locality is quite romantic and I hope to be able to content myself with my books. If I only had a good house **for you** on it **this fall** it would be so pleasant to have a nice little home of one's own. You have never been without a home and can form no idea of the utter loneliness of feeling that comes over me sometimes. It is galling to think that all the little comforts of life that one receives are not given for **love** but for **money.**

You gave me a pretty severe hint about not brushing my coat. I brush it every day now. You ought to have seen me the other day getting my household furniture! I know you would have laughed heartily, it was certainly amusing to see my **ignorance.** My expense was some $22.00, **a great amount** to commence housekeeping on. I have employed two Dutchmen to work for me. The **Lady** of the House is an **ugly old** Dutch woman that can scarcely talk any English at all. What an interesting sight it would be for you to see me with my family, I sitting at the foot of the table and the Dutch woman at the head pouring out the coffee. I had forgotten one member of the family, **the baby** a **Dutch baby** a **big round headed Dutch baby.** Is it not awful, what if it should cry at nights? I certainly would feel tempted **to cut off its ears.** I judge I will have to nurse it whilst its mother cooks, or is engaged in any of the household duties. The idea of nursing a **Dutch** baby, is it not comical. As to the **bacon** you wrote about, I have purchased six pieces and am now all prepared for housekeeping. Miss Ellen saw me when I bought it, from out of Mr. Bowman's window. Tease her about being over to see John. I have not been to see a single lady for so long a time that I am getting ashamed of myself. I would have gone to see Miss Betty to-night but it is so rainy and disagreeable that I cannot go. I shall return to Strasburg tomorrow and see her in the morning before I leave. She is going away Wednesday. The Dr. will be in a worse fix than myself. His sweetheart way off in **Ohio, mine** only in Front Royal. I did not go to Church last Sunday and so cannot tell you anything about the young ladies in town . . . . I knew before you wrote to me that you were visiting out in the Country. Guess how I learned it. Tom Pritchardt told me. I saw Charley Richardson in Strasburg the other day, he was very anxious for me to go down to Front Royal. He said your father **told him** that **you** might marry any one but a **Lawyer** . . . . You must not treat me so cruelly again as you did just before I **left** in refusing me a kiss and make me waste the precious time in begging for a kiss instead of kissing . . . . Excuse all my nosense. Write soon.

Yours truly

G. B. Samuels

P. S. Excuse me for not putting your name at the beginning of the letter McKay is in the room and I am afraid he may see it.

8

Strasburg
April 15th 1861

My Dear Kattie,

I received you **short** but **sweet** letter yesterday and take the earliest opportunity to answer it. You have no idea what an **awful** dull place Strasburg is at the best, and particularly dull on **Sundays.** Without preaching, without society, with nothing to amuse one but his own thoughts. I have been thinking about **you** all day which gives me some relief . . . .

I presume you are going to Winchester to get your **wedding** clothes, mine are **all ready** . . . .

I have been down to see my tenants on the place . . . . The Dutch woman is an **excellent** housekeeper and keeps everything nice and clean. **Flora** liked to have scared her baby to death. It was up on a rocking chair and would have tilted backwards and broke its sweet little head had I not caught it.

Miss Betty Rigdon has gone home. George seems so lonesome. I pity him for I have some **experience** as to his **feelings** . . . . I presume you have heard the **war news.** Is it not **awful** to think that **brothers** must shed each others blood? God alone knows what will be the result of this unnatural contest. Let come what may I shall try and not be **unworthy of your love.** For if there is any object in this world that must be **contemptible** in the eyes of every true woman, it is a cowardly man. Then Kattie so soon as the voice of honour calls me I must bid you adieu. Strong in your love, sustained by the justice of our cause, I feel sure that should God spare my life I would come out of this contest as one worthy of your love and deserving of the name of **your** husband. Let us hope for the better however; the dangers that now threaten our unhappy country may soon disappear and the sunshine of peace smile again on this land. Should God in his mercy spare us the horrors of a civil war I look forward to the future with joy and expect to find in your arms the reward of my constancy and love.

. . . . Look for me on Wednesday and have your **sweet mouth** prepared for a **dozen kisses.**

Yours forever

G. B. Samuels

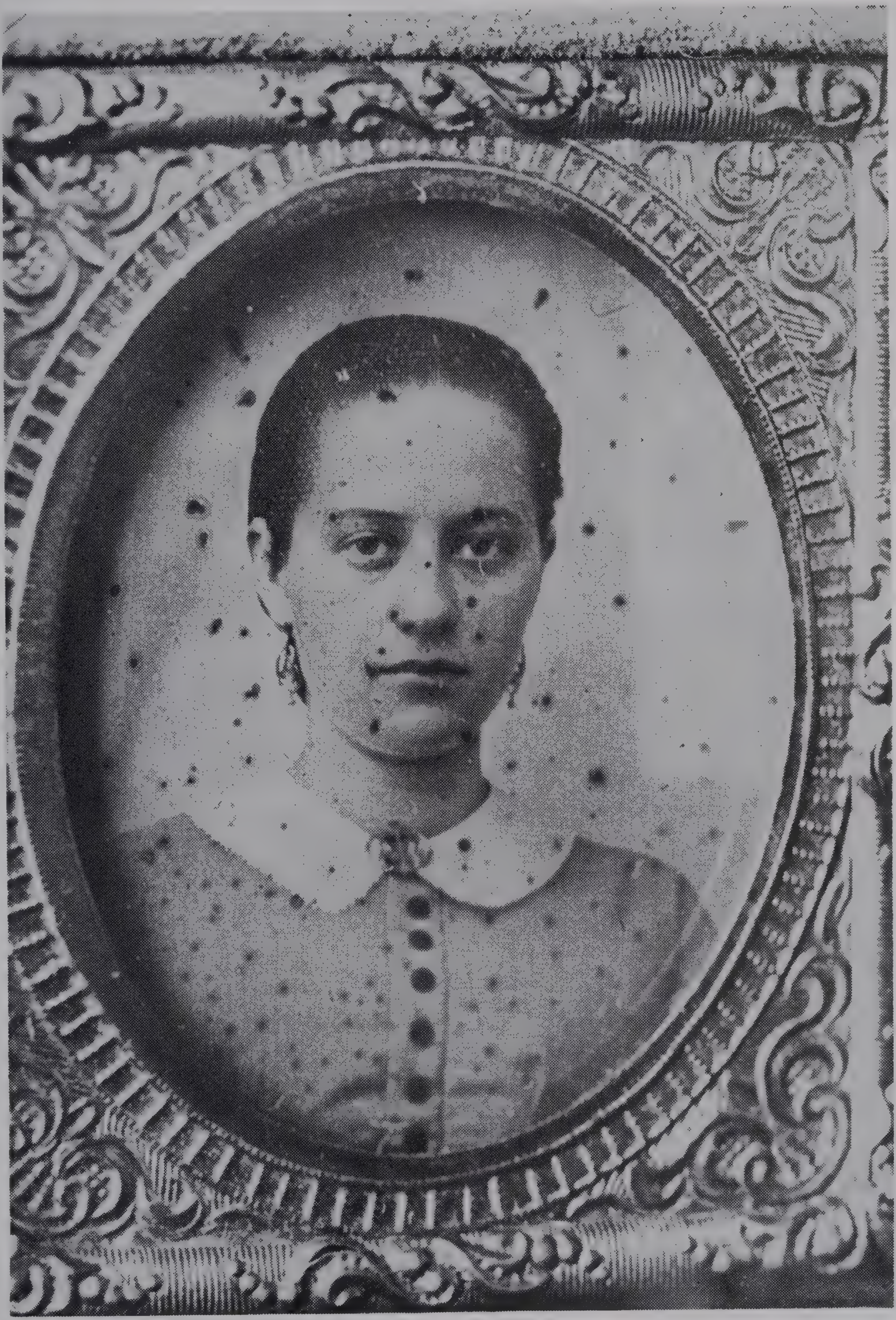
9

Harper's Ferry
April 24th 1861

My Dear Sister,

I am obliged to address you in this style in order to prevent any one from seeing to whom I am really writing. I am off from duty now and unless I am unexpectedly called off will be able to write you a **long** letter. I wrote you a letter this morning but was so hurried that I scarcely knew what I was writing about. George and I have just been talking about you, his mother told him that you were making **preparations** to get **married. I hope it is to me.** Dont be so cruel as to fall in love with some of the nice young men about F. Royal whilst I am gone away to fight the **battles** of Va. I saw Dick Buck a few moments ago, but he did not recognize me; he was looking well and was getting ready to go to Alexandria with his company. Where I will be ordered I cannot tell, but let it be where it may you may feel assured that **one** warm heart will beat alone for **you.** I have the daguerrotype you gave me open on the table now as all the persons have stepped out of the room. The likeness smiles so **sweetly**, and has such a **kiss me if you dare** look about it that I cannot resist the temptation and have accordingly **kissed** it. No doubt you would be interested to hear something of the troops and the probabilities of an attack. It seems to be pretty well settled that we are to have no attack here as the troops are constantly leaving for some other point. The battle if any is to be fought soon, will be fought in and about Washington. I have not seen **your brother** to know him and just learned from George that he was here. I have been down to his barracks several times carrying orders from Gen. Meem[49] but never saw my **future brother.** The company from F. Royal will go by Manassas R. R. to Alexandria, so you will see them. If there is any order for **our** removal in that way I will let you know **if possible,** so I may see you. I am almost as dark as a **mulattoe** now on account of exposure to the sun and air. I have not the opportunity to wash my **hands** quite as often as you used to do. I hope that by next Fall all of our difficulties may be settled and though the **disunion** of these States may be Eternal, I hope **our Union** may be forever . . . . You can form no idea of

[49] Note 49 — General Gilbert S. Meem of Mt. Jackson. General of 7th Brigade Va. Militia 1860 organized at Mt. Jackson.



Kathleen Boone
From the Daguerreotype Carried During The War
By Green B. Samuels

the enthusiasm existing among all ranks here; there seems to be but one feeling, undying hostility to the North and the determination to fight to the death. You must try in this day of terrors to overcome the timidity of your woman's nature and await the result of this crisis with the heroic spirit of the women of the Revolution. I think of you often, of the hours we have spent together, of the plans I had laid for the future and that **future** to be spent with **you** the only woman I have ever loved.

Do you ever think of the 5th of Dec.? - - - - -
I have just been called. Write soon.

Yours only

G. B Samuels

10

Harpers Ferry
April 26th 1861

My Dear Sister,

You no doubt are wondering who in the world it can be that is addressing **you** with the title of **Sister**: it is me, Green; the room is so full of persons that I am afraid to put your name . . . . I have your small daguerrotype with me, it gives me so much pleasure to steal away from the noise and bustle of camp and indulge in sweet reveries of the future about you. What are you doing now? Dont give yourself any uneasiness about me as I am pleasantly situated in the same building with Capt. Simpson of your town. I have been appointed an **orderly** to the General, though the duties are very onerous, they are much relieved by the superior accommodations we have. I think of **you many many** times a day and may God bless you is the most earnest and constant wish of a heart entirely devoted to you. Should my life be spared in the unhappy contest which will so soon devastate this country, **you** shall have no occasion to **blush** for shame at **your lover** or fear that a coward's name shall ever be mine. You must keep up a stout heart Kattie: the **life** of every **honorable** man is not his own but belongs to his country and if I know **your** disposition you would rather lose a Lover on the field of battle fighting for his country than secure a husband who was **afraid** to go. I was much disappointed in not being able to see you at the time we had appointed, the Woodstock Cos. were called out and I was compelled to go. My brother Sam was here but his company has been ordered back to Richmond. George and Sam Williams are both here. George inquired about you. All the boys seem eager for a fight and no doubt we will make a desperate resistance if attacked. Some of us will soon be ordered on to Baltimore to form a junction with the Maryland troops and take Washington, this is all conjecture however and may not be true. I will not be obliged to remain here even if my company are ordered to remain, that is unless Gen. Meem is compelled to stay as I am attached to him. Harper's Ferry is a beautiful and romantic place its appearance is quite lively and animated; nothing but **soldiers soldiers** every place. I must draw my letter to a close as I have just received an order which must be carried immediately. Write soon.

Yours truly

G. B. Samuels

11

Harpers Ferry
April 26th 1861

My Dear Sister,

It is 3 o'clock in the morning and the soldiers have been considerably excited for an hour or two in the expectation of an immediate attack as the signals of the approach of the enemy were given. It turned out to be nothing but Gen. Horney, who was on his way to Washington to join Lincoln. He has been taken and is now a **prisoner.** I had never thought that it would ever occur to me to write to **you** at three in the **morning,** but such is life; we know not what a day may bring forth . . . . Mr. Fountain and Miss Kate Welsh were married the other night. The groom seems to be very much depressed in spirits and no doubt anxiously wishes for **peace** in order that he may return to his blooming bride. I certainly **pity him** very much as I know what my feelings would be were I **similarly situated.** I have three uncles down here at present from Rockingham, who all seem eager and anxious for the fight.[50] I have been **promoted** twice

Note 50 — Isaac Gore, DeWitt and Michael Coffman. Michael was so severly wounded in the first battle of Manassas that he remained an invalid until death. DeWitt, being over age, soon returned home. Samuel Augustine Coffman was the father of Admiral DeWitt Coffman. A fifth brother Erasmas was Clerk of Rockingham County.

since my arrival first appointment orderly and now am Aid-de Camp with the rank of Captain. My position secures me a horse and servant; you see I am comfortably situated. I judge you saw your brother the other day on his way with the company to Alex.; from what I can learn from the Generals I do not think his company will be sent back here. I was in conversation with the bearer of dispatches from Richmond who seems to think that the 7th brigade, the command to which I belong will be ordered also to Alex. If such is the case we may be sent by Strasburg and down the Manassas. You must watch the cars for a day or two as we are liable to pass at any time . . . . There is such a confusion in the mails now that I attribute your silence to that. I saw the **direction** of a letter from you to George, it made me **jealous,** until I knew its contents which certainly were anything but a **love letter.** What in the world are you doing with **yourself, you sweet little thing,** working away I suppose on that everlasting tattin. I believe I spell it right. I forgot to tell you about the **night cap** you and Miss Sydney made. I slept with it on **two nights** when I had to make my bed out of straw and it suited admirably to keep the **straw** out of my head.

I tried to **dream of you** the nights I wore it but could not do it. I shall keep it on to night and try again and if I am so fortunate as to succeed in my efforts I will give you an account of it. I have made the acquaintance of Col. Bowen from near Front Royal, he seems to be a very pleasant gentleman. I should suppose his health was too delicate for a soldier. Your company from Front Royal presented quite a handsome and soldierly appearance on the evening of the departure to Alex. they all had knapsacks blankets and tin-cups.

I suppose George Magruder and Miss Betty are in a great deal of trouble and will not be likely to get married for some time, if such be the case it would not hurt the Dr. much as he is quite fickle.

You **must** not let anyone but your parents and brothers **kiss you** until I return as I am expecting the **sweetest sweetest** kiss from you when we meet again. Can you not **kiss** a particular part of the letter and let me know where it is, it will be some pleasure to kiss where your **lips** have touched.

You remember the watch fob you gave me. I am afraid it will be lost as I left it hanging up in my room at Strasburg, I was in such a hurry that I forgot it, if it is lost dont **scold me . . . .**

Your's devotedly

G. B. Samuels

12

Harper's Ferry
April 30th 1861

My Dear **Sister**

I received your precious letters to day and nothing could have afforded me more pleasure than their receipt . . . . I expect to be able to get a furlough before long and promise myself the pleasure of **seeing you.** You must **welcome** me with one of those **sweet tempting smiles** of your's which so **bewildered** and **confused** my poor confiding heart that I could not but have loved you were it death to love you. I kissed the corner of the letter which you marked for me. It was not as sweet as a real kiss but still it was no small gratification to kiss the spot your lips had touched. George and I had a long talk about you to day. He says that one of the Front Royal company told him you were **flirting** with John Lehew. Of course it is not true and neither do I believe it but simply mention it to show you how many a true love match can be broken off by persons who, jealous of the happiness of others, try by every means in their power to frustrate the plans of others. **Nothing** can now shake my confidence in you, I believe in your love and sincerity and will joyfully fulfill on the proper occasion the promise I made you on the 5th of Dec.

I am glad to think that the time proposed for our **marriage** is drawing so close that you are thinking of making **preparations** for it. We must not forget in our preparations for **beautifying** the body and preparing it for the bridal also to cultivate the spirit of forgiveness and forbearance for the faults of each other which is the true secret of domestic happiness. You expressed the wish in your letter that this unhappy war would soon draw to a close. I hope that your wish may be realized. God alone knows what will be the result. We may have **(sic) peace** and may not . Should Lincoln declare for war no tongue can tell, no imagination paint the frightful calamities that will befall our unhappy country. I know the subject of **war is** a misplaced one for a love letter but still my heart is so utterly overwhelmed with sorrow when I contemplate my unhappy country and the imminent danger of all I hold dear on earth that I unconsciously even in writing to you a woman fall into the theme.

The North is concentrating powerful masses of troops at Washington and in all human probability we may have a fight there. I will not be engaged there unless the troops here are ordered to that point. The Generals here have **(sic)** been superseded by Col. Jackson, who I understand is well qualified for the position he has been placed in. There is considerable dissatisfaction among all the troops here in consequence of the removal of our previous commanders and I am fearful it may lead to unhappy results. Enough about soldiers and the wars. I will try and write upon **love,** a theme much more suited for your womanly ears. You must write me a **long sweet** letter such a letter as only a good true woman can write, a letter overflowing with love and gentleness, a letter containing the **beaming sweetness** of the eyes which directed the words of love. When I read your letter the other day I could not help but being struck with the devotion and gentle kindness that breathed in every line towards me. A man cannot write a **love letter** his nature is too severe and stern, his love may be as strong and enduring as the mountain but still he cannot express it in words like a woman.

Smith Turner from Front Royal has just come in the room, he reminds me of a kildee in his short tight clothes. The weather is delightful here to day, the sun shining brightly on the rough mountain sides which are being rapidly clothed with the verdure of Spring. When the leaves have **fallen** and the mountain and hill sides are bare once more, **you will be mine** . . . .

Yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

13

Harpers Ferry
May 6th 1861

My Dear Sister.

. . . I have been so situated the last few days that I have been unable to obtain **even** pens or paper. I presume you have heard of the reported fight at Fairfax. I earnestly hope and trust in God that your brother has **survived** the battle. I feel the kindliest interest in **his** welfare for your sake. May God take you and yours into his holy keeping is the earnest prayer of my heart.

The news of the engagement came by the train yesterday evening, the excitement here was **tremendous** at our reported success. You no doubt know more of the battle than myself as you are on the Manassas line. I was **exposed** on the day before yesterday to the **risk** of my **own life.** Col. Jackson ordered two **bold** and **reliable** men to convey an ammunition wagon to the point of rocks some 12 miles distant; I had the **honor** of being one of the two. Do not think me guilty of vanity in speaking of the confidence he had in my **ability** and **courage** to perform the duty. I would not mention the matter to anyone but **you.** As we passed through Maryland we were **cursed** as traitors and threatened to be **shot.** But fortunately for us by speed and the most circuitous routes we happily secured our precious load of ammunition and no doubt saved our lives.

I thought of you many times during the night's march. My **heart** and **thoughts** were far away over the mountains in the peaceful valley with my own **true love** . . . . You requested me in your letter to **send** or rather to **bring** my daguerrotype to you. Nothing could afford me more pleasure than to comply with your wishes, but unfortunately for me there is no daguerrear salon here and in addition even if there were I could not **bring** it to you as no leave of absence would be allowed me. My **hair** is cut so **short** that I am really frightful . . . . Since writing the above I have learned that the report of a fight near Alexandria is **false,** you need be under no apprehension then about the safety of your brother. Please answer this letter very soon as we are liable to be ordered off at any moment. Should Mr. Lehew tease you about my being at Harpers Ferry, tell **him** you would not have a **sweetheart** unless he was willing to risk **his life** in defense of his country and also that you would never **marry** any man who staid **at home** and had nothing better to do than **teaze** the ladies. I hope you do not think this too severe.

14

Harpers Ferry
May 9th 1861

My Dear Sister,

I have been anxiously expecting a letter from you the last few days, but have not as yet received an answer to my letter. No doubt you think that one of your precious letters when it does come to hand will be doubly welcome to your **soldier** lover. Delay you know increases the appetite and gives a double zest to the meal . . . . I **burned up** all the letters you have written me since my arrival in Harpers Ferry for fear they might fall into the hands of some other person. It cost me a considerable struggle to burn up the sweet **testimonials** of **your love** but nothing but the strictest necessity I assure you could have ever induced me to do it. When I shall be able to see you again God alone knows as we shall in all human probability be compelled to remain here all summer; if not we will certainly be ordered elsewhere, possibly to Fortress Monroe, possibly to Alexandria. In either of the latter cases I may **catch** a **glimpse** of **your home.** Your **brother** with his company and the other troops at Alexandria I understand have been ordered away . . . . George and I are both on the Potomac bridge in a passenger car writing; it is the only quiet place we could get. There are a number of ladies in the adjoining car and two of them are my acquaintances, the Misses Beall[51] of this county, old schoolmates of my sister. I would certainly go and talk with them were I not so bashful. I must tell you a story, my **hands** are so **dirty** that I am ashamed to go. The elder of the two ladies is quite **handsome.** Were it not for a **certain dear little somebody** in Front Royal I certainly would court her this summer as they live only about 5 miles from here, and in that way I could get (something) **nice to eat.** I am **real** selfish you say, but everything I believe is **fair in war.** You must excuse the appearance of the paper as I am writing on a dusty car seat. Smith Turner told me he saw you the other day and that you were looking quite well . . . .

Yours devotedly
G. B. Samuels

Note 51 — The Misses Beall of "Walnut Grove", Jefferson County, Virginia. Sisters of Capt. John Yates Beall who was executed at Governor's Island, N. Y. in February 1865. They were school mates of Annie Samuels at the Virginia Female Institute, Staunton, Va. She visited them after the John Brown raid. It was an overnight trip from Harrisonburg and therefore as Annie could not spend the night alone Green accompanied her.

15

Harpers Ferry
May 12th 1861

My Dear Cousin,

As I have just written a letter to my **sister** I am obliged to address you with the title of cousin . . . . George caught me looking at your daguerrotype yesterday; he teazed me a good deal. He intimated to me that he intended **writing** to you. I am very comfortably situated and owing to the **kindness** and **goodness** of the best of sisters have all the perquisites of a soldier with the exception of about half a dozen stout **needles** which I want **you** to send me, for every time I stick my finger I will certainly think of you. You will find in this letter my breast pin which you will please keep for me. The two letters on it stand for two Greek words signifying **my friend, my beloved.** Every time you look at the letters think that I am speaking to you the two words they stand for. The ring you gave me I will bear with me wherever the chances of war may lead me and no doubt like the fabled ring of the ancients it will **prick** my finger whenever I am about to do a wrong . . . . I must write you some of the news. Tell your **father** as no doubt it will rejoice him to hear it, 36 members of the Maryland legislature have just this moment come into camp, who say they are bound hand and foot in Maryland and can do nothing there, so they have come into Va. and have given an invitation to all true Marylanders to join them, this no doubt will have a great effect on Maryland. A reinforcement of 500 men with 12 pieces of cannon are hourly expected . . . . Write soon.

Yours truly

G. B. Samuels

16

Harpers Ferry
May 13th 1861

My Dear Cousin.

This has been a day of no ordinary importance at this place. The **whole army** was drawn up in order of **battle** to receive the enemy who were said to have crossed the bridge at Shepherdstown to the number of 10,000. Oh, it was a glorious sight to see regiment after regiment of the brave and gallant young men composing our little army pass by with glittering bayonets and soul inspiriting music to meet the foe who dared invade the soil of old Va. Happily for many of us the alarm seems to have been false as quiet has been restored. I thought of **you** in the midst of all the hurry and excitement of the moment and could not but compare our relative positions at the time. **You** in Front Royal engaged no doubt in your little household duties or enjoying the calm pleasures of a quiet home, **me** an humble soldier of my country drawn up in the line of battle to receive an expected enemy. My dear Katie I thought of you **many many** times today and the prayer unconsciously arose even from my **wicked** heart, may God bless and protect you from all the dangers that will soon befal Va. We all expect to be **mustered** into service tomorrow for 12 months. What an **eternity** to be absent from **you.** It has cost me a great struggle to cast away all the bright hopes I had fondly cherished of domestic happiness with you upon the ensuing November. Let us try and bear this disappointment. Let us suffer and endure **all** for the good of our country.

. . . .I sent you my breast pin in a letter the other day please wear it for my sake and think **sometimes** of me. I wish you could see my **hands** at times; they are not **quite** so white and clean as yours. All the soldiers have their hair cut as short as penitentiary birds. It is quite a comical sight to see them and with your disposition to laugh you would kill yourself at the sight, I must draw my letter to a close as my candle is **dying** out. I hope **our love** will be undying . . . . Goodnight. Think of

your devoted lover

G. B. Samuels

17

Harpers Ferry
May 16th 1861

My Dear Sister.

I received your kind present of delicasies yesterday and nothing could have been more acceptable. Independent of the mere pleasure of eating them they were the source of **great satisfaction** to me, being assurances that you had not entirely forgotten me, **although** some **three** of my letters remain **unanswered.** I go to the postoffice every day anxiously desiring a letter but none comes. You cannot imagine my disappointment.

I presume you have heard of Miss Bettie Jones' marriage. Do you think she was **old** enough to get married? I doubt not but that it will be a happy marriage.

George just this moment asked me if I was not writing to you and if so send his best respects. I showed him the heading of the letter and satisfied him that his **suspions** were **wrong.** There is no telling when we are to leave here, everything would seem to indicate that we are to stay for some time. We have a large force of **negroes** throwing up fortifications on the Maryland heights, also carpenters putting up houses or rather huts for the forces to be employed in the mountains. I mentioned in one of my previous letters the probability of being able to get a furlough for a few days and promised myself the pleasure of seeing you. Col. Jackson has become so strict that a **poor love sick youth** now stands no sort of chance of seeing his sweetheart for some time to come. I must content myself with the thought that our meeting will be **doubly** sweet when we see each other once again . . . . I just this moment received your letter and have read it over a **dozen times.** I have not had an opportunity either to **kiss** or **look** at the **flower** you sent me more than **once.** I will keep and preserve both if God spares my life until the end of this unhappy war . . . . You tell me in your letter that you have my **ring,** my **daguerrotype** and then ask if you have my heart. Yes Kattie, my **heart,** my **soul,** my whole **being** is yours! As a proof of my sincerity I am willing to fulfill the promises I made you on the 5th of Dec. **at any time** which may suit your convenience. Is not this sufficient to remove **any** doubt which may be remaining on your mind. I am using the box you sent me as a writing desk. I take a bite of cake every time I think of you, which is about every two seconds . . . .

Yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

18

Harpers Ferry
June 10th 1861

My Dear Sister

. . . . I received your **kind** present, the covering for the head; it was the **admiration** of all the boys who declared the sewing **excellent.** Many questions were asked me about it and particularly who the **seamstress** was. Oh Kattie you have no idea how that dear little present touched my heart, it seemed to breathe such a spirit of **love for me** and **consideration** for my bodily comfort. Had I a home and some one to **care for** and **love** me besides you I might value it less highly than I do, but coming from **you,** the **nearest** and **dearest** of all human creatures in the **wide wide** world and the only one besides my **sister** to think of me it possesses a **value** far beyond its real worth . . . . We had a visit the other day from some of the **Woodstock** ladies, Miss Pritchartt, Miss Haas and Mrs. Fontaine, also Miss Phillie Stover and Sister; they seemed to be highly pleased with their stay and no doubt would like to be soldiers —— wives. Tom Pritchardt and Mr. Lersner accompanied them. Tom gave me quite a **curiosity,** a portion of the door frame shot away by Jackson's buckshot when he killed Ellsworth in Alexandria. I will send it to you for safe keeping as I am very much attached to any curiosity of the kind. You will also find my sleeve buttons enclosed; they are of no use to me here and will be safer with you. You will please **keep** both badge and sleeve buttons as your own should I never have use for them again . . . . We have burned three bridges in the last few days, one of them was 1400 feet long and is said to have made a terrific fire. Five canal boats were burned yesterday immediately opposite this place, they made a large fire. The destruction of property along the B.&.O.R.R. has been awful the last few weeks, it makes the heart bleed to see the awful destruction of property during war. Write soon. I am extremely anxious to hear from you immediately as it is extremely probable that we will (be) ordered off from here before a week. I would write a longer letter if I had the time.

Yours Sincerely
G. B. Samuels

P. S. After coming back from drill I find I have the time to write a few more lines.

. . . . You tell me in your last letter that you **have a mind** to marry me as soon as I can get a furlough. You always take me at an advantage. You recollect you made me the same proposition once before on the cars going to Mt. Jackson when I was out of **money** and consequently could not accept your proposal. At the present time I am both out of **money** and unable to get a **furlough** so you see I must continue to **sigh** for joys which like the fruits of Tantalus are continually fleeing before me as I stretch out my hand to sieze them. **A day will come** and that **soon** I hope when it will not be a **joke** on your part to make me such propositions or you will find yourself Mrs. S. instead of Miss Boone.

I teased George Magruder agreeably to your request about Miss Prichartt. He denies it bitterly and says he never wrote her a letter in his life . . . . I wish you were here at one of our **meals.** I know you would pity us poor soldiers! I am almost afraid to eat any more **beef** for fear I may be haunted by some **big ghost** of a departed **beef.** Our bread is excellent, as good as I ever ate. I use the box you sent me as the depository of my little treasures. I think of you every time I open it and can almost imagine that I see **you** bending over it and with all the **charming** dexterity of your sex packing away the little present for your **soldier lover.** The thread and needles you sent me come quite handy and are a very great convenience to my friends. No doubt you would laugh to see my rough sewing. You tell me in your letter that you wish me to take good care of my health. I have never enjoyed **better health** in my life and have an excellent appetite . . . . I am yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

19

Camp Davis
June 22nd 1861

My Dear Sister.

I received your precious letter to day one week ago in Winchester and have been unable to send you a single line until this moment. We have been constantly **moving** from point to point the entire week, sometimes camping in houses, at other times in the open air with nothing but a single blanket to protect us from the chilling dew of the mountains. The boys however are **well** and in fine spirits and bear the inconveniences of a soldier's life **without** a murmer. Yesterday evening I took my blanket and stole away out in the woods under a shady tree and thought of **you** by the hour, how many times I kissed your sweet face in the precious daguerrotype you gave me I do not know . . . . I received the **haversack** you sent me and **thank** you **over** and **over** again for your kindness . . . . You have already given me a nightcap, a **havelock,** a **haversack,** a **paper** of **needles** and **thread,** a **box** of **cake,** the **promise** of **your hand** and a **thousand sweet kisses and then** wish to do **more** for me. How can I but **think** of you **always** both **sleeping** and **waking?** I dream of you in a **nightcap** of **your making. I bless you** when shielded from a burning sun by a **havelock, your present.** I **eat** from a **haversack** made by the **sweet fingers** I have so often **pressed.** I do the rough sewing of a soldier with the **needles** and **thread** your kindness has given me. When **hungry** how can I but think of the **delightful** box of cake you sent me at the Ferry. And then to **crown** all the **sweet promise** made me on the 5th of Dec. and sealed with a **kiss,** a **kiss** so **emblematical** of the union of **two fond hearts** for better or for worse. When you answer my letter please direct it to Winchester as it is generally supposed by the soldiers that we are on our way there now. Should this be so and I can possibly get a furlough I shall come to see you. I will first go to **Strasburg** and get some **clothing** as I would scarcely be **presentable** to a lady just at this time. I presume you have heard of the little skirmish we had at New Creek, taking two pieces of cannon and killing some three of the Yankees. The regiment I belong to was not engaged in the fight.

A very serious accident occurred to one of our boys the other day. John Bauserman that used to live in George Rodeffer's store in Woodstock was **shot through** and **through** the body by the **accidental** discharge of a gun. Strong hopes are however entertained of his recovery.

When you answer my letter address it to G. B. Samuels, Muhlenburg Riflles, Winchester, Va. Good bye. I must close as the stage will soon pass by and I intend sending the letter by Sam Williams. George Williams was left in Winchester sick when we went to Romney . . . .

G. B. Samuels
Yours sincerely

20

Neale's Mill Dam
June 25th 1861

My Dear Kattie.

. . . . Our Brigade is stationed at a Mill Dam some 4 miles from Winchester. Our quarters are in a cool and delightful woods, the companies without tents having thrown up **brush** houses to protect them from the dew at night. I wish you could see me in my **little house** writing to **you,** lying flat on the ground as the house is none of the **tallest** and using my cartridge box for a writing stand.

Our company had an excellent **dinner** given them yesterday by Dr. Campbell's father to which you may be sure we did **ample justice** after two months of fasting. During the meal some **invisible ladies** in the house played **Dixie** and some other popular airs; the music was delightful and connected with the warlike scene in the yard formed so striking a contrast that I shall never forget it as long as I live. Dr. Campbell teased me in the presence of all the boys about you, saying that I was a **real sneak** keeping all my **happiness** to **myself** and letting no one know anything about it; of course I denied everything and plead innocent of the charge. You spoke in your last letter about making cartridges and uniforms for the soldiers . . . . I have just received a letter from my sister, she also sent me a package of the letter C. to put on the arm, the letter stands for Confederate. I had a good deal of trouble in finding my needles and thread in my knapsack; wont you make me a small needle and thread case; some persons call it a housewife, I believe. Please make it out of some old calicoe and dont put yourself to **any trouble.** Winchester is my postoffice. I was talking with Dr. Campbell about a furlough, I think it very probable I may be able to **get to see you.** Should Jacob Kibler and McInturf get back from Woodstock before the regiment moves from here, and there is no **immediate** prospect of **our** leaving for some other point, I shall **certainly if possible** see you before **10 days.** I hope you did not hear the report of our regiment being cut to pieces and most of us killed beyond Romney. I belong to the 10th Regiment Va. Volunteers. Good bye. Write soon.

21

Camp Johnson
July 7th 1861

My Dear Sister.

I received your precious letter yesterday and hasten to reply to it. I would have written to you **first** had I been able to do so. But unfortunately for me I have been lying out in the open fields with nothing to protect me from the burning sun or the chilling dews at night for the last four or five days. To day we fell back before the enemy some 30,000 strong, our force consisting of only some 12 or 14,000 with an inferior force of artillery. No doubt you have heard of our relative positions the last few days, being only some 5 miles apart and both armies drawn up in line of battle, and anxiously awaiting the dread hour that should begin the inhuman carnage. On Saturday last the excitement was at its height, our scouts came in, stating that the enemy were advancing upon us. Our troops were rapidly formed in line of battle, the artillery wheeld **(sic)** into position, the ammunition wagons drawn near the line and all the necessary arrangements made for the fight. It was a grand and magnificent sight to see our gallant thousands eager and anxious for the fray. Just at this moment Gen. Johnston rode along the line with uncovered head speaking words of encoragement to the troops; he was greeted with tremendous cheers by all the soldiers who seemed to evince a perfect willingness to die for their country. I cannot describe my feelings. I lived years in an hour. Many many little things that I had long since forgotten recurred to my memory. I thought of **you,** of the many pleasant hours we had spent together, of the bright dreams of **future happiness** with you that I had indulged in. I took as I thought perhaps my last look at the bright sky, the green woods and the yellow fields waving with the summer harvest, I never knew until that moment how beautiful nature was nor the sweetness of life.

Since writing the above I have been **sick** and on **guard** and have had neither the time nor the inclination to write. I could have finished my letter yesterday but we were all drawn up preparatory to an advance against Patterson who is said to be marching against us. We are under marching order now and have cooked two days provisions. Possibly I may not be able even to finish this letter. You remind me in your letter of my promise to send you my daguerrotype; it would have been sent before this, but I failed to send for any money under the expectation of being paid off by the Government. I will send it to you as soon as **possible.** I saw Miss Julia and Kate Pitman[52] the other day as we came up from Martinsburg, they were standing on the porch of Taylor's Hotel. I did not speak to them as I was so miserably **dirty dusty** and **tired,** a life of four days in the open fields under the **burning sun** with a **scarcity of water does** not I assure you tend to increase the beauty of a soldier. If we do not receive heavy reinforcements the next few days we may have to fall back to Strasburg.

You must not think hard of the appearance of the letter as I have carried it in my knapsack for four or five days and the boys have been sitting on and using it as a pillow. I find the **housewife** you gave me **invaluable,** although not quite as **useful** as a **genuine housewife** would be, particularly if she possessed independent of her wifely **qualities** beauty, intelligence and goodness of heart . . . . Goodbye; write soon.

Your's truly

G. B. Samuels

22

Fairfax Station
July 23rd 1861

My Dear Kattie

No doubt you have heard by this time my escape from the horrors of last Sunday. I would have written to you before had I been able to obtain paper, and more than that, things were in such frightful confusion at the Junction the ensuing night and day that it would have been almost impossible to have written had I have had every convenience. My heart bleeds with horror at the bare thought of the scenes . . . . I witnessed at the battle on last Sunday; hundreds of the dead and dying lay about me, some torn in fragments by shell, some literally cut in two by the cannon balls, some with heads, arms, legs torn from their bodies. I will not shock your womanly nature by a further recital of this scene of woe, but simply say that **near** and **dear** as you are to

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Note 52 — Miss Julia and Kate Pitman. Daughters of Joseph and Amanda Pitman. They lived in the beautiful brick house on a bluff overlooking the Shenandoah River, near Strasburg, called Spurmont.

me, I would rather **live without you** than witness such a scene again. Our regiment lost but six and 14 wounded; among the killed was poor Mion Moore from Mt. Jackson, he was shot twice and stabbed with a bayonet. You will recollect him when I remind you of the night we passed in Capt. Williams' parlour in his company. I enquired particularly for your brother and so far as I can learn his regiment was not **engaged** in the battle; he is consequently safe. I saw Capt. Simpson but did not have an opportunity to speak to him. Our victory, though dear bought, was a great and **glorious one.** We lost two Generals, Bee and Boston. Kirby Smith, another General, was severely wounded. Our Brigade the 4th came upon the field **just in time** to turn the scale of battle which was trembling in the balance. The Colonel of our Brigade, Elzey, for his gallant services has been made a Brigadier General. I must close my confused letter as Dr. Campbell's brother is about leaving for Winchester, at which point this letter will be mailed. May God bless you and our absence be short.

Yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

23

Fairfax Station
July 26th 1861

My Dear Sister.

. . . . I have been quite unwell the last few days but fortunately for me I am very comfortably quartered in my cousin's tent, and hope to be entirely well in a few days. No doubt you have heard by this time the full particulars of our splendid victory on last Sunday, but like all new soldiers I cannot help but say my **say** about it.

Col. Elzey's Brigade of which I have the honor of being a member left Piedmont on the Manassas cars early in the morning and after landing at the Junction we ran some 5 miles to the field of battle and arrived just in time to change a defeat into a glorious victory. We sustained 5 volleys of musketry with the small loss of 6 killed and fourteen wounded in our regiment. The ground sheltered us and connected with our throwing ourselves flat on the ground no doubt saved many a gallant soldier's life. I cannot describe **my feelings** as I came into battle and heard the shrill singing of the rifle cannon shell and the whistling of the minnie balls. I was not afraid and I am proud to say that I think none in the company were frightened although many a pulse **beat faster** at the sight of death and the sound of the death dealing balls.

The hardest trial to one's nerves is the sight of the wounded and the dead; in many cases the agony of the wounded was awful and their pitying cries for water heart-rending. As for the dead, some had died with their hands folded across their breasts with their eyes **wide open** looking up to Heaven with a sweet smile upon the face, some had evidently died in awful agony, with distorted faces, glaring eyes and clenched hands. I will write no more of this awful scene; it makes me sick to think of it. Would to God, Lincoln could have seen the **horrors** of last Sunday; we would have peace **to day** instead of **war.** Our county, I understand, has lost some 20 killed, which has carried mourning into many a now fatherless home. Poor Mi[lt]on Moore was **engaged** to be **married**; what must be the **feelings** of the young lady? The regiment to which your brother belongs, I believe, is stationed some three or four miles from Manassas; at least it was on the day of battle and the succeeding ones. I hope they will still be left at Manassas when we move on, so that your mother may not be so much **concerned** about his **safety.**

Our Brigade is stationed as you may see by the heading of my letter some 10 miles from Manassas. Whether we will move on soon or not I cannot say. Please answer my letters as soon as you receive them and direct to me at Fairfax Station . . . . You need feel no uneasiness about my sickness as I will certainly be well in a few days. I wish you could see us out here in the woods. We have such nice pleasant quarters with plenty of water and cool shade. I will send you a photograph of Colonel Ellsworth taken on the field of battle, please keep it **safely** as it will be a reminiscene for me in my old age should I live. Do not fail to keep it safely . . . .

Yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

(no date)

We have just received orders from our Colonel to **pack** up all our clothing as it is more than probable that we will be ordered on a march. You will please direct your answer **here** as I will make arrangements to have it forwarded to the place wherever I may be. Should we leave I will write you a letter from the point we are stationed, if it can be done I have been teazing George this morning about Miss Betty, he seems to be very much **distressed** that he cannot hear from her. I pity him if he **loves** as I **love,** although I have not received a **single** line from my **sweetheart** for a **long long time.** Please write soon, if it is only a line I will be satisfied . . . . My health is excellent and like yourself I am increasing in **flesh.** It is due I presume to the severe exercise we take in drilling every day. I think of **you often** in the **cool, quiet** parlour at **home** engaged in needlework perhaps or some other light occupation whilst I a **poor soldier** am sweltering under a burning sun, marching and countermarching going through all the varied moves of the company and battalion drills. It is all for the **better** however as can be seen in the **strong healthy** look of all the boys, who no doubt will give the Federal forces a **hearty** welcome when they **do come.** I hope you hear from your brother occasionally. I judge he is well. Has Mr. Lehew gone to the wars or does he still stay at home like an old woman nursing his rheumatic limbs. I hope I am not too severe on him, but you say he **treats you** so differently from what he did before he knew of our engagement. I am going to entrust you with a **secret** which I hope you will **religiously** keep to yourself as it compromises the character of a lady, one of **your associates.** Do you recollect the house we visited one night on a **sleigh ride.** The owner of that house is the **woman** I refer to. **She is no lady** and unfit to be your associate. Do you think me **guilty** of an impropriety in mentioning this matter to you, it would never have been done did I not learn that she was going to or near Front Royal on a visit, and as she must sooner or later be discovered in the course she has been pursuing. I know it would be extremely **mortifying** to you to think that you had ever been on terms of intimacy with her. I hope this explanation is satisfactory to you. **My love for you** prompted me to write about it. Dr. George sends his kindest regards to you. **Write an answer** by return mail if possible. There is no telling how long we are to stay here. Good bye.

Yours sincerely
G. B. Samuels

P. S. Sam spilt some water on the last page and spoiled the appearance of the letter.

24

Fairfax Station
July 31st 1861

My Dear Sister.

. . . . We have had quite a lonely time of it the last few days, and a great many men in the regiment owing to the unhealthiness of the location have been **taken sick.** As for myself I am almost well, in fact entirely well with the exception of the weakness attendant on sickness. I can learn nothing positive from your brother; this morning, however, I learned from one one of the boys that a band of which Mr. Clinedinst from Woodstock is a member which has heretofore been connected with the 17th Va. regiment was some four or five miles behind us on the road to Manassas. Our Brigade under the command of Colonel Elzey is placed as far as I can learn on the extreme right wing of General Beauregard's army. Should we have a battle with the enemy you may expect to hear **from us.** Since the fight of last Sunday a week I have thought of you **many many times,** of your distress and apprehension for the safety of your **brother** and wont you excuse my vanity when I say perhaps of my own safety? I learned from Dr. Triplett that it was reported in Front Royal that the 10th Reg. was literally cut to pieces. I understand that your kind townsmen had made every preparation for the care of the wounded. May God bless them for their kind intentions, for if there is any object worthy of charity on earth it is the poor mangled soldier who has fallen on the field of battle. The country about here through which the Yankees passed has been robbed of everything valuable; all the live stock has been stolen or killed and the houses rifled of all their contents. May God spare our valley from the horrors of such a war. **You** must be **certain** to **leave** if they approach anyway near Front Royal. I am afraid that this **war** has just **begun** and there is no telling what may be done yet. I do not think we will have another battle here before 5 or 6 weeks, possibly not then if the reports of the dissatisfaction of the Northern troops be true.

It is only 3 months from day after tomorrow until the 2nd of **November.** Dont you begin to repent your **rash promise** of the 5th of Dec. I think of that day often and imagine how **sweetly** you must look in your **homespun.** May God bless your **dear little heart,** how unworthy I am of such happiness! I long to see you again. May God give me health and life to fulfill the earnest wish of my heart on the 2nd of Nov. Goodbye. Write soon.

Yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

25

Fairfax Station
August 5th 1861

My Dear Kattie.

I have stolen away from my comrades and am now seated beneath the deep shade of an old oak tree way off in the **quiet** woods answering your **precious letter,** which came to hand yesterday. The tender solicitude evidenced in your letter for my health overpowers me with gratitude, had I a home to go to and kind parents to nurse and care for me in sickness your kindly interest in my welfare might be **less appreciated,** but as I have neither home nor parents to love and care for me what must be my feelings of gratitude towards the sweet little angel that has exhibited such compassionate sorrow for my well being. I have gotten well and rapidly recovering my strength and appetite. You are **cruel** and **kind** by turns. In your letter you express the wish that I were as devoted a lover as Mr. Triplett who writes to his **chere ami** three times a week. Since leaving Winchester I have written you **three** letters, this making the fourth. I sent you one letter by Mr. Lupton from Winchester, to be mailed at that place, one by Mr. Wiseman's brother and one by George Williams to be mailed from Woodstock, and this the **fourth** letter, to be sent as chance may direct . . . . You ask me for my daguerrotype, it shall be taken and sent to you as soon as I am **paid off** by the Government and **can** get to Manassas. I believe there are daguerrean Saloons at that place. You mention in your letter the receipt of one from **Mack Bayley. Please do not answer it.** You must recollect that it is not long **until** the 2nd of Nov. and that you might excite feelings in his breast which could never be realized. Do not, I pray you, in the **innocence of your heart** subject yourself to the least danger of being called a **flirt.** I write you this my Dear Kattie not from **jealousy** but from love for you. Should you **answer this letter** he may **reply** to it and reasonably expect an **answer** to the **reply,** in this way you fall into a correspondence with two gentlemen myself and Mr. Bayley. The post master[58] at Front Royal must **notice** that you correspond with **us** and say you have **two** strings to your **bow.** God knows my Dear Kattie I do not mean to wound your feelings by writing to you **thus,** but think over it and see if I am not **right.**

How in the world did you hear that we had crossed over the Potomac into Maryland? You have been misinformed; we are still stationary but move before long as we are in the **advance.** I have learned that your brother is between this place and Centerville. I believe he is about three miles from here. We have heard tremendous cannonading in the direction of Washington at times in the last week. What it means I cannot tell. You must make up your mind to get married this fall if **I can possibly get home.** Should your mother or father think it better to wait until after the war I suppose I must agree. In case your parents consent then it shall be in Nov.
. . . . I hope your health continues to be good and that you are acting on my suggestion and taking **more exercise.** I hope to see you in the Fall more **charming than ever** with your **homespun** and **rosy cheeks.** Should I have a **good** and **safe** opportunity I will send you my soldier's wages to take care of for me as it would be **unsafe** with me and liable to be stolen.

Yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

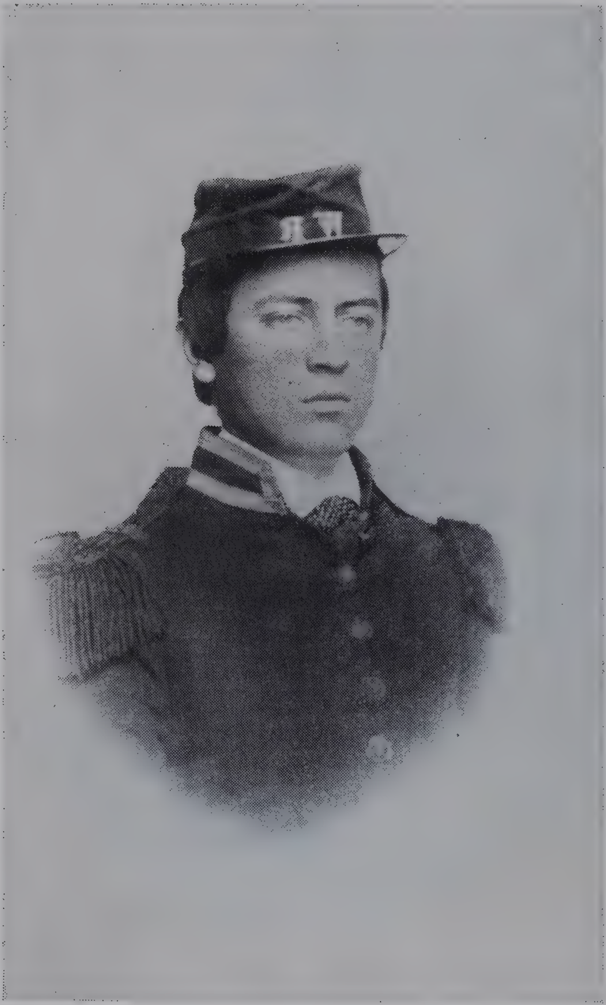
26

Fairfax Station
August 18th 1861

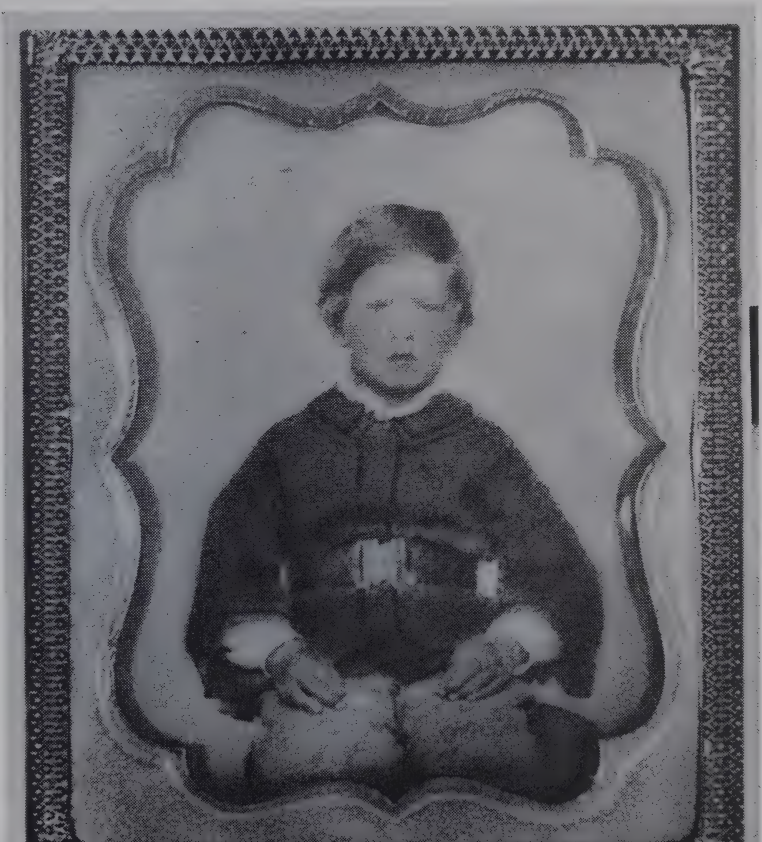
My Dear Sister.

What in the world has become of you. I have received but **one** letter from you since the **battle** of Manassas. Whereas I have written four already and this making five . . . . I heard of your trip to Woodstock and nothing could have pleased me better than to have seen you once again in the old familiar spot that witnessed our first love. . I had a long talk today with a young gentleman by the name of Sheetz from Front Royal who spoke in the **highest terms** of your womanly virtues and many good traits of character. I could scarcely conceal my delight at his complimentary words of you. . . . . . I sent you a letter by George

Williams and also by Moses Walton Esq. I hope you received both. Some two or three weeks since I sent one by Mr. Lupton of Winchester and one also by Mr. Wiseman's brother. A **great many** of our boys are being taken sick with Typhoid fever. There are already 8 or 10 cases in our company and I believe it is still on the increase. It really pains my heart to see the poor fellows lying on the **ground** with no kind mother's or sister's hand to give them those thousand little nameless attentions which woman's kind heart can only think of. I will have to discontinue my letter for tonight as the candle is about giving out. We had a terrible time of it last night a tremendous rain falling and wetting everything. Our breakfast has consequently been later than usual and so I cannot send you my letter until tomorrow. I hope you enjoyed yourself in Woodstock and no doubt you passed much of your time in company with your old friend Miss Sidney. I presume you saw my **old sweetheart** Miss Mary B. (at least you say she was my sweetheart) and no doubt found her the same agreeable little somebody. I saw Capt. Simpson a few days since and had a short conversation with him. Your brother is quartered near Fairfax Ct. House. I saw the camp of the Warren Rifles, but did not have the opportunity to visit **my brother to be.** There is nothing of interest going on in the Army at present, although some of our troops almost daily exchange shots with the enemy and at times we hear tremendous cannonading ahead of us or down on the Potomac River. How long we shall remain here there is no telling. I think that this portion of the Army will not cross the Potomac but be kept for the purpose of menacing Arlington and Alexandria whilst the greater part of the army will cross over into Maryland by the way of Leesburg or some other convenient ford. Our General on account of his constant **drunkenness,** has given the boys a great deal of dissatisfaction, he curses and swears at us like a parcel of dogs and particularly should any one come to him for a furlough, which he invariably refuses. I will try my utmost to obtain one on some reason or other for the **2nd of Nov.** at which time I hope should God spare my life in this unhappy war, to be able to realize all my hopes and wishes. I hope you will not forget the **Linsey dress** I spoke to you about on my last visit to Front Royal, you know **my idea of beauty is simplicity** or to be more explicit, **beauty unadorned** is the height of beauty. You must however exercise **your own Judgement** as the lady's taste is always infinitely better than the



John William Boone
Member Of The Warren Rifles



Charley Boone, Note His Soldier's Belt

Gentlemen's. Since writing this letter I have thought it possible that you might be offended with me for requesting you not to answer Mr. Bayley's letter. I earnestly hope that you took no **offense** at it, as none was certainly meant, and if I have committed an error it was an error of my judgement rather than of my heart. I must go on picket guard and consequently must draw my letter to a close.

Yours devotedly
G. B. Samuels

27

Fairfax Station
August 22nd 1861

My Dear Sister.

. . . . There is about one hundred **and fifty** in our regiment sick **with the fever;** some is Typhoid but principally Camp Fever, Some 15 of the boys in our company have been taken home, some of them I understand are desperately ill. **Four** of my messmates out of **eight** are in the number

. . . . We cannot remain here a very long time, but will probably be in **Maryland** soon. Goodbye, may God bless you.

Yours Devotedly

G. B. Samuels

28

Fairfax Station
August 25th 1861

We had quite an excitement here yesterday on account of the **reported capture** of the Warren Rifles and another company at Falls Church. We were all drawn out and after running **one mile and a half,** much to my **bodily** and **mental** relief found the reported capture to be **false.** You can imagine in some degree the state of **my feelings** when in addition to bodily weakness from sickness my mind was filled with anxiety on account of **your brother,** and I verily believe I would have thrown away my own life if necessary to save your brother from captivity . . . . I can give you but little news further than **all** the soldiers are in expectation of crossing into Maryland. I earnestly hope that this move may soon be made for if we are successful the war may come to a **speedy** conclusion, and in that event I trust I may find you as **kind** as you are **good** and will make no further opposition to my earnest wishes. A great many of the boys have been going home **without** furloughs. By doing so they subject themselves to the **penalty** of imprisonment in the guard house; were the punishment not so **disgraceful** I might possibly spend an evening with you, by **hiding** myself under the mail bench in the Manassas cars, which proposition was made me by Mr. Davis.

You have no idea what an excellent cook I am and if I had the **materials** I certainly would send a box of **delicacies**, but as I am so situated that such an act is impossible I must console myself by sending you my **most earnest** and **devoted love**

Yours forever
G. B. Samuels

29

Fairfax Station
August 28th 1861

My Dear Sister.

I begin this letter not knowing whether I shall be able to finish it as we are now about to march within a mile or two of the enemy for the purpose of throwing up fortifications. You must keep a **stout heart** for God may **again** spare my life should we have another battle . . . . You speak in your letter of **my coming home** in Nov. What a torrent of emotions rushed to my heart on reading those precious words! The thought of **wife, home, happiness** filled my soul with inexpressible delight. I pray God that my wishes may be realized and that no untoward misfortune may dash this cup of happiness from my lips in Nov. It is possible that I may not be able to obtain your father's consent to so speedy a union or I may be unable to obtain a furlough at the time we have specified as the **happy day.** You spoke in your letter of your mother's contemplated visit to Fairfax and then ask me if I think it proper for you to come. Now Kattie it is not in my place to advise you **what to do** but as you have asked me for my opinion I cannot but give you my **honest sentiments.** The camp under the best of **circumstances** is scarcely a suitable place for a lady and particularly is **this** camp an unsuitable one. It is composed of **Baltimore rowdies** of the worst stamp and Tenessee volunteers. You would be obliged to sleep in camp at night and no doubt would hear many things unbecoming to a lady's ears. In the second place a lady here is such a **rare sight** that you would be **stared** out of countenance. Now should you be able to overcome **all of these objections** by your arrangements **I would be delighted** to see you and unless they are removed I should be **pained** to **see you.** In all probability we shall be **moved permanently** still nearer to the enemy and in that event it would not be **safe** for you to come. Our regiment I understand is to move in a few hours, taking all of our cooking utensils and two days cooked provisions and it is more than probable I am afraid that we shall stay permanently at Falls Church to which point I believe we are going. You will still direct your letters to **this point** as we may not be removed as three regiments of our brigade have already left. Now Kattie I beg you to be under no **uneasiness** about myself or your brother as a hundred bullets **miss** where one **strikes,** try and not think of the dangers of a soldiers life, it can do us no good and is but adding **trouble** to **trouble.**

The socks you sent me were indeed a most acceptable present as I had but **one** pair and they are on my feet. I wish I had some way of expressing my **gratitude** and **love** for you. I will try and be a **better boy** which I know will please you. As to the **soap,** I intend washing my face with it in **Washington** should my life be spared and the fortune of war carry us there. I have just read for the twentieth time your two last letters and **must** now at last consign them to the flames. I wish I could keep them always . . . . I must draw my letter to a close so as to pack up my things for a march. Good bye. God knows what the next few days may bring about, but living or dead I shall ever think of you.

Yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

30

Fairfax Station
Sept 3rd 1861

My Dear Sister.

Today has been a **glorious** day for the soldiers of our Regiment, we have at last been **paid** off by the Gov. and are at present enjoying the **holiday** usual upon such an occasion. How **better** can I spend my holiday than by writing to you? Oh how much **more pleasant** would it be to **talk** with you, to look into eyes beaming with kindness and love, eyes that I trust will never look with anger or scorn on me but ever smile as they smiled on the 5th of Dec. I think of you **often, often** by night and by day, on the toilsome march and in the soldier's bivouac when wrapped up in my blanket I lie down on the damp ground to seek a few hours sleep. My thoughts involuntarily wander off over the dark mountains to the sweet maid whose kindness and womanly virtue stole my heart away. You can form no idea how **near** and **dear** you are to me, nor what an influence for the better you exercise over me. I **try** to become every day better and more worthy of you. More worthy of that happiness I so fondly look for the 2nd of Nov. It is possible we may not be able to get married I fear at that time as there is every indication of a **forward movement** of the army and we may be either in Maryland or before Arlington; in the latter case I could not think of **even trying to get a furlough** as it would be my **duty** to remain and I know **you would not** desire me to shrink from my soldierly duty even if it is **to die** for my country. In my last letter to you I mentioned the probability of our going down to Mason's Hill in **sight** of the Yankees. We went and succeeded in killing seven of our cursed invaders. I had the honor of firing the **first shot** in one of the skirmishes with the enemy and had the **fortune** or rather the **misfortune** (for it is a solemn thing to take even an enemy's life) to kill one of the Yankees. He was a large fine looking man and physically **twice** as **strong** as **myself.** He fell like a dog. I hope he was prepared to die. I narrowly escaped with my own life, several balls passing just over my head with that spiteful whiz so characteristic of the Minnie ball. We go down again tomorrow I believe and will remain some two or three days. It is a post of very great danger and I hope you will **pray** for my safety. Your brother's Regiment went down with us before and it is probable will go again, do not mention this matter to **your mother** as it will render her very uneasy about her son. I am sorry that I even mentioned it to **you** but I place so much confidence in your fortitude and you know a **soldier's wife** must be **brave.** I saw Charley Richardson, Smith Turner and a McKay all of whom I presume are your acquaintances, at least the two first teased me about you. Just think of it, you were the subject of conversation between soldeirs in sight of

Washington, the Potomac and the enemies camps. We were sitting at the time under a large oak tree and some of the boys were drinking coffee, of course I **denied** everything but all the time I could scarcely conceal my pleasure at their conversation. I wish you could only see me cooking or sewing it would amuse you wonderfully. I can beat you at the first. Dont you feel **ashamed** of yourself at the idea that a gentleman is a better cook than a lady? I can cook all manner of vegetables make dumplings and pot pies and roast, broil or boil meats to perfection and as for bread I can make elegant **salt raising** loafs or pulled biscuits and the nicest brown corn pones. Wont I make a jewel of a **husband.** You must learn me to **knit** so I can assist you on the long winter nights, however I dont believe I could ever learn to turn the heel of a sock. Speaking of socks I could not but laugh at the difference in the **whiteness** of the socks you sent me and those of **my own washing.** You know I presume that we have to do our own washing. So soon as we return from Mason's Hill I will write you another letter, at which time I would be **happy** to get a **long, sweet letter** from you.

My brother Sam has had symptoms of the fever and has gone home on account of it. I judge he will not have an attack. I have almost entirely recovered my strength from my slight bilious attack and never felt better in my life. If I can get a **pass** I will go to the Junction and have my daguerrotype taken if there is a saloon there. I carry your daguerrotype with me under all circumstances. Just think of it, your sweet face has been in one **regular pitched battle** and one **skirmish.** I call it **my charm** of safety. It certainly shields me from the vices of the camp and **may** protect me from the dangers of the battle. My mess mates know I have a daguerrotype of **someone** but they are not certain whose it is. I tell them it is my sister. You must try and keep all my letters so that we can read them over together some day. Your letters I am obliged to burn for fear that they may fall into some ones hands. I read them over **many many** times before casting them into the fire. It costs me a great struggle to see those precious little **missives** of love destroyed, they would give me so much pleasure to read them when I feel sick at heart with anxiety to see you.

Camp life this winter will go hard with many of us but **what man** will not sacrifice **all** for his country, even life and if need be his **love?** I am proud to be a soldier and will cheerfully endure any and every privation for the good of my country. You ought to hear the soldiers speak of the **many many** things the ladies have done for them, your cheeks would blush at the words of praise. May God bless the noble women of the South is the exclamation of every one. Who would not die for them? Good bye. Write soon.

Yours forever
G. B. Samuels

31

Fairfax Station
Sept. 14th 1861

My Dear Kattie.

. . . . I **long** to **see you again** but it is impossible to get a furlough and I will not **run away** from camp like some of the boys even to be with **you.** I must try and console myself by **thinking** of you. I am very much afraid I cannot get a furlough in Nov. and we will have to postpone our happiness. You must still make your **wedding dress** for if it is possible to be with you on the 4th and your parents consent to it we will be married at that time. When I think of the fortunes of war I doubt that I am treating you right in insisting on the fulfilment of your promise at the specified time. I may lose my life or limbs. In the first case you would be left a **widow** and the bride's dress would be changed into one of **mourning.** In the latter case you would be united to the miserable **remnant of a man** and **compelled** to drag out your life with an object more worthy of your **pity** than of your **love.** It tears my heart to write you thus as I know it must harrow up **your feelings,** but my love for you is so great that I cannot to secure my **immediate happiness** risk your's which is even more precious to me than life.

. . . . I received your kind present yesterday. It came most opportunely as we had a miserable dinner and the mess ate the grapes and peaches, as **dessert.** You must give my kindest regards to Miss Johns[t]on.[53] I shall certainly write to her the

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Note 53 — Miss Emma Johnston, sister of John I. Johnston. In album: John I. Johnston, Clover Hill, (near Rockland). Warren County, Va. "Killed on the retreat from Gettysburg," in Mrs. Samuels' handwriting.

John I. Johnston was in love with Kattie Boone before she was sent to school in Woodstock. He wrote many times in her album. He gave her a copy of Moore's Poems. As a boy he went to school in Front Royal, boarding at Mr. Lovell's. As he passed by he used to bring Kattie Boone bouquets of flowers. He deserved a better fate.

first favorable opportunity I may have.

. . . . You spoke in your letter of Mr. Lehew's foolish anger on account of your not accepting his company across the river. Mr. Lehew is either not a gentleman or has not sense enough to know that it is a lady's right to select her own company and he would have been guilty of a very **cowardly** and **silly** act in reporting you to your mother even if you had been **wrong. Should** Mr. Lehew ever be guilty of the least **discourtesy** to you he shall be held **responsible** if it lies in my power to meet him. If you do not like his company tell him so and as a gentleman he must desist from his attentions to you . . . . . I have been unable as yet to see your brother to know him. I have seen Capt. Simpson frequently; he seems to be in good health and spirits. Mr. Sheetz plagues me a good deal about you and declares me a **happy fellow** to have secured so much **goodness** and **beauty** in one sweet little angel. He says I dont deserve you, which in fact is true. I wish I could **consistently** advise you to come down to **see your brother.** I long so much to see you and talk with you once more before we engage in another battle. I carry your daguerrotype with me constantly. I am strongly tempted at times to jump on the **cars** and spend the evening with you at home; it would be **delightful** and take you so much by **surprise.** But it would be **wrong** in me to do so and I know you would not wish me to commit an **unsoldierly act.** Write soon.

Yours Devotedly

G. B. Samuels

32

Fairfax Station
Oct 2nd 1861

My Dear Sister.

. . . . I have thought of you many, many times since I last saw you and at times am really sorry I went home at all, as camp life is so distasteful after the sweet pleasure of **your** company. You can form no idea what a delightful occupation it is to me to think of the charming little mistress of that dear parlour in Front Royal where I have spent the **happiest** hours of my life . . . . Oh how delightful must it not be to me to think of you, the **sweet,** the **good,** the **kind,** whose every gesture, word and look speaks so plainly of **your love** for me, and I so **unworthy** of it. Oh how my heart longs for that happiest of all happy hours when you and I shall stand up before the world as husband and wife, unreservedly **giving** and **receiving** that mutual love and support so beautifully exemplified in the **oak** and **vine.** Have you not been struck with the wisdom of the lesson so beautifully taught in the appearance of the sturdy oak entwined by the **graceful vine,** the one the **strong** and **supporting** husband, the other the fond and loving wife, the one the adviser, the **strong friend** that supports when the winds of adversity blow, the other the **consoler** in sorrow, who smooths and hides with her beautiful foliage the rugged and unsightly form of her companion. I live but for one object your **happiness,** I have but one wish **your love.** Time may destroy your **beauty,** but I love you **not** for your beauty. Years may break the sweet grace of your form, change the bright glossiness of your hair and dim the brightness of your love beaming eyes, but I love you not for all these. My passion is a higher and a nobler one than this. I love you for **that spirit** so full of gentleness and kindness which fills you and is so beautifully shown forth in your every day life. **Can you doubt** such love as this, time can but increase . . . .] I received your **sweet letter** and **present** and thank you again and again for both. Your brother's overcoat has been delivered and the packages with it. I wore it down on the cars and it kept me delightfully warm and comfortable. I fell asleep in it on the cars thinking of you. I saw a light in **your house** as the cars came to Front Royal; **was it you** that was up? I have been teased most **unmercifully** by the boys about you and really if our engagement is not **soon** brought to a **close** by marriage, I fear I will be struck dead like Ananias for telling stories. After I reached the Junction I was almost tempted to turn back and **surprise** you as I had considerable difficulty in getting a **pass** to Fairfax. I would have written to you immediately had I not been prevented by my guard duties and the parade for Pres. Davis, he was in company with Beauregard and Johnston and all of their staffs. As they swept by us on horseback amid the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry and the cheers of the assembled thousands my heart swelled with emotion at the thought if I were only great for **your** sake, but I judge you love me none the **less** as it is.

. . . . It is intensely warm here to day and my hands are so full of **perspiration** and **dirt** that I am really ashamed of the appearance of the paper. Write soon.

Yours Devotedly

G. B. Samuels

33

Woodstock
Oct 8th 1861

You must not be **alarmed** when I tell you that I have been sent home sick by the surgeon, it is nothing but a **little matter** and I expect to return to the army in a few days. I saw your **Father** at the cars as I passed up. I spoke to him in regard to my sickness so as to give you no unnecessary uneasiness. I would write you a longer letter, but as my head has some **little pain** in it it would be better to close.

Yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

34

Woodstock
Oct 22nd 1861

. . . . I have spent the last ten days in the mountains at the springs and the water has had the most beneficial effect on me. I have many things to tell you, and nothing could gratify me more than the pleasure of your company and sweet conversation, but the place of a **true** soldier is not with his **sweetheart** but his **comrades** in arms. I hope I may live through the horrors of the next battle (which I understand is imminent) for your sake. You are so **near** and **dear** to me that at times I feel almost the **coward's fears,** lest I may fall without possessing you. Could you only **see** and know my heart towards you your love for me would be doubled . . . . I saw your Father as I came upon the cars and was really sorry that I met him for fear that your solicitude might magnify the dangers of my situation. I hope you gave yourself no uneasiness on my account. Write soon.

Yours devotedly

G. B. Samuels

35

Near Centreville
Oct 30th 1861

You must not feel hurt at my not answering your letter more promptly, but at the time and before the receipt of it I was on picket some five or six miles from Camp. You would write to me more **frequently** if you only knew the exquisite pleasure your sweet letters afford me. I know you **object** to writing letters but **please** send me a **few** lines expressive of your love upon the receipt of my letters. You speak of your health being rather delicate and attribute it to the cold weather, wont you excuse me if I commit an indelicacy and advise you to pay strict attention to the warmth of your feet. Perhaps you do, but you ladies are so careful of your appearances that the gentlemen are left completely in the dark as to the condition of your **pedal** extremities. There is a considerable talk amongst the soldiers as to the **probabilities** of our being sent to Winchester to winter quarters. Should such be the case would it not be **delightful** to give and **some times perhaps** receive a visit from you, I love at times to sit down and think of my **possessions in Spain** or as it is more commonly termed **castles in the air,** it is the only amusement we soldiers have who are so **unfortunate** as to be in love, could I but **realize** one half of the charming castles of which my imagination has painted you the sweet mistress I would be the happiest of men.

. . . . I saw John Johns[t]on at the Junction as I came down, he is connected in some way with Major Baylor's department. I mentioned the fact of my having seen his sister at Front Royal, he immediately commenced teasing me about you. I have never seen your brother to know him although I passed within **ten feet** of him the other day as we went on picket. I saw C. Richardson and Dick Buck, both are looking well. There is no news in Camp of any importance, all quiet and another battle seems as far off as it was six weeks ago. I will be twenty-two next Saturday, the 2nd of Nov., am I not **old** enough to marry? How this unhappy war has upset all my plans! but man proposes and God disposes. I must be content. Good bye. Write soon.

Yours truly

G. B. Samuels

36

Near Centreville
Nov 11th 1861

Your letter would have been answered immediately after its receipt had I not been absent the last four days on picket . . . . I received a letter the **same** day that **yours** came to hand **warning** me that I had a competitor, a Mr. Parham.[54] I paid no further attention to the letter than to throw it into the fire in the face of the gentleman who handed it to me, who from his manner was evidently acquainted with its contents . . . . Doubtless your courtesies to the gentleman during his illness and his subsequent attentions to you have given rise to this **idle talk** that has reached my ears. I would not have pained you by speaking of this matter at all did I not feel it my duty to inform you of everything that came to my ears, with which you are connected and more especially when you are charged with so grave a crime as coquetry . . . . .

I visited the **battle field** the day before we went on picket to gather some little mementoes to send you but could find nothing **suitable.** There were a number of **young ladies** on the ground at the time. I gave one of them a **Yankee skull (a horrible present)** and showed her the spot we fought on and the **graves** of the enemy we **killed.** She certainly **loved** poor soldiers if I could judge from her countenance. As I bade her good bye, she said she prayed to God for our **safety.** Please write to me soon and tell me **everything** connected with yourself. . . . .

Yours devotedly

G. B. S.

P. S. Please do not sign your **name** or **mine** to your letters as I like to keep them three or four days. All of your letters have been burnt.

Note 54 —In the album:

R. S. Parham
Willow Lake, Georgia
Sept. 21, 1861
Lieut. S. D. Clements
Sunny Side, Georgia
John Henry Williams
Georgia
James P. Glass
West Munster (?) City,
Georgia

37

Near Centreville
Nov 18th 1861

.... We will soon be obliged to go into Winter quarters; in fact all the soldiers are busily engaged in building fire places in their tents, with barrels for chimneys, we manage to make ourselves **tolerably** comfortable. I however on account of my relationship to the Quartermaster of the Regiment have most delightful sleeping accomodations. A straw tick, some three blankets and a bearskin. How I will be able to stand it on picket without a tent and with but two blankets God only knows. I suppose I must stay up all night and think of you. .... I long so much to see you and to gather fresh love from your sweet conversation and charming smile .... What **power** in words, what **magic** in smiles when coming from those we love. A pleasant word a sweet smile will beautify the homeliest face. I judge you have received my last letter, and hope you took **no offense** at my mentioning the receipt of the letter concerning you; was I **wrong** in doing so?

We captured thirty two Yankees the other day, they were a fine looking body of men, and splendidly dressed. I understand the 17th Va. Reg has gone on picket, they have fine weather for their duty. I wish you could see the view from our camp; it is magnificent, nearly fifty thousand men encamped in sight. The whole country for miles is dotted with white tents and the heavens at night lit up with their camp fires. What an awful lesson of **wickedness** of human to think that this immense multitude of men are collected together for the purpose of **butchering** each other.

So soon as we go into winter quarters I think it highly probable that we may be able to get **furloughs,** and then for a visit to a **dear sweet somebody.** We have been in service to day seven months, five more remaining and then if **my duty** to my country will admit of it I hope with your **consent** to realize the dearest wish of my heart. Wont you promise in your next letter? Do not fail to say the sweetest of all words to the lover, **Yes.** ....

Yours Truly

G. B. S.

38

Near Centreville
Nov 28th 1861.

. . . . I am very glad to learn that you have entirely recovered your health and I do most **earnestly beg** of you to follow your mother's advice, about exercising and **early rising.** We rise just at daylight. Wont you tell me the name of the poor soldier who is so overawed by your sweet presence, as to do nothing but nurse his pretty thumb and say **Yes mam** so modestly. Oh how much do I wish that I could be in his place. You would not find **me** quite so bashful, indeed I would certainly give you occasion to slap my cheeks for **kissing you.**

You say I must come to see you when the army goes into winter quarters, Indeed my dear Kattie I would be with you **always,** could I but follow my own inclinations, but in the army we all are subject to the will of others, and in my case unfortunately the relationship between myself and my Captain is none of the most **friendly** and I am thus obliged to be more careful than others perhaps. . . . . Just think of it the 5th of Dec will soon be at hand. A day more important to me than the 21st of July. What changes have taken place in the last twelve months! At that time our country was at **peace** and a few short months could have only rolled around until the dearest wish of my (heart) would have been consummated. But **now how different!** . . . . Write soon, the next letter I write you will be on the 5th of Dec. Do not fail to send me one at the **same time.** Should you receive none at **that time,** I **am either sick or on picket.** I saw the daguerrotype you sent to George W. Good bye. Write on the 5th.

Yours Devotedly

G. B. S.

J. Johnston & Mr. Borst[55] were the gentlemen. The first sending the letter the latter handing it to me. Say nothing of it to them.

Note 55 — Peter B. Borst. Came from New York first to Flint Hill, Va., then to Luray — teaching school. A member of the Va. Convention of 1861. Possessed of wealth, influence and a very fine house in Luray.

39

Camp Centreville
Dec 5th 1861

According to promise I take my pen to write you a short letter. We have just returned from on picket and of course I am too tired to write even you anything like an interesting letter. Just think of it to day the anniversary of our engagement and not married yet, is it not a long long time to wait for a blessing I am so anxious to obtain. To day one year ago just about this hour I proposed to you and received your sweet consent; now I am sitting on the **ground** with a book on my knees **writing** instead of talking to you. I shall never forget your look of **astonishment** at my sudden proposal nor describe my own feelings at the sight of your laughing confusion. I was really **frightened** at one time for fear of receiving a refusal and could have crept into a rat hole if one had been convenient. I think sometimes that I was more confused than **yourself,** which can however be readily accounted for, as you were much more accustomed to such scenes than myself, that being my **first** attempt, and you no doubt having **accepted** and **refused** more than a dozen gentlemen before my proposal. I would hate very much to be within **arms reach** of you now. I can almost feel in imagination the **slap** that my cheeks so richly deserve. We had quite a cold time of it sleeping out on picket and would wake in the morning with our **blankets** covered with frost and our **beards** stiff with ice. It would amuse you to see us huddled together like pigs to keep warm. None of us take off our **boots** and the boys in dreaming of the Yankees give each other tremendous **kicks** on the shins. How we are to endure the cold this winter I cannot see, if we shake our heads some of these cold mornings I verily believe our ears will drop off. The 17th goes on picket tomorrow, staying three days. I saw Charlie R - - this evening; he is looking well. George Williams I believe thinks that I am in **some way** connected with his receiving his daguerrotype. Wont you **tell me** all about it? I have so much curiosity. I judge you have heard of the late law passed by the convention which makes all persons between 21 and 26 **soldiers** for **three** years. I will have two years from the 18th of next April to serve my county. I will have to wait **for you** almost as long a time as the old gentleman in the bible **served** for his wife. Tell me his name in your next letter. I have no news of any importance to give you in regard to the army, only that is is **positively** stated that the enemy are at **last advancing.** We saw nothing of them whilst on picket and it is possible the report is **false.**

My health is good and I am increasing some little in flesh. What has become of my old rival Mr. Parham, is he still in F.R. Mrs. [sic] Fontaine has been down to see her husband and returned to day. I presume you have heard of Miss Alice Spangler's death. Mary Williams and a number of your female acquaintances in Woodstock have embraced religion. E. Thompson and Mary Haas are in the number; wont you follow their example? . . . .

Yours Devotedly

G. B. S.

40

Camp Centreville
Dec 10th 1861

. . . . You can form no idea of my **disappointment** at not receiving a letter from you on the 5th. I stood by the post master when he called out the mail. My heart at times was in my throat at the sight of some of the letters with small white envelopes **so much like yours** which some loving sweetheart had written to **her devoted swain.** I could scarcely hide my disappointment when the last letter was called out, and none from you . . . . .

I saw one of the most melancholy sights yesterday my eyes have witnessed since the commencement of this unhappy war. Two of the Tiger Rifles were shot for some violation of the military laws. There were some fifteen or twenty thousand of the soldiers present to witness the execution. They were both tied to stakes with their eyes bandaged and shot dead by their own comrades and friends. Liquor was the cause of it. What a **commentary** on its use! We are all looking anxiously forward to the order to go into winter Quarters; this cannot be delayed much longer as the weather must soon grow cold. I wish I had an opportunity of sending you some of my bread. It is really excellent. We use yeast for raising. **I can beat you at everything** connected with housewifery but sewing and knitting. I find the yarn socks you were so kind as to present me with of great service; they possess in my **eyes** a **value** far beyond their real worth as coming from you. I keep your daguerrotype with me **night** and **day** and many many times do I steal away from my fellow soldiers to look at it. . . . . Good night. My candle is just **going** out and I must be **going** to bed.

Yours Devotedly

G. B. S.

41

Centreville
Dec 16th 1861

. . . . We expect to go into winter Quarters in a short time and very probably on the Manassas Road about Haymarket. Should this be the case I **may** be able to visit you occasionally. I look forward with anxiety to our speedy removal, as it will be impossible to live within cotton walls when cold weather fairly sets in. I think of **you** often these cold winter evenings when sitting by the camp fires. Time drags heavily on our hands, away from home and those we love, without amusements of any kind, with nothing to read but an **occasional** letter to stir our stagnant spirits. . . . .

Yours Devotedly

G. B. S.

42

Camp, near Manassas
Dec 24th 1861

I would have answered your sweet letter **long before** this but we have been so busily engaged in building our winter quarters, that I have scarcely had time to **think** of you, much less write to you. We have moved our Camp from Centreville to within two miles and a half from Manassas on the Orange Road. We have a most delightful location for a camp, convenient to water, with stones in abundance to build our chimneys and any quantity of timber. With all these natural advantages no doubt we will soon be able to make ourselves quite comfortable. So soon as we complete our cabin I shall try and give you a description of it. . . . .

You speak of the **appearance** of my last letter. I had just finished **washing** the dishes, and as I had no water left to wash my hands, I **wiped** them as clean as I could on the towel. . . . .

You speak of your **increasing** love for me. I **love** you to the **full capacity** of my power of loving and nothing could give me more pleasure than an opportunity to exhibit my love for you in some striking way. Good bye.

Yours Devotedly
G. B. S.

P. S. I have concluded to write you a few more lines as I failed to send this sheet off by mail of to day.

I wish you a **happy** Christmas tomorrow. May God grant that I spend the next **with you** and may each succeeding year but add to the sum of our own happiness, so when old age comes upon us **our** hearts may become young again, when we look back on lives spent in the sweet sunshine of each other's love. I will think of you tomorrow the **first** thing on awakening and **catch you** in imagination for a Christmas gift . . . . You must not make yourself sick tomorrow eating turkey nor get **too tipsy** on the current wine I drank with you on the last holidays in the sweet parlour at **your** home. I intend getting some oysters tomorrow for our Christmas dinner. We have two fine turkeys and Sam Williams received a box of delicacies from home to day. Thus you see we will not lack for eatables though we are **poor soldiers.** How **different** would it not be if this cruel war were only ended and we could sit down together not simply to a Christmas dinner but to a **wedding** one also. We intend fixing an extempore table for the grand dinner tomorrow. What a charming time it would be to all the boys if their sweethearts could only partake with them a dinner of their own cooking. I vow my hands should be cleaner than they were the last time I wrote to you. I hope your brother has recovered from his indisposition and soon be able to join his company. I do not know whether the 17th Reg. has changed its quarters or not. I understand that the troops remaining at Centerville will be furnished with planks to build winter quarters. Should this be the case they will have much less trouble than ourselves. . . . .

Yours devotedly
G. B. S.

43

Camp Walker
Dec 30th 1861

. . . . We lead the **dullest imaginable** life here. Shut out from the world, hid away in a pine thicket, we have nothing to think of but the loved ones at home. Our huts are mostly completed, and so soon as they are dried we expect to move into them. It would amuse you exceedingly to see us engaged in our daily occupations, some of the mess are engaged in cooking our rough fare, others perhaps engaged in cleaning their guns or in **mending** old clothes, and all generally talking of **home** or teasing each other about some **loved one** who has touched his heart by her gentle smiles and beaming eyes. You can form no idea how sweet it is to hear **your name** mentioned though it is done for the purpose of bantering me about my love. And at times how **proud** I am **of you** when some of your acquaintances speak of your goodness and beauty, and compliment me for having won the love of so charming a girl. Of course I always deny the soft impeachment, though I fear my **tell tale** countenance but poorly confirms the impression I would fain make with my tongue.

This has been a week of much rejoicing among the boys. Kind presents and letters from home have testified though they are **absent** that they have not been forgotten. . . . . I hope that your brother has recovered from his indisposition though I fear your delay in answering my last two letters may be attributed to his sickness. The **spots** you see on the last page of the first sheet are not from **my hands** but from the sutler of whom I bought this paper. . . . . I hope you enjoyed your Christmas Holidays, and no doubt you **danced away** all the roses from your cheeks. Did you flirt with any of the gentlemen, if so, I hope some of them spilt a **plate** of oyster soup on your **nicest dress** and that you caught a **terrible toothache** from eating sweetmeats, and in addition to these terrible misfortunes I hope you stumped your toe and fell over a chair at the **ball.** . . . . Am I not **real brave** to talk thus when I am fifty miles from you? If I were in the parlour at this moment you would box my jaws until they were swollen as much as those of the **charming little babies** that hang on the wall. Wont I get a scolding for critticising **your painting?** . . . . **Write soon** and **often.**

Yours Devotedly
G.B.S.

44

Jan. 8th 1862
Camp Walker

. . . . Just think of it, but **two short** days ago I was enjoying the pleasure of your sweet company, and now sad and dispirited I have nothing but the memory of **pleasant** hours to console me. . . . . Your Father and I went down to the cars together. He came quite unexpectedly into the parlour a few minutes before four. I was engaged in reading one of the pieces in Harper's Magazine. I felt almost tempted to ask him for you, but my **cowardly** heart came up into my **throat** and effectually stopped my speech. I shall certainly write to him in a few days, asking from him the **greatest blessing** he can bestow on me. Do not show this letter to Mrs. Kiger. One of you two snored most prodigiously, as I heard you down in the parlour. I am inclined to think it was you, as I heard no such noise until **you** went to bed. The boys have teazed me a great deal about **my trip** up **to** Woodstock. I must draw my ill written letter to a close. **Please, please** write soon to your

Faithful Lover

G.B.S.

45

Near Manassas
Jan. 14th 1862

. . . . I saw Mac. Bailey a few moments since, he charged me with having visited **you** lately; he received his information from John Johnston. I am sorry that you should have wept on **my account.** Could the earnest wishes of my heart be realized, your life should be one of perpetual sunshine. I shall try to repay your love, by making myself more worthy of it.

I am very much afraid our division will be sent down to Evansport to meet the Burnside Expedition, which is supposed will be directed against that point. The Q. Master of the Brigade was in the hut a moment since and he told us that he had on hand three days provision of bread and salt pork for us. This looks like marching. I hope that Burnside's fleet will sink to the bottom of the Ocean if it is to be the occasion of sending us out such weather as this. It is now snowing rapidly and with little prospect of ceasing soon. As for the daguerrotype I will send it with pleasure, as soon as the roads get in condition for walking to Centreville. My cousin[56] and myself had a delightful Oyster supper a few moments since, to crown all we cooked them ourselves. I thought of you and Mrs. Kiger; what a **charming** supper **that** was! If **you** could have only been with us to night. Though our service of plate was none of the handsomest or cleanest, you **must** have been charmed with the Oysters.

You suggest in your letter the propriety of keeping a Diary. I would act on your suggestion with pleasure, did we not live in such **mortal** dullness that the incidents of a month would scarcely fill a page of the diary. I have just been looking out of the window, everything looks so terribly **chilly** and **windy.** I pity the poor soldier on duty to night. Should he be in the advance of the army, he is without fire and compelled to sleep on the snow. Please give me in your answer, **your Father's address.** I intend writing to him **for you.** Are you not frightened? . . . . Good night. May absence but increase our love

Yours forever

G. B. S.

46

Camp Walker
Jan. 25th 1862

. . . . How in the world have you managed to live during the last ten days, the weather has been so terribly bad? I was so fortunate as to get some five or six books and managed to pass my time quite agreably. I shall send you my daguerrotype as soon as I have the opportunity to have it taken. I have made quite a change in my appearance, having shaved off my beard with the exception of my moustache. The boys say I look quite **fierce.** The soldiers are all anxiously awaiting the action of the Legislature in regard to **reenlistments.** Should a liberal **furlough** be granted in addition to the bounty which is offered by the Confederate Gov. the great majority will reenlist. I have not deter-

Note 56 — Abraham Byrd of "Prospect Hill", Harrisonburg. Married Judge Samuels' sister Rebecca. Their son was Capt. A. S. Byrd, Quartermasters 10th Regiment Va. Vol. Inf. General Sheridan is said to have stayed at "Prospect Hill". See Page 138 Letter 5.

mined as yet whether I will reenlist immediately or not. Should I wait and **not** be drafted, I can go as a substitute for some one with more **money** than **courage.** Oh how earnestly do I wish that this unhappy war were at an end! It is the **barrier** between me and my **happiness.** Had I none to **care for** but myself, I might welcome its fields of danger as the paths to glory. But when I think of **you** and my **sister** and the dangers and troubles you **may** be exposed to, my fears almost make me a trembling coward. I received a letter from my sister to day. A good share of her letter was devoted to **you.** She wished to know whether I really contemplated getting married, and if so, to tell her of it. One of my cousins, Annie Strayer,[63] wished to know where my **sweet little Boone** companion was, I shall tell her that she is **ever** in my **heart.** James Williams was down at Camp a few days since. He is trying to raise an artillery company. I do not think he can succeed in his efforts. I hope your brother has recovered from his illness. But pray **do not** feed him on mush and milk; it will assuredly **kill him.** . . . I had a pass the other day that would have carried me on the train, and I do assure you I was mightily tempted to **visit you.** But one of the boys was very anxious to get home to see his sister, who has no **other protector** than himself. My better feelings conquered, and I gave him the pass. I was well rewarded for **my sacrifice** in seeing **his happiness,** I made a **friend,** but missed **seeing** my **sweetheart.** Do you think I did wrong?

. . . . It is possible we may all get home on a furlough in a few days. Should this be the case I hope to find you prepared to comply with your promise, if it is agreable to your parents wishes. . . . All is quiet with the exception of a daily cannonade on the Potomac. Good Bye.

Yours Devotedly

G. B. S.

P. S. It is reported that Gen. Beauregard is going to Kentucky.

47

Manasses
Jan. 31st 1862

Dear Kattie.

I received your sweet letter yesterday and the accompanying note from John I. Johnston to you. I was really disappointed at the contents of the envelope. Judging from its weight and size I expected to find a **long, sweet,** letter from you. I found indeed a **short, sweet** letter from you, but accompanied by one of the most **remarkable love epistles** it has ever been my good fortune to see. I am glad that you have made no **comment** upon it for fear you might **bias** my Judgment in expressing the opinion you ask from me in regard to **its merits.** In the first place, in style and composition it is extremely bad and scarcely worthy of being the first effusion of some love sick school boy. Secondly it lacks that **manliness** of **expression** which should characterize a love letter. Asking a Lady for her love with a **due sense of one's demerits and a consciousness of unworthiness to fulfill the position of husband towards her,** (which would place him in a nearer and dearer relation to her than **father** or **Mother)** is but right and proper. But to importune, to beseech to pray to **beg** a lady to accept a love which has been repeatedly **rejected** shows either a want of sense or knowledge of gentlemanly properities, and what above all Things a **true** woman must prize in a lover, **manliness.** For what woman could feel a pride in the love of a man who continually **begs** for her love rather than try to **win** the inestimable prize of woman's love by the display of manly actions and noble thoughts. Thirdly, from the tenor of the gentleman's letter I judge he is **aware** of **our engagement.** Such being the case, he did you a foul **wrong** in trying to seduce you from your plighted faith to me, to break a promise which has been sealed a thousand times on your sweet lips, to thrust himself between **us** and our happiness and to render **me, me** whom he calls **his friend** the most miserable of men. What a **pretty Damon** and **Pythias** would we make . . . .

And now Kattie in conclusion as to this matter I have only to say, should you not wish to be addressed in the language of love by any other than myself, the best plan will be to take the gentleman at his word and not speak to him unless spoken to, or should you prefer it you might **write to him and tell** him in that delicate way which only a woman can speak the disagreeable truth to a man that his attention cannot be received.

Yours Devotedly

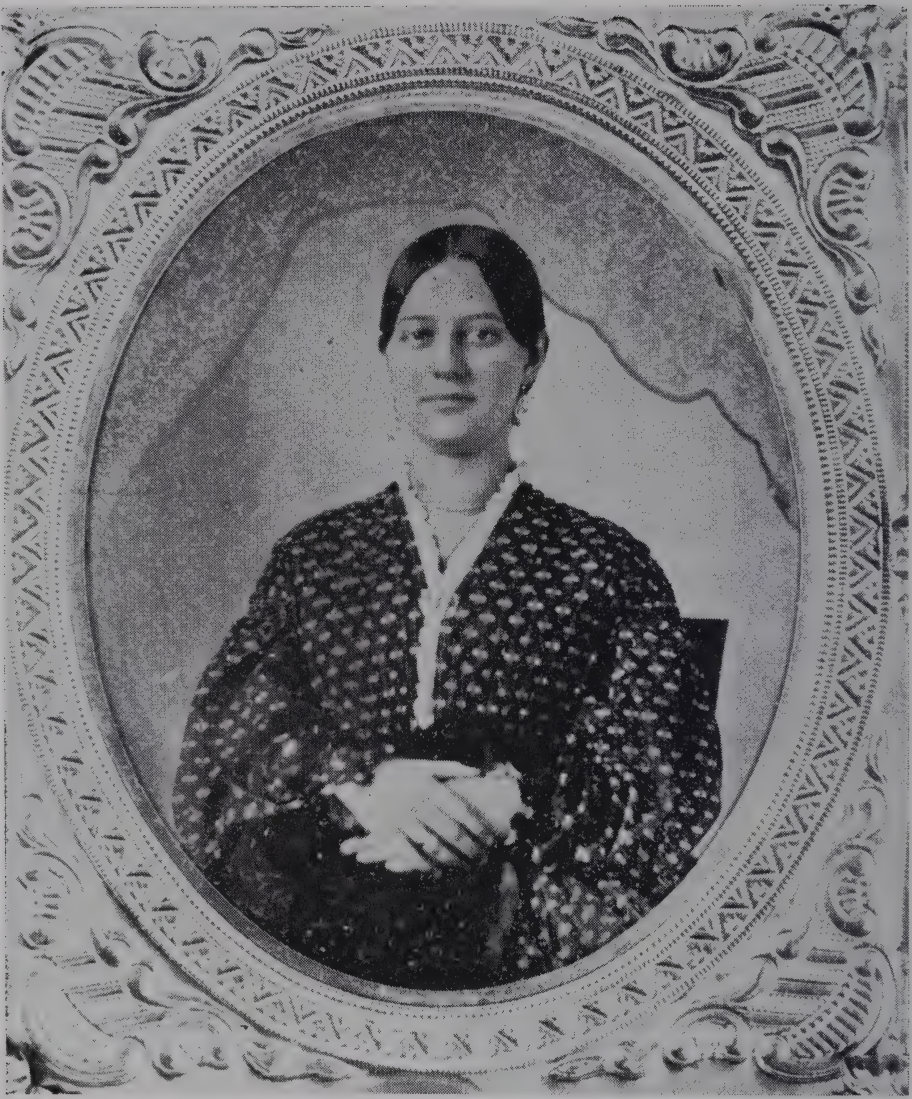
G.B.S.

48

Manassas.
Feb. 6th 1862

I would have written to you, according to promise, last Tuesday, but failed to do so from the fact that I expected at that time to be able to visit you **in person,** before the end of the week. All the boys in the company with the exception of myself and some ten others have reenlisted for two years and will receive their furloughs in a few days. I had reenlisted for two years with the **proviso** that I be allowed before the expiration of my present term of service to join some other company. Gen Smith said he could not receive any volunteer on such conditions unless they **designated** the particular company they wished to join. I was not prepared to make a selection of any particular company and of course will not receive a furlough at present. I have still two very good reasons for not being in any particular hurry about reenlisting at present. The Va. Legislature as you are aware have passed no Law as yet, in regard to the reenlistment of volunteers and it is possible they may offer still greater **inducements** for their reenlistment. In the second place, a member of the Baltimore Regiment, who is consequently not subject to the Militia Law of Virginia offers himself as a substitute for me for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. This of course will leave me at liberty to go as a substitute for any citizen of Shenandoah liable to Military duty. Some of the people in my country are offering as high as **fifteen hundred dollars** for substitutes. And in this way by going as a substitute I may be able to realize, by investing one hundred and fifty dollars, the handsome sum of **thirteen hundred and fifty dollars.** A consideration worth waiting a couple of weeks. I hope you understand the question though you Ladies I believe are quite averse to business details. . .

Please give my kindest regards to Mrs. Kiger and assure her that I can never wish to be forgotten by her. Independent of her own worth, she has strong claims upon my friendship by



Kathleen Boone At The Time Of Her Marriage

Lieut. Green Berry Samuels, C. S. A.

being **your** friend . . . . We still continue to drag out our existences in the midst of that utter stagnation of do nothingness which is alone so peculiarly characteristic of Camp life. We get up in the morning and go to bed at night, one day like another. . . .

Yours Devotedly

G.B.S.

49

Woodstock
Feb. 13th 1862

I arrived in Woodstock this morning on a furlough[57] of thirty days. This accounts for my failure to write last Tuesday.

I was delighted to hear from Mrs. Williams that **you** were coming on Saturday. **Do not fail.** As I will see you on Saturday I will close my letter.

Yours Devotedly

G.B.S.

Note 57 — Furlough:
Head Quarters, Camp Pickens
Manassas Junction, Feb. 12, 1862
Pass Lieut. Samuels and two others
to Woodstock
by Command of General Johnston
Cornelius Bezle
Major and Provost Marshall
Army of Potomac

Headquarters 10th Regt. Va. Vols.

A furlough of thirty days under act of Congress approved Dec. 11, 1861 and in conformity with Gen'l Order No. 19 is hereby granted to the following named persons Company "F":

Green B. Samuels (
John Loveday (Woodstock, Va.
Daniel C. Rudy (

(Sgn) L. B. Gibbons
10 Regt. Va. Vols.

Kathleen Boone and Green Berry Samuels were married in the evening of February 19, 1862. The Rev. Robert T. Berry, the Presbyterian Minister, performed the ceremony. Miss Lucy Rebecca Buck records in her Diary that it was a very quiet affair. The couple wanted to go to Richmond but the times were too parlous. A group of soldiers came and serenaded them that night. Johnty not knowing all this sent Kattie an invitation to the Grand Military Ball at Manasses (See Appendix Page 256).

III

The Long Road to Gettysburg
1862-63

1

Culpeper
March 28th 1862

My Dear Wife,

. . . . I never knew until the present how near and dear you are to me. And were I absent under any other circumstances I would be more than miserable. I console myself with the reflection, that I am in the discharge of a sacred and honorable duty, the defense of our beloved country. Had I listened to the earnest longings of my heart and remained at home enjoying the sweet pleasure of your company I would indeed be **unworthy** of the true and noble woman it is my good fortune to call by the sweetest and most endearing of all epithets my wife. . . . I judge John has left by this time and is doubtless in this vicinity somewhere. I can see or learn nothing from him. His regiment as well as I can learn is somewhere on the Rapidan. It passed through this place, two days before our arrival. Our Regiment is down in the neighborhood of Warrenton Junction. I could give you some information as to the camp but I am fearful the enemy may possibly take my letter. We are comfortably quartered in the Ct. House. I myself am staying with John Smith and consequently enjoy the luxury of a good bed. We were treated with invariable kindness by the citizens along the road on our march here. My haversack was filled repeatedly with delicacies. We suffered for no bodily comforts. I **hope** you are perfecting yourself in household duties in assisting your mother. Should you make of yourself a housekeeper after the pattern of your mother

I would indeed be blessed. She is a model of neatness and order. Try and imitate her. . . . I never knew a **real** mother **to love her,** but I feel towards yours the sincerest affection. Give her my love.

Where we will go from this point I scarcely know, probably to Gordonsville; at least any letters sent to me had better be directed to that point. The Yankees have not as yet reached Ft. Royal I understand, though mail communication is cut off from you. Doubtless I will have many opportunities to write to you as soon as I can learn the whereabouts of John's Regiment as there will be some communication kept up with the volunteers from Warren. . .

Give my kindest regards to your father and tell him that so far as I can safely inform him of the movements of the army I will do so. I have not ascertained as yet whether my blankets were destroyed or not, but an immense number were certainly burnt.

Our Brigade has covered the retreat of the army from Manassas. We have lost some twelve men from the Maryland Regiment. The Yankees offered the above mentioned Regiment and the 13th Virginia battle, but our force was too weak to contend with them. We have understood that Ashby had a skirmish at Newton's [Newtown], doubtless you heard the cannon and were somewhat frightened. Mr. Smith requests me to inform your Father that by sending to Mt. Jackson he can obtain the hire for the Negro woman. Speaking of negroes a great number so far as I can learn are stampeding from this section of country. When we meet again I expect to find my sweet wife's cheeks rosy with the bloom of health. I earnestly hope you will take exercise both indoors and out. If you can do nothing else, run up and down stairs. My health was never better than at present. The sun and wind have already begun their work on my cheeks and I am already several shades darker than when I left you . . . .

. . . . The Yankees at last accounts were penetrating still deeper into Tennessee being forty miles from Knoxville and rapidly advancing. The Yankees are reported positively to have fallen back from Manassas. Whether true or not I am unable to say.

I saw Baily Jacobs yesterday, he was looking well. I had no conversation with him. . . .

I must draw my long letter to a close. May God bless and protect my own dear wife is the earnest prayer of

Your Loving Husband

G. B. Samuels

Appendix. See Page 244 Bettie Marshall's letter April 2, 1862.

Elk Run Church
April 26 1862

My Dear Wife

. . . . Doubtless you wish to learn something of my whereabouts the last months. My last letter was dated Culpeper Ct. immediately after it was sealed we were ordered to rejoin the Regmt down on the Rappahannock, at which point we remained some three weeks in the **very face** of the enemy. We suffered terribly from the sleet and rain which fell some three weeks since, with comparatively no shelter and sleeping on the wet ground, many of the soldiers were taken sick. I passed through it all without **even** a **cold.** My health at present is **excellent, never better** and could I but be allowed the happiness of sitting down with you at your Father's excellent table he would have no occasion to complain of my want of appetite. Our rations have been miserable until within a few days. Owing to desertions from the Regmt of men living in Rockingham who were anxious to join Jacksons force, we were assigned to his command, and now form part of his force at Elk Run Church, some 18 miles east of Harrisonburg. The March from the Rappahonnock to this point was a distressing one on account of the severe rains and the difficulty of procuring Commissary Stores. I could give you all the desirable information in regard to the movements of our army both here and some other points, But I am fearful my letter might fall into other hands than those they are designed for. I can say this much. Do not be discouraged at any news that you may hear. The people of the South are terribly in earnest and flocking by thousands to our noble standard. I have been elect[ed] 2nd Lieutenant in my company, which now consists of 113 members, **all** old volunteers. Your brother is at Yorktown or in that vicinity. I have neither seen or heard from him directly since I left you.

Your precious letter reached me at Culpepper, at which point I was on duty at the time it was handed me. I have read and reread it over and over again and every time but unfolds some new beauty in it. Would that my poor pen could express the deep and abiding love that fills my heart for you.

. . . . I am sitting by a camp fire writing on my knee and am unable to see the lines by the dim light and consequently write very crooked and I suppose scarcely intelligibly to you. It is the general impression amongst us that we will go in the direction of Gordonsville. I have just had a long conversation with Mr. Smith about F R, he tells me that everything there is quiet and that you have not been honored with a visit by the Yankees since the date of your last letter. You must not stand in the door and look at them should they pass through F.R. Some of them **may** insult you. Should such be the case it would pain me exceedingly to think that **my wife** should ever be insulted and I unable to resent it. The boys are busily engaged in cooking for tomorrow and the light is so frequently obstructed I must draw my letter to a close. I had almost forgotten to mention that we were under fire of artillery for **one hour** and **a half,** and none of us hurt, it is almost a miracle we escaped death. The sulphur and powder of the shells was frequently sifted over us. It is impossible for me to write more. . . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

3

April 27th 1862

My Dear Wife.

I closed my letter last night at twelve on account of the difficulty of seeing by the uncertain light of the Camp fire. Up to this time, which is eleven, we have not been attacked by the enemy, and should God spare my life, as Mr. Smith has concluded to remain until after the fight, (should one occur) I will send you if possible the particulars. I am in command of the company to day (the Captain being absent on picket) and am interrupted so frequently that you must excuse my disconnected style of writing.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

4

April 29th 1862
Elk Run Church

My Dear Wife

. . . . Capt. Jordon[58] from Luray has promised to send this letter home and it will be forwarded to you by his Sister. In the future should anyone go from F R. to Luray it would be well for you to get them to enquire for you at Mr. Jordon's house.

. . . . We were out yesterday in considerable force but were unable to draw the enemy into a fight. Capt. Shaw of Harrisonburg was killed yesterday by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of his men, he died in a few moments.

Your father mentions in his letter to me the probabilities of the Yankees soon coming in to F.R. Treat them with the contempt they deserve and if possible do not even let them see you. My Wife is so dear to me that I hate the thought that they should even look on her.

. . . . I sold my mules and wagon to the Gov. for $600.00. My money I have deposited in the banks at Richmond which is much safer than to keep it with me.

You must excuse the appearance of the paper as it is impossible to keep it clean in my knapsack. I am sorry to hear that Jane[59] has. . . (illegible) what in the world could have

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Note 58 —Capt. Jordan of Luray. Clinton Jordan. From Margaret M. Pennybacker's War Memorial: "it was when the Brigade marched up and fought the cannoneers, at the first battle of Manassass that Capt. Clinton Jordan said they did not know that they could go back, but they pulled the cannoneers from their guns."

Note 59 — The Negro woman Jane. (See Reminiscences). She made plans to run off which were discovered so that her master sent her to near Richmond. Her children were kept at home. After the war she made her way back and hired herself to her former owner. Her children slept on the place but she, being now free, slept out and when the first Fourth of July came she took it off as a right.

There was another Jane in the family, the Van Nort Jane referred to in the Reminiscences. After her old master's death his daughter Ann LeHew Johnty's step-mother bought her in. He inherited Jane. He offered her services to Mrs. Boone who wrote to Johnty that she could not get along with her. He

(Continued on Page 136)

possessed the foolish creature to act as she did. I judge Alfred has acted like her. I am afraid you will be thrown entirely on your own resources. . . . . The drums of the other Regmts in the Brigade are beating and ours will sound soon I fear. There can be no general engagement at this time as the Yankees are on the other side of the river and Jackson will not throw his whole force across as it would be an unfavorable position for them. I sent a letter this morning to Madison Ct. H. for your Father. I expected to have it sent yesterday evening, but the gentleman by whom it would have been taken concluded to to remain. It was written in an ambuscade we had laid for the Yankees, but they failed to fall in the trap. We spent a whole day lying in the weeds but unfortunately for us they had fallen back beyond their original position so our labor was in vain.

I would like you if **possible** to send me a pair of officer's straps. They can be made from black velvet with gold lace trimming. I have sent on to Richmond for a pair but I prefer wearing straps that your dear hands have made as they would constantly keep you in my remembrance, but should the request give you **any trouble** do not comply with it as I can readily procure them elsewhere. I have understood that your old acquaintance Miss Tyler was at Culpepper Ct. H., whether she is still remaining there I do not know. Miss F. Stewart I presume is still remaining in F.R.

Our Regmt has been attached to Gen. Taliaferro's Brigade, at present we have but three regmts in it. Shoemaker's Battery is connected with us. I saw John Lovell yesterday on his way to Richmond, he looks well. James Williams has been elected a Lieut. in [Chew's] Battery. His health at present is not very good. It has been reported for some time with us that Capt. Williams was dead. If you know the facts of the case please write in order that I may tell Sam and George.

. . . . This war cannot continue much longer as it is carried on at too large a scale. By next winter I fondly hope to be with you . . . . Try and make of yourself in my absence a **good** housekeeper, it will give an additional charm to your many virtues

Note — 59 (Continued from Page 135)
then hired her out but she refused to work, saying she never intended to serve another person. In the dilemma she was put in jail. In a letter to Mrs. Boone dated Petersburg July 15, 1864: I have not heard a word of Jane since I ordered her sale but presume she has gone south where she ought to have been many a long day ago.

and strengthen the chain that binds us together. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

P. S. This letter was written on the 29th of April but could not be sent until the present moment. Capt. Young of Luray has promised to see it delivered to you. I am at present in Staunton and earnestly hope that our present move may result in the defeat of the Yankees in the Valley. I have heard nothing from John as yet. Your Father I presume has reached home safely by this time. . . . .

5

Harrisonburg
May 16th 1862

My Dear Wife.

I avail myself of the kindness of Lieut. Grabill of Woodstock to send you another letter. It will be forwarded to you as an occasion presents itself through their lines the Yankees having fallen down the Valley as far as Woodstock or Strasburg. The 17th Virginia was in the fight at Williamsburg and suffered so far as I can learn considerably. I have carefully examined the lists of killed and wounded and am extremely happy to inform you that John's name was in neither list, he has doubtless escaped unhurt. Should your Mother have heard nothing of the engagement, you had better perhaps not mention it to her, as it will I fear give her great uneasiness on John's account. You have doubtless heard of the battle near McDowell some thirty five miles west of Staunton, our loss in killed and wounded was between three and four hundred. Jackson pursued the Yankees as far as Franklin in Pendleton County. They lost all their stores and some fifty or sixty wagons. The loss of our Regmt. was trifling some 25 killed and wounded. Our brave Colonel was killed, struck in the forehead with a bullet and buckshot. I accompanied his remains to Harrisonburg. There was but one member of my company wounded, Miller by name and from Edinburg. I was not in the fight being confined to a room in Staunton by a severe cold accompanied by an almost total loss of my voice. I am happily rid of both complaints. . . . .

My Uncle Byrd died yesterday and is to be buried tomor-

(See Page 125 Letter 45)

row. The family were considerably annoyed by the Yankees, being crowed into **two rooms upstairs.** My sister says she was not in the least afraid of them and took no pains to conceal her real opinion of them. I hope it will not be long until I see you again. We will either be defeated or by the Yankees driven from the Valley before two weeks. There is every indication of the disposition of the Gov to hold the Valley at all hazards. A battle will soon be fought near Richmond. Should God give us success we will soon drive the invader from the soil of Va. Give my love to your Father and Mother. Tell them I think of them often and keenly share their interest in John. He is a noble, gallant boy and I earnestly hope he will escape the awful carnage that must soon redden the fields of the Peninsula. I hope my Dear Wife will **pray** for me daily, it would be a sweet consolation amid the trials and dangers of a Soldier's life to know that your sweet voice was raised in prayer to the throne of Mercy on my behalf. . . . (End of letter missing.)

6

See Appendix Page 244

Washington
June 2nd 1862

Dear Wife

I have but little hope of this letter ever reaching you, as I have never received an answer to my previous letters. I have understood that the mails were discontinued on the Manassas Road which may have prevented my letters from reaching you, and yours in return have failed to reach me from the same cause.

Sam and I are both well and as contented as circumstances will allow. We have met with many kind friends in Washington who have supplied every want. Some are personal friends, old school mates and University acquaintances, others friends of my Father whose acquaintance he formed whilst in Congress. You will please then give yourself no uneasiness on the score of my personal comfort. It is true that one does not in **Prison** meet with the comforts and luxuries of home, but being a **soldier** I do not miss them.

. . . . For fear that you may not have received my previous letters, I would again advise you to abstain from any subject not strictly **personal.** Otherwise I will not receive your letters. You had better give your letters to Mr. Fleming the Depot Agent at

F. Royal who will see that they are mailed. Direct to Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C. The regulations allow us but one page and I must consequently draw my letter to a close. Write as often as possible and be careful to follow instructions. May God bless you.

Your Loving Husband

G. B. Samuels

7

July 16th 1862
Fort Delaware

My Dear Wife

As I have failed to receive any reply to my numerous letters I judge you could not have received them. I will therefore send this letter to Winchester with instructions to Mr. P. Williams to forward it to you as soon as possible. I am in good health and spirits and have no particular cause of complaint further than my confinement and separation from you. I have a complete list of the killed, wounded and missing in the 17th Virginia in the recent battles in front of Richmond and it is with great pleasure I write to assure you that John is safe. You will see by the list what members of the Warren Rifles are killed, wounded and missing. Among the latter I am sorry to see Capt. Robt. Simpson. Where he is confined I am at present unable to say, but so soon as I learn I will write to him and get the particulars in regard to the company. Sam is well, though not improving much in flesh. This is generally the case with prisoners.

I sent this morning for a pair of shoes for yourself and mother and should I receive any money from my relatives in the West I will purchase such articles as you may need, if an opportunity presents itself for so doing. . . . We are suffering very much from the heat to day and I earnestly hope that both Governments will soon awake to the folly of keeping brave men cooped up like criminals. Should Secry Stanton and Randolph be confined together in a room they would soon come to an agreement upon the exchange of prisoners.

. . . . May God bless you my Dear Wife, is the constant prayer of

Your Devoted Husband
G. B. Samuels

8

Fort Delaware
July 25th 1862.

My Dear Wife,

I have forborne writing to you for sometime as no answer has ever been received to my numerous letters. I have however made an arrangement with Philip Williams of Winchester to forward my letter to you from that point. Should you receive this letter you will please let me know whether the mails are still continued on the Manassas Road, if so, my letters in future will be directed to you at Front Royal.

As you have probably seen by the newspapers an arrangement has been entered into by the Confederate and Federal Governments for a general exchange of prisoners. Possibly before this letter reaches you I may be on my way South. You must prepare your mind for a long separtion as it will be impossible for me to visit you until our armies drive the Federal force from the Valley of Virginia.

. . . . I have been unable to ascertain Capt. Simpson's place of confinement and have no means of ascertaining at this time. My wardrobe is in very good condition, owing my clothing to the kindness of my friends in Washington. I purchased an elegant pair of gaiters for yourself and mother a few days since, and will get many other articles for you if an opportunity is afforded me. Our life here is one of extreme monotony. The most irksome feature of prisoners life in not the simple fact of his confinement, but the **consciousness** that he is under duress, that his locomotion cannot be extended in the direction his fancy may wish to lead him. Write soon and often. Give my love to your Father and Mother. Confine your letter to strictly personal matters. May God bless you is the constant prayer of

Your loving hubsand

G. B. Samuels

9

Harrisonburg
August 19th 1862

Dear Wife.

I have had an opportunity unexpectedly offered me of sending you a few lines. I am in good health, having returned from Fort Delaware on the 5th of August. Our treatment was awful, some of the men were actually so starved as to be unable to walk. So far as Sam and myself were concerned our situation was much better, meeting with many kind and sympathizing friends.

I never received a single line from you during my whole confinement, and you may well imagine my anxiety about you. . . .

I would have started to my Regmt this morning but I understand the trains on the Central have been discontinued for the purpose of conveying troops to Gordonsville. John is at the latter named place, in fact our whole force nearly has left Richmond and we are in daily expectation of a decisive battle near Culpeper. All of our force left Gordonsville last Saturday with two days cooked rations and four in the wagons. John was well, having escaped so far without a scratch. I did not get to see him, though I saw others from his company.

Capt Simpson returned with me from the North, he is looking well, though some what thinner than usual. I have left with my sister several elegant pairs of shoes for you and your mother. I was unable to bring you more articles as it was with some difficulty I managed to smuggle these small articles through. Give my kindest regards to your Father and Mother. Tell your Father should he wish to move from F. Royal that I have on deposit in Richmond eleven hundred dollars which are entirely at his disposal. I hope he will not take the oath of allegiance **under any circumstances,** we had better sacrifice all before principle. Give my love to Charley and the hope that he is improved and does not annoy his mother as much as **formerly.** . . . May God bless you is the earnest and continual wish of

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

10

Strasburg
August 23rd 1862

Dear Wife.

You will please accompany the bearer a Mr. Setzar to Cousin G. A. Hupp's[60] at whose home I am now staying. I am afraid to go to Ft. Royal, for fear of being captured again. You will please bring my sword with you and several shirts and collars. You had better bring a small trunk with you and clothing sufficient to last you a week. Give my kindest love to your Father & Mother. It is needless to write further as I shall **see** and **talk** with you **to day.**

Yours Devotedly,

G. B. Samuels

11

Camp Bunker Hill
Oct. 11th 1862

My Dear Wife

You must not feel hurt by my long silence as it was entirely unavoidable on my part. Front Royal is such an out of the way place, that I have had no opportunity of sending a letter either by mail or by hand. I will direct this letter to John to forward to you. He will doubtless have opportunities of sending it as persons from F.R. will doubtless visit the Warren Rifles. I would have called to see John before this but have been prevented from so doing by a number of causes. Capt Kibler was engaged in making off the pay rolls of the Company and I was necessarily left in charge of the company. This week I have been detailed to sit in Court Martial which will prevent me from absenting myself from Camp. I am strongly in hopes that you have sent a letter by John. If not, do not fail to write me as often as you have the opportunity of so doing. I would send you some postage stamps if they could be gotten. I will receive any letter directed to Winchester 10th Va. Vols. 3rd Brigade 1st

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Note 60 — He was a lawyer and a man of large affairs in Strasburg. He was one of the executors of Judge Samuels' will and the guardian of his children.

Division Army of the Valley. Do not fail to write me as often as you have an opportunity of sending a letter to Winchester.

You can form no idea how aggravating it is to my feelings to be only 31 miles from my Dear Wife, and have no opportunity of either seeing or writing to her. Our Division is the Rear Guard of the Army, some 12 miles from Winchester. . . . .

. . . . You will please examine my papers and see upon what Bank in Richmond I hold a check for five or six hundred dollars, I deposited last spring eleven hundred dollars by Capt. Chrisman of this Regmt. in the Farmers and Exchange Banks. If the check you have is for $500 on the Exchange Bank I have six hundred on the Farmers and vice versa. After doing this you will please take two notes in writing of the fact. Keep one yourself and forward the other to me.

Give my kindest regards to your Father and Mother also Master Charley. I have tried to get you a Calicoe but have failed to do so and am afraid it will be impossible to procure it. If you have not received the shoes and other articles left in Annie's care, you had better send for them immediately. Should the army fall back which is very probable you will be cut off from Harrisonburg . . . . I must draw my letter to a close as it is growing dark and I must write to John to forward this letter to you

Your Affect. Husband

G. B. Samuels

12

Camp Bunker Hill
Oct. 24th

Dear Wife

. . . . I can receive letters from **you** by having them mailed at Winchester to this direction, 10th Va. Vols. 3rd Brigade Jackson's Old Division. . . . . Our Division has been on almost constant duty since I left you, otherwise I might have written more frequently. We have utterly destroyed the B & O R. Road for 12 or 14 miles which will prevent the Yankee from using it for at least six months. The rails were placed on the cross ties, which were fired and the heat from the fires bent then (them) the ties on fire for miles, hundreds of our men moving in all rendering them useless. It was a beautiful spectacle at night;

directions around the fires, and the bright lights glancing on their muskets. It will bring however many innocent families in Baltimore and Washington to misery this winter. This road supplying them chiefly with coal.

. . . . I have heard or seen nothing from John since my return to the Army. I judge however that he is well. I wish you to examine my trunk and all my clothes to see if there is any pair of gloves suitable to wear in the army. If so please send them. If you want you can knit me a pair of woolen gloves. It is getting quite cold at night. Especially when you are so unfortunate as to be without a fly or tent. We will receive tents in a day or two I hope. I lay many times at night looking up at the cold stars, thinking of my Dear little wife at home, soundly asleep no doubt in her warm comfortable bed. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

P. S. Treat the gentleman who hands you this with kindness.

13

Near Berryville
Nov 1st 1862

My Dear Wife

. . . . You speak of not sending my flannel drawers until I come for them. I hope you do not think that it would require any such inducement to bring me to you . . . . I am at the present about twenty **miles from you,** but were I across the Atlantic it would not be more impossible for me to visit you at present. **No more** furloughs are granted except on surgeon's certificate of inability to do military duty. And of course you do not wish me to get sick and have the trouble of nursing me. I cannot of course do as many of the men, **leave** without permission for a few days and return. I would be eternally disgraced if brought before Court Martial. So you must rest contented with the promise that if it is **possible** to see you I will be with you.

I am glad to hear that the gaiters fit your Mother. Were yours too small? I am afraid to send you any money by letter as the mails are so very insecure. As soon as an opportunity presents itself I will send you Confederate notes.

My clothing at Col. Magruder's was saved. It was not deposited with the rest of the baggage of the Regmt. but was kept in the main house. I will need no socks, but knit me a pair of yarn gloves. Do this as soon as possible. Cold weather will soon be on us. I will be twenty three tomorrow and yourself twenty on the 16th of the present month. God grant that we may lead a long and happy [life] together.

. . . . Camp life is becoming terribly boring. We have scarcely the necessities of life let alone the luxuries. We are having a review of the troops of this Division to day. It would pain you to see the wretched condition of our troops. Dirty, **Ragged** and **Lousy.** But thank God, dress does not constitute **the soldier.** It is the brave heart, the strong arm nerved in the righteous cause that has made these men so repeatedly victorious over superior numbers. In your last letter you addressed me as belonging to Comp. **B.** I belong to Comp. **F.** I shall not send this letter to John's care as I understand that his Division is near F.R. You must excuse the appearance of the paper. It has been carried for over a month in my knapsack.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

14

Nov. 8th 1862

My Dear Wife.

I write you this letter from Mr. McKay's, having reached here yesterday evening on my way to F.R. You cannot imagine my great disappointment after walking 15 miles through the cold and snow, to have all my sweet hopes of seeing you in a few **hours** at the utmost, brought so summarily to an end. My leave of absence from Camp would have allowed me a stay of four or five days. I will start back to Camp so soon as I have finished my letter, but should an opportunity present itself of seeing you during our stay in the Valley I will leave no exertion untried.

Should you wish it and your Parents think it advisable, do not fail to come out of the Yankee lines this Winter, if we go into Winter Quarters North of Harrisonburg, at which place I can secure you boarding at some of my relations'. I have left be sent you so soon as an opportunity is presented.

. . . . May God bless you My Dear Wife, is the constant prayer of

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

15

Guinea Station
Dec. 8th 1862

My Dear Wife.

. . . . Everything is quiet here at present and with no immediate prospect of a fight so far as we can see. I am very anxious on account of the rumors that have reached us of the occupation of Winchester by the Yankees. I trust that if it is true it will not prevent me from hearing from you. . . . Do not fail to let me hear from Charley. I trust he is well by this time. I am nearly well of the cold that I have been suffering with. In case you find an opportunity of communicating with Mr. Hupp, do not fail to give him one hundred dollars to be paid to Harvey Hoover's mother or his brother, or the executor of his estate. We have had a snow of an inch or two and it is quite cold. I manage however to sleep warm at nights between two big soldiers and have cause to be thankful as my condition is infinitely better than many other soldiers. I presume the snow is of much greater depth with you than with us. I have no apprehension however of your freezing.

George Magruder's wife has had a baby. No doubt he feels quite proud of his honour.

I can write you nothing of the condition of our army as we are stuck away in the brush and see nothing of the outside world. Love to all the members of the family.

Yours Devotedly

G. B. Samuels

16

Guinney's Station
Dec 9th 1862

My Dear Wife

. . . . I am very glad to hear that the Yankees have left Winchester. I earnestly hope the mail communications will not be cut off between us this winter. There is nothing of special interest in the Richmond Papers, further than the Emperor Napoleon has proposed intervention to the other powers which was not accepted by them. We augur favorably of this act however, looking upon it as the beginning of the end.

. . . . I wrote a day or two since to Cousin C. C. Strayer, Cashier of the Bank of Rockingham to invest the money I have in Richmond in Confederate Stock. I think it the best thing that can be done under existing circumstances. Do not fail to give me John' address. Should there be any interruption in the mails I will write to him and have my letters forwarded to you as his opportunities will doubtless be much better than mine. Give John my love. I understand that White's Battalion lost some fifty men killed wounded and prisoners. I hope Captain Grabill was not in the number. I judge John has returned to his company. If I could be satisfied that the 7th Va. Cav. would remain in the Valley I would resign and get a transfer to it, as it would bring me nearer you. But there is so much uncertainty in military movements that I might lose a good situation and still be no nearer you. We are drawing much better rations this side of the mountain than in the Valley. We move our Camp tomorrow to go into Winter quarters, that is, if the Yankees will allow us to do so. I am afraid we will have but poor accommodations this winter. I carry your daguerrotype inside of my vest next to my heart, and every time I turn on my left side at night I am **obliged** to think of you, as the edges of the case are none of the smoothest.

The gloves you knit me I find of very great service, and independent of the fact that you knit them, I prize them very highly for their comfort.

Yours Devotedly

G. B. Samuels

17

Guinney Station
Dec 11th 1862

My Dear Wife,

This makes the fourth letter I have written you since leaving F. Royal, but have not received one in reply. I do not complain of this however as no letters have been received by any member of the Regmt. since leaving the Valley. It must be the fault of P. Office Department. I write this letter simply to give you the **news.** The enemy attempted to cross the Rappahannock to day and have been repulsed with tremendous slaughter. It was the most awful can[no]nading I have ever heard at times exceeding fifty shots **per minute.** During the night the enemy threw Pontoon bridge two thirds of the way across the river. But fortunately for us their attempt was discovered in time and instead of meeting an unsuspecting foe, they found Longstreet prepared to give them welcome. I can give you no certain details of the fight, as everything with us even is still unsatisfactory. But in the main I judge my story is correct; our Corps was not brought into action. However we are prepared to move at a moments warning and tomorrow will doubtless [reveal] the real intentions of the enemy. You may look for stirring times soon and may God grant a final and decisive victory to our arms. I will keep you informed of everything of interest transpiring with us. Do you do the same with me, and I will have the satisfaction of reading the most delightful **newspaper** in the world and paying nothing for it. I am **very anxious** to hear from you, we seem to be **entirely** separated from each other. But God knows my heart warms many many times during the long days with thoughts of you.

Our lot is hard, but we must try and bear it with all our fortitude. A long and happy future is in store for us I fondly hope.

My life in the army is one long day dream of you and plans four our future happiness. I often laugh at myself at the thought; if others knew my thoughts, what a silly fellow they would take me to be. But I am sure their can be no weakness in loving with all one's heart a true and devoted wife. I am afraid we have but little chance of seeing each other speedily. We must live on in hopes. There is no telling what may happen and fortune may kindly favor us. Give my kindest regards to your Father &

Mother. I hope Master Charley has recovered and may be included also.

The boys are all in high glee to night having been paid off to day and our arms again crowned with success. Good bye. May God bless my darling wife is the constant prayer of

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

18

Camp Guinea Station

My Dear Wife

We have been so constantly on the march since I left you that I have had no opportunity until today of sending you a line. We are camped at present on the Fredericksburg and Richmond R. Road about one mile from Guinea station. The enemy in our front (which is at Fredericksburg) are quiet, the pickets not even firing on each other; there is but little prospect of a speedy advance on their part in this direction, as it would be extremely hazardous to attempt the passage of the river in the face of our army. Fredericksburg is entirely deserted by the citizens. The barns and churches throughout the country crowded with helpless refugees. I am fearful they will suffer terribly this winter. I am quite well with the exception of a slight cold, and have stood the marches better than I have ever done. The nights are getting quite cold and sleeping on the ground is by no means as comfortable as a feather bed at home. We keep up big fires at night and manage to keep warm enough to sleep some.

I think of you every moment in the day and lament more and more the necessity that separates me from your pleasant company . . . . Tell John should he be at home that I have **bragged** some on **our** big haul of fish, by the by I would have no objection to a mess of them now. Hoping for a speedy answer, I remain your

Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

P. S. Address me 10th Va. 3rd Brigade 1st Division, Jackson's Corps Guinea Station.

19

Rappahannock
Dec. 18th 1862

My Dear Wife.

I received your letter, containing the sad intelligence of little Charley's death last Sunday. I have been but seldom if ever, more affected. The letter was handed me upon the ever memorable **battle field** of Fredericksburg amongts [sic] the thousands of dead and dying lying around me, and I assure you my heart went up in a prayer of gratitude to God that the bitterness of your affliction was not heightened by the loss of your husband. The 1st Division was not actively engaged in the battle being held in reserve. Our loss was consequently slight. We were however ordered forward to charge their batteries and had there been but a single hour of day light left we could have turned their repulse into an utter rout. As it was they lost immensely in men and small arms and in consequence of our not pursuing them they escaped with their cannon. I will not attempt however to give you a description of this remarkable battle, as you have doubtless seen full accounts of it in the papers. I will only say that a battle was fought that might have terminated the war could the power have been given our Generals, like Joshua of old, to have stayed the sun an hour or two in its course; as it now stands, we will soon again meet in battle on some other field and God grant the victory be with us. I am glad to hear that poor Charley's death was at least a painless one. Try and console yourself with the reflection that he has gone from a world of pain and trouble to a better one above the skies. God grant that we so shape our course as to be worthy of meeting him in **his home** above.

I would have answered both of your letters immediately, but did not have the opportunity of doing so as we were separated from the wagons and without paper. I am very sorry to hear that you are **sick** but do not understand the **nature** of your complaint. Please be more explicit in your next. I scarcely know how to act in regard to your leaving home. So far as I am concerned it would be agreeable to my feelings of course, for you to be in some place, where I could be in communication with you, at least by letter. But to be frank with you my life is exposed to so many dangers, that I can scarcely consent for you to leave home. And should anything befall me I am sure you could bear it better at home than among strangers. You might go to Harrisonburg and stay with Annie. She and all my relations would be delighted to see you. I have no earthly objections to your going to Harrisonburg and in fact would **prefer** your doing so as it would be a favorable opportunity of making the acquaintance of my relations. You must also remember my Dear Wife that it is not customary for young women to travel about from place to place without some male protector. Please let me know in your next letter whether it is agreeable to your wishes to go to Harrisonburg and if so, I will [make] arrangements with Annie. . . . I will get your mother a mourning dress if I can possibly do so. The great difficulty I apprehend would be in sending it to F.R.

Major Stover has just reached the Regmt. from the Valley. He fears that the Yankees are already in possession of the lower valley and he thinks it doubtful if this letter will ever reach you. He expects to return to morrow and if so, I will send my letter to G. A. Hupp to forward it to you from Strasburg.

The Yankess have withdrawn their forces on the opposite side of the river, being satisfied with their attempt on our lines. The day after the battle they sent a flag of truce to us asking permission to bury their dead. It was the grandest sight I ever saw at least forty thousand of the enemy in full sight; their front line not more than five hundred yards from us, with all their batteries in position ready to begin the work of death. We were drawn up behind the R. Road bank and would have mowed them down by the thousands had they only advanced upon us. That night under cover of the darkness they left the field. Our Division is now engaged in watching a ford some 8 miles below Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock. It is quite cold, nothing like as comfortable as living in a house. We manage, however, to keep from freezing. I was quite unfortunate having lost or stolen from me both pair of gloves you knit me. I must try and get another pair somewhere. . . . Should the Yankess get into F. Royal before you hear from me again, leave F.R. if you can and go to Uncle Isaac Coffman's where Annie is staying, and make with her any further arrangements you may think proper. May God bless my Dear Wife is the constant prayer of your

Devoted Husband
G. B. Samuels

20

Rappahannock
Dec. 20th 1862

My Dear Wife

. . . . Your precious letter of the 15th has been received. Your condition gives me both pain and pleasure, pain at the thought of the sufferings you will have to endure. Pleasure at the thought that our unborn child will unite us still closer together. God grant that the pains of your heaviness, be amply repaid in the love of a dutiful and affectionate child. As I mentioned in my former letter, I received the sad intelligence of little Charley's death upon the bloody battle field of Fredericksburg. It was the day after the battle. The two armies lay facing each other with five hundred yards and in full view. The enemy sent in a flag of truce, for permission to bury their dead, which was not granted. It was during the cessation of the firing that Dr. Campbell came on the field with the mail of the Regmt. and your letter amongst it.

I little thought two years ago that I should ever receive a letter from you as my wife upon one of the bloodiest field[s] of battle the sun ever shone. I could have counted within full view of me hundreds of dead bodies and could distinctly hear the groans of the wounded and dying, shivering with cold even in their death agony. Truth is stranger than fiction. What a contrast, a letter breathing the most affectionate interest in my welfare from a beloved wife, full of the pure atmosphere of home and closing with the tenderest prayer for my safety from both **physical** and **spiritual** dangers, and a bloody battle field, full of its unburied dead. I cannot guard myself again[s]t physical dangers should it be God's will that I fall, but I will try for **your sake** to make myself worthy in some degree of the wealth of love and affection you bear me (See Appendix Page 245).

. . . . I have written this making the fifth or sixth letter to you since leaving F. Royal and up to the 15th of the present month you had only received but one. I will continue to write however as long as I receive letter from you. My letters may possibly go to Strasburg, coming down the Valley instead of by C.C. House or Luray. The letter I sent you yesterday will go to Strasburg and be forwarded to you from Mr. Richardson who I understand sends to Strasburg for his mail.

. . . . We have had very cold weather of late and many of the soldiers are suffering. I manage however to keep myslf warm enough to sleep at nights. We have to lay uncomfortably close however. I lay in the middle and of very cold nights am nearly squeezed to death. . . . [I hope the war will not last until cold weather comes again or it will freeze all my patriotism out of me. . . .] (See Appendix Letters Lucy Lovell and G. A. Hupp).

Your Affectionate Husband

G. B. Samuels

21

Dec. 30th 1862

My Dear Wife.

I have failed writing my usual number of letters of late to you, owing to the fact of the Regmt. being on picket for seven days and the occupation of Strasburg by the Yankees. I ernestly hope that our mail communication will not be interrupted again this winter. I hope your health is better now than at the date of your last letter. You can form no idea of the distress your suffering gives me. I long so much to be with you once again if only for an hour or two. Though but a hundred miles distant I seem to be a thousand. We can hear of or see no one from the **dear old Valley.** . . . I have been promoted since the date of my last letter and am now Brigader Inspector General. A high sounding title but amounting to but little more than my present rank, though giving me infinitely more power, and elevating me to the dignity of a **horse** and quartering with a Brigadier General.

I have a beautiful little horse and elegant accountrements. Fortunately for me Dr. Moreson received a transfer to one of the hospitals at Vicksburg Mississippi which compelled him to sell his horse and accoutrements The horse, saddle and bridle cost me $275.00, on hundred dollars cheaper perhaps than I could have otherwise purchased them for.

The battle in the Southwest will doubtless begin tomorrow. Should we give them an overwhelming defeat **peace** cannot be far distant. The conservative element in the North has already begun its attacks on the Yankee President and his administration and a defeat at present cannot but have the disastrous effect upon them.

. . . . May God bless you, my Dear Wife, is the constant prayer of

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

P. S. You will still address me as Lieut.

22

Camp Skinker
Jan. 7th, 1863

My Dear Wife.

I wrote you yesterday, sending the letter to John Lehew to be forwarded to you by private conveyance, supposing that the mail had been discontinued between F.R. and Luray. I have just concluded a letter to Annie stating that I had made arrangements with Uncle Isaac, Aunt Maggie's husband for you to stay this winter in Harrisonburg. Annie will remain in Woodstock until you are prepared to go. You had better let her know if possible at what time you will be prepared to go.

. . . . You may get me a pair of gloves like Sam's a little smaller however. Tell your mother I am much obliged to her for the hat she designed giving me, and that she made the same disposition of it that I would have done had I been in F.R. I have an excellent hat which I believe will last me through the war. Tell John that he cannot think himself unlucky as his burn gives him a furlough. I believe I will set fire to the woods and burn myself also. Love to all the family. I am sorry to hear of Linda's death.[61] Life however could have had but few pleasure for her afflicted as she was. Good bye. Write as soon as you receive this.

Yours Devotedly

G. B. Samuels

Note 61 — Linda was laid in a walnut coffin instead of the customary pine one for servants. The negro burying ground was on the red clay bluff to the east of the Happy Creek bridge. Linda was buried in the Van Nort family graveyard. She died January 1st, 1863, the day of the Emancipation Proclamation.

23

Camp Skinker
Jan 19th 1863

My Dear Wife.

I send this letter by one of the members of my company to Woodstock, in hopes as it is only twenty four miles from you, that it may reach you by some good chance. You can form no idea how anxious I am to hear from you. I am foolish enough at times to think that all kinds of ills have befallen you, and that your long silence is due to illness and not to the want of mail communications between Luray and F. Royal.

I have made all the arrangements for your staying in Harrisonburg this winter; Aunt [Maggie] says she will be glad to have you with her if you can content yourself with the **substantials** of life. I am glad that you will have an opportunity of making the acquain[tance] of your relations and especially that you you will learn to love Annie even better than you now do. Annie is indeed a sweet dispositioned girl, with many loving traits about her and I **know** by sweet experience what you are. I was telling a friend of mine (who is also acquainted with you) that I had been married nearly a year and that I never had had the slightest cause to repent the step of my early marriage. This is indeed true, and as he justly said you are one of the most amiable and loving women I have ever met. . . .

Your Devoted Husband
G. B. Samuels

24

Camp Skinker
Jan 23rd 1863

My Dear Wife,

I have been laboring under a mistake the last three weeks in supposing there was no mail between Luray & F. Royal. I have been sending my letters to Woodstock to be forwarded to you by private hands which will account to you for my seeming neglect. When you go to Woodstock you will find two letters there for you, one with Cousin Green and one in the hands of Martin Mily living a mile or two from Woodstock. John Lehew also has one for you. I send this letter to Luray by Capt Young, he tells me the Yankees were in F.R. a day and a half. . . .

The enemy are very quiet across the river and the recent fall of rain will compel them to remain so whether they wish it or not. The boys engage them in conversation frequently and their witticisms are quite amusing. I will write you nothing about our army as my letter might possibly fall into the wrong hands. I can only say that we are prepared for any emergency. The general health of the army is good and the men are better clothed than they have ever been, I am very much afraid the people about F.R. will scarcely raise enough to eat the coming summer. Our fare in the Army is not so good as formerly only a quarter of a pound of salt meat being allowed a day. The horses can get nothing to eat but corn and the consequence of it is, that many of them are much reduced. . . .

Your Devoted Husband
G. B. Samuels

25

Camp Skinker
Feb 13th 1863

My Dear Wife,

. . . . Give my thanks to your Mother for the Gloves. You might send them to John Lehew with directions to let me hear from him. I traded Kate off the other day for a horse called **Brandy,** he is a splendid animal he paces delightfully, canters beautifully and in every respect would just suit you. I have been offered four hundred dollars for him. By the by, Cousin C. Strayer in Harrisonburg has my Confederate Bonds amounting to eleven hundred dollars.

I am very sorry that you were disappointed in your efforts to get to Woodstock. Do not go by yourself to Luray, there are so many scoundrels floating through the country that you might be insulted. Let me hear how you are getting along. I am so much afraid I may not be with you next August. Try and take every care of yourself. Exercise yourself in every reasonable way. It will be so much the easier with you. Write as soon as you receive this letter.

Your Devoted Husband
G. B. Samuels

26

Camp Skinker
Feb 16th 1863

My Dear Wife.

. . . . I received the Guantlets your mother gave me. They fit me charmingly and are just the things to excite the envy of all mounted officers. Please return to your Mother my most sincere thanks. Give me a full account of everything connected with your trip from F.R. to Harrisonburg. I am sorry that Annie is not with you as you are well acquainted with her and your time would be more agreeably spent.

Col. Warren tells me that he told you, in my accepting the position of Inspector General, that I obligated myself to forego all efforts to get a furlough, this of course is not so. I would not accept any position however exalted that would debar me from all chance of seeing you. But however unpleasant it may be to you, I cannot but tell you that I see **no hope** of getting a furlough, my only chance consists in being wounded or sick. I would willingly take a slight wound if it would give me a furlough. I long so much to see you and have a **long long** talk. . . . I hope you will visit Aunt Bettie Hopkins and Uncle Strayer down on the river. You will be treated with every kindness and I doubt not, but that your amiable disposition will please my relatives.

You will find Cousin Juliet Strayer, Aunt Maggie's sister, quite a pleasant woman. She has always treated me with every kindness and no doubt you will be at all times kindly welcomed. I earnestly hope your stay in Rockingham will be pleasant; should it not be do not hesitate to return home as soon as you think proper. Tell me [who] came up with you from F.R., and everything connected with your trip. I hope your headache was only temporary, I presume you have made an **examination** since sleeping in **Hotel beds;** if not I advise you to do so. I wish you had my Horse to ride, he paces delightfully and is just the size for you; if you are a pretty good equestrian you shall ride him when I return home.

I wrote your mother a letter some few days since but have not received an answer as yet. Write to John and learn from him the **letter** and **Regiment** of Capt. Samuel B. Myer's company of Cavalry belonging to Genl. Jones command. Tell me also the **letter** and **Regiment** John belongs to. My object in making these inquiries is to enable me to collect one hundred and Eighty dollars owed me by Jessie Neuland [Jesse Newland] a member of Capt. Myer's [Myers'] company. Do not fail to attend to this. We have had quite a rainy season of late; there is no indication of a speedy advance of the enemy, on the contrary they are said to be falling back. No doubt we shall have a battle as soon as the condition of the roads will admit of an advance. My health is very good, although at times I am troubled with a slight headache, which is attributable I presume to the diet. Our Army is increasing rapidly and I doubt not but that we have ninety thousand fighting men. Quite sufficient to route our cowardly invaders. Should you not hear from me regularly do not attribute it to negligence but to want of paper. It is almost impossible to get any. Col. Warren tells me that you are looking well. You could not have been as sick as I thought you were. I hope your **situation** will not prevent you from enjoying yourself. I suppose Aunt Mag will teaze you unmercifully as soon as she finds it out. Take good care of yourself, write soon and aften.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

27

Camp Skinker
Feb. 21st 1863

My Dear Wife.

As Cousin Abe will start for Harrisonburg tomorrow, I will send you another letter. . . . Bear up under our separation for a few months longer and all will be well. The war cannot last over six **months** and God willing we will have many happy **years** before us. A third of the Army has already left here and their is strong indications of more divisions leaving. The troops that have left are from Longstreet's Corps, and judging from this fact our Corps will probably be the last to leave. We know nothing certain as to the destination of the troops, it is generally believed that they have gone to N. Carolina. We all believe here that the enemy are going to transfer the war from Va. I would be heartily rejoiced if such were the case. The country here is already exhausted of supplies and it would not surprise me if we did not **have** to move for want of forage. Our fare is very bad some days we are out of meat & live on bread. The men are even worse off than the officers, at no time getting more than 1/5 pound of salt meat per day. We all bear up under it cheerfully as we feel assured that our privation cannot last very long. It is getting so dark that I must forego writing for a while until the candle is lit.

I judge that Annie has returned to Harrisonburg by this time, and no doubt you both are learning to love each other devotedly. Do not forget to pay her for the gloves she sent me from Woodstock. Tell her that she must accept the money. Should you need any money do not fail to give me timely notice and I will send it to you. My pay is nine hundred and sixty dollars a year, we must try and live within that amount, so that when the war is over and we start for **Texas,** we will have but little difficulty in collecting a handsome sum. I have been offered four hundred and twenty five dollars for my horse. As soon as I can get him fat he will be a beautiful animal. All agree in pronouncing him a splendid horse, he would suit you exactly, if you are a pretty good rider. I have never seen you on horseback, and if you are not too **matronly** by the time the war is over, I will keep him for you. The 17th Va is in Picketts Div, which is one of the Div that has left here. Should you see John give him my kindest regards. I have not received an answer as yet from my letter to your mother. If it is agreeable to her wishes I will correspond with her regularly. You spoke of my not mentioning Cousin Juliet Strayer to you before this time. I recommended her to you in my last letter. She has always treated me with the greatest kindness and is now doubly dear to me for her treatment of my wife. Aunt Maggie is rather peculiar in her disposition and I need not recommend to you forebearance in your intercourse with her. I cannot for a moment think that she would intentionaly slight you. I am very anxious for you to become acquainted with Cousin Annie Strayer; you will find her one of the kindest and best hearted girls in the world; connected with the best of hearts she has also a strong, well cultivated mind. Annie will tell you all about her.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

28

Camp Skinker
Feb. 23rd 1863

My Dear Wife.

Capt Kibler will go down the Valley on furlough and will leave this letter in Harrisonburg. I sent one letter by Cousin Abe.

There is nothing of special interest connected with the army, further than that other Divisions have left here, and in a few days probably no troops will be left here, beyond Jackson's Corps. We have had quite a disagreeable spell of weather, the last few days. The snow is now lying on the Ground to the depth of six inches. Fortunately for my comfort I am quartered in a house, and consequently do not experience the bitterness of the weather. I sleep with Dr. Campbell. We are well supplied with bed clothes and have also a straw tick to lie upon. [3 words almost illegible]

The soldiers on picket suffer intensely such weather, it is almost incredible to believe that human nature can endure such exposure. It is generally believed that the enemy are leaving the opposite side of the river and it is probable there will be no engagement between the two armies this side of the James. You can form no conception of the monotony of Camp life at present. We have nothing to do but think of loved ones far distant from us. It is best to be cheerful if we can and we generally strive to stifle our melancholy by thinking that our separation cannot last many months longer, if we succeed in repulsing the enemy in his first attempts this spring. . . .

Your Devoted Husband
G. B. Samuels

29

Camp Skinker
Feb. 25th 1863

My Dear Wife.

. . . . I received a very kind and affectionate letter from your Father yesterday. They were all well, John got home the day my letter was mailed. He was on picket duty at the time some eight miles from F.R. Your mother intends returning to Loudoun for her groceries and other articles which she was prevented from bringing through. Up to the date of your father's letter they had heard nothing from you. I learned from Col. Walker who reached here yesterday that you stayed with him in New Market. He mentions that you were put in the same room at the Hotel with a woman of not very reputable character. Let me hear about it in your next letter. I was apprehensive that you might meet with some disagreeable companions in your journey. You must not think of going back to F.R. without a suitable escort and stop at the houses of some of my friends. I am sorry that you cannot give up the idea of my getting a furlough. It is utterly impossible for me to do so. You seem to think strange of it that others can get furlough and I cannot. In making application for a furlough, it must be stated by applicant whether he has ever received a furlough, and **if so,** a hundred to one it is refused; in addition to this the duties of my office are of such a character as not to be readily performed by another, and more than all this I am now acting in the absence of Major Taliaferro in the double capacity of Adjutant & Inspector General. Please do not accuse me of not wishing to see you. And for a still stronger reason than any I have mentioned above, it would be inexpedient for me at this particular time to accept a furlough, if one were possible. The reason is this. An officer or private who on one pretext and another continually leaves camp, never has the **respect** of his comrades. I could not at present consistently ask Col Warren's approval to a furlough, as he has always treated me with every kindness, and now in the absence of his Adjutant General I am the only officer left to assist him. . . . I received your letter announcing the fact of your sending the money to Mr. Hupp for Mrs. Hoover. Let me know the gentleman's name by whom it was sent. . . .

. . . . I am **sorry** to hear that you still continue that abominable habit of lacing. It is at all times prejudicial to health, but **extremely** so under existing circumstances. Try and forego the habit, remembering that above all things you ought to govern your habits, so as to insure the **health** and **proper development** of your child. . . . You speak of sending me some shirts, do so as soon as you can. I will need for summer use at least three if you can obtain the material. My winter shirts will be too warm. You will please pay Annie for the shirts she sent me and as soon as you need any money write to me. Tell Annie that she must take you down to Uncle Strayer's on the river and to Uncle John Hopkin's [Hopkins']. You will be delighted with a visit to either place. Try and enjoy yourself to the utmost and do not think of our separation too much.

. . . . Give my love to Aunt Mag and Cousin Juliet. Uncle Ike has made application for a furlough. What success he will meet with I cannot tell. May God, bless you.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

30

Camp Skinker
Feb. 27th 1863

My Dear Wife.

Uncle Isaac tells me that Aunt Mag writes that you are **extremely** anxious to see me. I am very sorry to hear that you are making yourself miseable on my account. I scarcely know how to act in the matter, my feelings and the promptings of my heart dictate to me to use every possible exertion to obtain a furlough, but my sense of **duty** and my **interests** imperatively require me to remain. I am under many obligations to Col Warren for his past kindness and it would not be treating him exactly right to ask for a furlough at this particular time, as the Adjutnat-General of the Brig is absent on furlough and I am the only staff officer present for duty. In addition to this I have the duties of my own office to perform, which are of such a peculiar nature as not to admit readily of a substitute. Besides the reasons already adduced I have still another reason which would make it entirely inexpedient that I should leave at this particular time. My Position as Brig Inspector is not as yet permanent, and as we are daily expecting a Brigadier Genl to be appointed to this Brig, it is highly expedient that I should be present when he comes. I have strong friends who will exert themselves in my behalf and it is necessary that I should second them in their efforts. Should they succeed I will be regularly commissioned as Brig Inspr with increased rank. I hope you will understand the embarrassments of my position and believe me when I say nothing in the world would give me greater pleasure than to spend a few days with you. But I am sure your good sense cannot wish me to sacrifice an opportunity for promotion and the safety of my life and limb, solely for the fleeting pleasure of my company for a few hours. And more than this I am in **duty** bound to remain here at this particular time. Write soon and often.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

31

Camp Skinker
March 2nd 1863

My Dear Wife.

Uncle Isaac has just received his furlough, and as he will probably start early tomorrow morning I will write you a line or two though it is quite late. . . .

Our fare the last week or ten days has been awful. We have been drawing such miserable pork that it is impossible to eat it. We have been living off of bread and gravy.

Don't grieve yourself about this, I have become so accustomed to indifferent fare that I don't mind it.

. . . . I hope the war will be over before the important **event** occurs and that I may be with you to nurse and care for you.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

32

Camp Skinker
March 7th 1863

My Dear Wife,

. . . . I will try and make some arrangements by which I may get a furlough for a few days. There was a bill offered in Congress the other day authorizing the President to appoint Brigade Inspectors. Should the bill pass, I will get the recommendation of the Col. of the Brigade for a permanent appointment as Brig. Inspr. with the commission of Capt. I have the assurance of Col. Warren that he will use his influence with Gov. Letcher to secure me the position. Say nothing about my hopes, they may prove fallacious and it would be mortifying for my nearest relatives to know my disappointment. But as you are **my wife** I think it best to keep no secrets from you. I told Uncle Ike to explain to you the peculiarities of my position which prevented my making application for a furlough, do not think that I am too prolix in regard to this matter. I love you so devotedly that I cannot endure the thought that you should have the **slightest** cause to doubt my faith. . . .

If I have an opportunity I will send you fifty or a hundred dollars. The mails are so insecure that I cannot trust it in a letter. You must not think that this letter has been opened. I intended to send you a letter a few days since by mail, but an opportunity was afforded of sending it by hand I concluded to save the stamp. I am much obliged to you for sending the paper to me, it has not been received as yet but will probably come to day.

The wind is blowing terribly to day, drying up the roads. Should this weather continue a few days longer, we will probably hear something from the Yankees Write soon and **often**

Your Devoted Husband

G.B.S.

P. S. . . . . We have had quite a severe gale of wind this evening and a brisk shower. The spring is evidently coming on. The robins have come and the grass has begun to grow. I presume the season is not quite so far advanced in the Valley . . . . I will try and get a furlough as soon as I can make arrangements for securing my position. My appointment as it now stands is from Genl. Jackson, to be permanent it will have to come from the Sectr. of War.

. . . . Tell me something about your new dresses. I suppose your Mother brought you something from Baltimore.[62] I have

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Note 62 — Mrs. Boone ran the blockade twice. The first time she went only to Loudoun County and brought her "goods" back with her. This was about the time of the Battle of Fredericksburg, in the winter of 1862. During her absence there was a rumor in town that Lieut. Samuels had been killed. In her diary Miss Lucy Rebecca Buck speaks of this. First came Aunt Ann LeHew to break the dreadful news to Kattie. She only wept and could not explain but then she often shed tears— Jane, her cook, was causing her so much trouble. Dr. Berry and Mr. Lovell were announced as being in the parlor. They told what Aunt Ann could not. It was rumored that Green had been killed. All that night Kattie and her Cousin Jane Jones sat up by the fireplace with one candle on the mantlepiece. Preparations were made for the journey to Woodstock when a note came from Mr. Hupp stating positively that the rumor was false.

On her second trip for goods, Mrs. Boone went to Baltimore. She left there on Jan. 28, 1863, "having furnished the customs officers sufficient and satisfactory proof of good faith and loyalty to the United States Government permission granted to the said Mrs. Boone to transport over the Baltimore never worn the gloves she gave me but intend keeping them until next summer. I did not send to Richmond for a new uniform as Cousin Abe supposed. My uniform is pretty good yet and will answer some months yet. Uniforms are very expensive costing **$200.00.** I will buy this spring a couple of grey blankets and have them made into a uniform, it will be much cheaper. As I am soon to be a man of **family** I must learn economy. If Annie has returned from Mt. Jackson give her my love and tell her to write to me sometimes. . . . Give my love to Uncle Ike & Aunt Mag. May God bless you my own dear Wife.

Your Devoted Husband

G.B.S.

33

Camp Skinker
March 9th 1863.

My Dear Wife.

. . . . I am sorry to hear that Annie is prevented from going to Harrisonburg, as my chief desire for your visiting Rockingham was to form her acquaintance. Mt. Jackson is certainly **within** our lines and I cannot see the reason of preventing any communication between two points within our lines. I hope Cousin Abe will succeed in his endeavors and you both be together the remainder of your stay in Rockingham.

I send you $70.00. The amount is small and you must not think that I have been extravagant. My horse and accoutrements cost me $425.00. I am spending but little money and that only for necessaries. I hope one day to be in a position to gratify your every wish.

I will have the cloth for a coat, vest, and pants. I do not know where I can get the lining and buttons. The cloth is bought from the Gov and is exceedingly cheap, costing but twenty dol-

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and Ohio Railroad the articles herewith enumerated for the exclusive use of her family and for no other purpose whatever." The goods included mostly black cloth for mourning. (See Appendix). They reached their destination in a large packing case. Mrs. Lovell bought black material. Annie Samuels was afraid to put on mourning because she was not certain she could continue doing so. Mrs. Kyle wanted to exchange her black silk dress for more usable black material. Charley Boone died of diptheria and was laid out on a marble slab table borrowed from Mrs. Jacobs. Coming home on furlough the first John Boone knew of his brother's death was the sight of crape on the door. It was said that this was the first door to have a door bell.

lars. I will send my measure to Harrisonburg and get you to have the uniform made for me, where you will be able to get the lining, &c. I cannot tell. You might take it from one of my old coats which could be repaired after the war. I am unable to tell when I can get a furlough. There is nothing to show who will be appointed Brig. Genl. Should Col. Taliaferro receive the appointment I will in all probability retain my position should the President be authorized by Congress to commission Brig. Insprs. It is highly probable I may receive the appointment with the rank of Capt. My pay would then be $130.00 a month, this with the additional rank would be quite acceptable to an humble Lieutenant.

. . . . My heart is bound inseperably to you. God grant that some lucky chance may bring us soon together.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

34

Camp Skinker
March 11th 1863

My Dear Wife,

. . . . I had quite a pleasant ride along our picket line, having been sent by Col. Warren to ascertain the meaning if possible of the heavy firing across the river. The conclusion we came to in regard to it was that Stuart had crossed the river at some point above us and was annoying the enemy. Whether we were correct in our supposition time alone will show.

The roads are improving and will in a few days be good, unless we have another fall of snow or rain. It is stated that Genl Pryor has been assigned to the command of the Brigade; he is an acquaintance of Col. Warren, whose assurance has been given me that my claims will not be overlooked. Do not be too confident as we may be disappointed. I am very much afraid that I will not be able to get a furlough Should the weather continue good, none of us would be surprised if the order granting furloughs was suspended. I should not be this plain with you if I were not satisfied that it is better not to entertain hopes that may be fallacious. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

P. S. I sent you $70.00 the other day by a member of the Regmt Please let me know when you receive it. I received the paper you sent me.

35

Camp Skinker
March 13th 1863

My Dear Wife.

. . . . I have just received a letter from your Mother She writes that Dr. Berry has been quite sick but is now convalescent. John Lovell is going up to Woodstock; he has some things for you; he expectes to go to Harrisonburg. Your mother wrote me very affectionately; she seems to be very much distressed on account of Charley's death. The Yankees are hourly expected in F. Royal, they came as far as the river the other day which is now fordable. John's Regmt is stationed near Edinburgh. I wrote to a man by the name of Jessie Neulah]Jesse Newland[to pay you one hundred and eighty dollars, so you need not be surprised at receiving it; it was money loaned by me to him last spring. . . .

. . . . It has been intensely cold to day the wind almost cutting one's ears off to go out of the house. I hope the enemy will make no advance until the weather becomes milder. I was fishing yesterday and caught two sun perch; they were a delightful change from salt pork, which is **abominable.**

I cannot help laughing at the thought of **your** eating our miserable fare, it is anything but clean and badly cooked. I cannot understand how it is that Annie cannot come up from Mt. Jackson Men from this Regmt come up from Woodstock. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

36

Camp Skinker
March 16th, 1863

My Dear Wife.

The weather is so very disagreeable to day that we are all compelled to stick closely to the house, and for fear of getting the blues thinking of you I have concluded to write you again. We had a terrible hail-storm yesterday evening, and during the night the sleet fell to the dept of several inches. The weather is intensely cold with a biting wind that seems to go through you. I wrote to your mother yesterday and told her to write you as soon as she thought the Yankees were likely to return to F. Royal. I do not wish you to be away from home during your confinement, that is, unless you prefer staying in Rockingham. . . .

Everything with us is perfectly quiet, no indication of an advance on the part of the enemy. We have heard nothing as yet, when Roger A. Pryor is coming to take command of the Brig. I scarcely know what to do about getting a furlough, should I be absent on his taking command I might lose my position and the dangers of losing my life or limb this coming summer much increased. Tell me what **you think** ought to be done. If you wish it I will sacrifice everything for the pleasure of your company a few days. I presume that Annie has returned from Mt Jackson. I hope you will learn to love each other **devotedly.** She is a dear, sweet sister and seems so much attached to Sam and myself. I presume you have received the money I sent you by Mr. Stickley; should you need more let me know and I will send it as soon as an opportunity is presented. . . . Our fare has improved some what the last few days. We have plenty of rice and sugar and buy dried apples from the hucksters. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

37

Camp Skinker
March 17th 1863

My Dear Wife,

. . . . Separation from you goes harder each day as the chances of seeing you **speedily** are lessened. To day an order repealing furloughs was issued and thus all my hopes of seeing you this summer are dashed to the ground. I feel that I have written too despondingly. Chances may occur of visiting you which we do not dream of at this time, and in any event should we be separated until the end of this horrid war can you not console yourself with the reflection, that it is our duty to make every sacrifice for our unhappy country, and what now is our sorrow will eventually become our pride and glory. I am sure **my dear, brave** little wife cannot wish me to be classed with those infamous skulkers who are deaf to honor and the calls of a bleeding country. I could hire a substitute perhaps and live with you in peace, but then I could never tell our unborn child that its father was a soldier and helped win the independence of his country. Enough of this, I know you have a brave heart and can endure everything but dishonour. . . .

I will have my uniform made in camp if I can get lining for my coat. Do not buy any costly lining but try and see if some of my female relatives have not some old dresses that would do for lining. As for the pants I can get the stuff here. Mr. Ewing tells me that he has a set of buttons at Misses Yost near the presbyterian Church; he gives them to me. You will also get the gold lace for my coat from Mr. Christy. Tell him it is for the 2nd Lieut's coat and he will know the quantity. Send these things by Uncle Ike or some other safe person. Do this at once as there will be no more going home from the Army. Give my kindest regards to Uncle Ike & Aunt Maggie, tell the latter to box Uncle Ike should he say any more of his foolishness to you. . . . You had better make your **baby clothes** upstairs out of his sight, and not let every body know how you are situated or I shall be teazed most unmercifully. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

P. S. Tell Uncle Ike that Capt. Morty wants him to buy a blank book for him to keep his company accounts on.

38

Camp Skinker
March 19th 1863

My Dear Wife.

.... The bill commissioning officers as Brig. Insp. has passed both Houses of Congress and I will send in my application day after tomorrow. Col. Warren assures me that he will give me a recommendation of the highest order. You must not be too sanguine in your anticipations of my success, although I have strong grounds of hoping favorably. We have some indications of a speedy advance of the enemy, and the last days have been days of considerable excitement. The enemy crossed the river a few days since with a heavy force of cavalary and artillery. They were met by our forces and **driven back** across the river with heavy loss. We lost one of the finest artillery officers in the service, Major Pelham; he was killed by a shell whilst riding with Genl. Stuart.

I will write to Annie as you desire me; it is certainly strange that she cannot come up from Mt. Jackson. There must be some mistake in the matter. I am sure that if the case were properly laid before Genl. Jones that she could secure a pass. I hope Aunt Maggie has recovered from her sickness. Give her my love, and assure her that I am under many obligations for her past kindnesses to you and her offers of future attention should you be prevented from returning home this summer.

You had better not delay your stay in Harrisonburg too long, for fear of being prevented from returning to F. R. this summer You need [not] give yourself any uneasiness in regard to your letters. I read them over at least a dozen times and then burn them. You must write oftener than three times a week. . . . People living at home can never learn to appreciate the delight it gives a soldier to receive a letter; it is the only thing that can disturb the monotony of Camp life, it recals his memory so vividly to happy days that have gone bye and shows him though absent that he is still **remembered** with affectionate love and care. . . .

When we break up camp, my facilities for writing will be very limited; it often happens that we are weeks without an opportunity of sending to the P. Office. I will write **every opportunity** that is given me.

Do not fail to send me the material for making my coat and pants. The pants however can be fitted out here. I do not think it advisable to send the materials to F R., as it is very probable that the Yankees will take possession of that place as soon as the spring opens. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

39

Camp Skinker
March 20th 1863

My Dear Wife.

. . . . My recommendation for Brig. Inspr. will be forwarded tomorrow. It has the signature of the different Regimental commanders and the highest approval of the Brig. Commander. The rank and pay of Capt. is requested for me. Should nothing occur I will in all probability obtain the promotion. Say nothing about my hopes. We may be disappointed and it would be mortifying to my feelings to have my failure made public. I am very anxious to obtain the position and should I succeed in my endeavors, you may feel assured that my greatest delight will be in the pleasure it will my dear wife. Do not be too **sanguine** of success We may be sadly disappointed. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

40

Camp Skinker
March 23rd 1863

My Dear Wife.

. . . . You must try and bear up under our separation, remembering that we really have cause to be **grateful** as many a young wife has lost her husband forever, and God has graciously spared my life and health nearly two years. I saw a young officer by the name of Taylor, a member of the 23rd Va, killed by a bomb shell at the battle of Fredericksburg, he fell within a few feet of me. We certainly have cause to be grateful that my life was spared. . . .

John Lehew took dinner with me today, he sends his kindest regards to you. He says he has received no letters for a long time from F.R. and can assign no reason for this long silence of his friends at home, further than that the mail communication between F.R. & Luray has been stopped. . . . If you think Aunt Maggie would be burthened with taking care of you this summer, I will secure a place for you with Cousin Mary Kyle[63] if you desire it. I am sorry to hear the Yankees are acting so bodly in Warren and have but little doubt that your mother will lose her girl, if she is not forced to leave she will probably be seduced from home unless she is more faithful than common.

. . . . Your health is more the result of your **present condition** than any radical defect in your constitution. Do not drink any more of that abominable rye coffee, it would ruin the strongest constitution. . . . Give my love to Aunt Maggie and tell her that Uncle Ike has not reached here yet; he stopped in Richmond. Good bye Write soon.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

P. S. I will have my uniform made in Camp. You need send nothing but the buttons; Mr. Ewing gave them to me; they are at Mrs. Yost's near the Presbyterian Church.

41

Camp Skinker
March 28th 1863

My Dear Wife.

As we are having a very dull rainy day and all outdoors occupations are suspended I have concluded to write you another letter. We are all expecting a speedy beginning of the Spring Campaign All the surplus baggage of the Army is being

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Note 63 — Mary Catherine Kyle, widow of Robert M. Kyle, daughter of Abraham and Rebecca Samuels Byrd. After her father's death she continued to live at "Prospect Hill." Whenever the Yankees were stationed in her house she presided at the head of her table dressed in her best black silk and she used her best manner—all the better to make them respect her and behave themselves. General Sheridan is said to have made his headquarters at Prospect Hill. Sept. 22, 1864. In 1866 Mrs. Kyle married the Rev. L. S. Reed, a minister, and so became the step-mother of the famous Walter Reed. Prospect Hill, now greatly changed, is called Stoneleigh.

sent to Richmond and you may soon look for news of importance from this point. We do not look for a battle under a month, but I am afraid that our marches and hardships will soon commence . . . as soon as the Army commences moving it is more than probable that your letters may never reach me. I have not received a letter from you for several days, and hope that you are not prevented by sickness from writing. I have not heard for a long time from F.R. and suppose that the mail between F.R. & Luray has been discontinued. Should you hear anything from home let me know. We understand that the Yankees are as far up the Valley as Woodstock. I am afraid that you will be cut off from F.R. this summer. I had hoped otherwise and that you would be under your Mother's care during your confinement. . . .

My application for appointment as Brig Inspr has not been forwarded as yet The law appointing Brig. Inspr has not yet passed both houses of Congress. We will probably have to wait a short time.

The grass has begun to grow finely here, and the horses are improving. We will be very badly off for transportation this summer and if an opportunity is offered me I will send some of my surplus baggage to Harrisonburg. My clothes are made up and all that is wanting is the lace, which you must send me as soon as possible. I will need some two or three shirts for summer use and if you can get them on any **reasonable** terms do not fail to send them as soon as possible.

I suppose that John Lovell will not be able to come up from Woodstock since the Yankees are now there. I am sorry that you will [be] disappointed in not receiving the **baby clothes.** Should you get them, do not work yourself to death on them in making them so very nice. . . .

I am sorry to hear that Uncle Strayer is dead, he was a kind hearted gentleman of whom I have always been very fond. I still hope that you will be able to form the acquaintance of Cousin Annie Strayer. She is an amiable, kind hearted girl.

I hope you and Annie will take exercise whenever the weather is favorable, a good long walk can do you no harm, I suppose.

Should anything occur in the lower Valley do not fail to let me know as we are all extremely anxious to know what will be the probable fate of the Valley this summer. I promised John Lehew to write to him if anything occurred in Warren. He is looking very well, and is quite sunburnt and **dirty** I believe he is a sergeant in his company which is acting as couriers to Genl Lee. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

42

March 25 1863

My Dear Wife.

. . . . I am very glad to hear that Annie has returned to Harrisonburg. You will now have a good opportunity of becoming well acquainted with each other. . . .

We have had terrible weather the last few days, and the roads are almost impassible; it has now happily cleared off and the weather is almost as genial and pleasant as in May. A great many of the soldiers are fishing in the Rappahannock, their success so far has been indifferent, but should the weather continue pleasant a few days longer, we entertain strong hopes of making a handsome addition to our poor fare, in the shape of some **fine fresh shad.** Our style of cooking and the materials composing our meals are so **different** from what you have been accustomed to or ever conceived of, that were you to **see** with what evident relish we enjoy our homely meals, you would be perfectly astonished. I now realy enjoy a meal, that two short years ago I would have turned away from with **loathing.** We poor soldiers have experienced the truth of the old Latin saying that **hunger is the best sauce. . . .**

You may send me the gold lace in a letter as soon as you get it, as for lining for the coat you need give yourself no further trouble, as I have concluded to have a jacket and vest made instead of a coat. I think this much the best course, as suitable lining for a coat would cost so enormously, and a jacket will answer all my purposes for summer use, in addition I get a vest, of which I am badly in need. My suit is now being made and in a day or two will be completed. I will need two or three calicoe or gingham shirts this summer; as for drawers or socks they can be drawn from the Qr.Mrs. If I have the opportunity I will send my unnecessary clothing to Harrisonburg for safe keeping during the summer; our transportation is so very limited I much fear a great deal of baggage will be lost on the first move this spring.

My horse met with an accident the other day, which very severely lamed him, [but] he is now recovered entirely. The horses here are all looking badly for want of long [?] feed. My horse is still spirited and full of life and so soon as the grass comes, unless the campaign is very active I will have him fat in a few weeks. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

43

Camp Skinker
April 3rd 1863

My Dear Wife.

. . . . I think it much the best plan not to delay your stay in Harrisonburg any longer; in a few more days the armies in the state will be in motion and you may find it difficult to get home. Should we defeat Hooker's Army it is generally believed that we will advance into Maryland, and the lower Valley may possibly be the route, and an opportunity may be given me of spending a **few hours** with you. . . .

I hope you have not concluded to stop your prayers at night, **pray** for **me** every night before retiring, and whereever or whatever duty I may be the thought of my dear wife praying for me, shall strengthen my resolve to do my whole duty as becomes an officer and a patriot. The bill commissioning Brig. Inspr. with the rank of Major has not yet passed the lower house of congress, but will probably do so in a few days. My chances of obtaining the position are very good as I have the written reccomendation of all the Regimental Commanders and also a flattering letter from the Brig. Commander. Unless some unforeseen accident occurs I am pretty well satisfied that I can secure the position. The position is **highly honorable,** giving the possessor an influence and standing in the Brig. second only to the Brigadier commanding. Should I be so fortunate as to succeed in my wishes, my pay will double what it is now, $160.00 a month or $1920 a year. You must not look on my promotion as **certain** or you may be sadly disappointed. 6 or 8 weeks will determine the whole matter. . . .

I am surprised to hear that Sam had cr.........prs on his clothes. We have had very few in Camp this winter but will doubtless be terribly annoyed with them next summer. They are abominable and one of the severest trials of a soldier's life. I judge John has frequent opportunities of visiting home as his Regmt. is stationed near F.R. You had better make preparations to go home at once. You might hire a conveyance in Harrisonburg to take you as far as Luray and get Dr. Smootz to secure transportation for you to F.R.

The changes in the next few days may render it impossible for you to get home this summer. Do not stop at a Hotel on the road home if possible. Speak to Cousin Mary Kyle to advise you what to do. Your better route home will be by the Luray Valley. Let me know when you conclude to go, so that I may direct my letters to F.R. Write as soon as you get home, or rather write in **Luray** and let me know whether the mail goes to F.R. or not. . . .

Yours Devotedly

G.B.S.

P.S. I send this letter by Lieut. Ream,[64] with a trunk containing some extra baggage which you will leave in Harrisonburg. Should an opportunity occur of his assisting you to get home, do not hesitate to accept his company, he is a **gentleman** and my **friend.** I have not written my usual number of letters this week as I expected Lieut. Ream to leave Camp before this time.

44

Camp Skinker
April 7th 1863

My Dear Wife,

. . . . Genl Coldston has just reached here, being assigned to the command of this Brig. He is a fine looking man and seems to be very much of a gentleman. I will let you know in my next letter the prospect for retaining my position. I have had no reason as yet to doubt my success. Give my love to Annie and tell her that she must write to me sometimes when you leave.

Note 64 — In a letter to her mother describing her trip from Front Royal to Harrisonburg she felt "so grateful to the gentleman who accompanied her. It was absolutely necessary to have protection. The buses were crowded with soldiers."

I promise faithfully to answer all her letters. You must write me as soon as you reach F.R. I will not write until I hear from you as the mail may have ceased and my trouble be for nothing.

Should the Yankees occupy F.R. again this summer you had better keep in the house and have nothing to do with them as they will be likely to insult you. I scarcely know what to do if we are cut off from each other entirely this summer. Should this be the case you must not fail to **seek every opportunity** of sending me letters by hand. I will let no opportunity slip of letting you hear from me. . . .

We have had a terrible fall of snow and sleet and the roads are in very bad condition which will probably delay the Yankee advance if they design one at all. We have had an abundance of molasses, the last few days and are now living finely. I am sorry that I could not share the turkey with you at Cousin Mary Kyle's No doubt you ate your share and mine too. Ask Annie to speak to Aunt Maggie and ascertain if she will accept anything for your stay. Everything is so enormously high I would feel a delicacy in visiting my relations even any length of time without compensating them. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G.B.S.

45

Camp Skinker
April 9th 1863

My Dear Wife

. . . . I cannot but reiterate my advise to go home as soon as possible. Hire a hack in Harrisonburg and go as far as Luray. You can probably obtain through Mr. Yager or Dr. Smootz some conveyance to F.R. Do not delay a single day, the campaign will open in a few days and you may be cut off from home entirely during the summer. I am glad to hear that Mollie B. has a fine **daughter. . . .**

. . . . I should be very sorry for you to leave H. without seeing Cousin Annie Strayer. I am sure you would be struck with the unfailing goodness of her heart and her strong masculine mind, a rare combination in a woman.

Nothing has occurred as yet to diminish my hopes of securing the position of Brig. Inspr. permanently. Should I succeed in securing the good will of Genl. Coldston my success I presume would be certain; in any event I will have the testimonial of the Brig that I have discharged the duties of my office faithfully and **deserve promotion. . . .**

Your Devoted Husband

G.B.S.

46

Camp Skinker
April 19th 1863

My Dear Wife.

. . . . I will receive the appointment of Brig Inspr. as soon as the bill has passed both houses of Congress and receives the sanction of the President. Gen Coldston who has been assigned the command of this Brig. has recommended me to the war department for promotion. According to the present bill before Congress I will have the rank and pay of a major of cavalry, the pay $160.00 a month. In any event should the bill fail in its passage, I will send you if possible the recommendation that has has been given me, which you must keep safely with my other papers. Did you get my Confederate bonds from Cousin Crawford Strayer. You must write me every opportunity that is given you by persons coming out from F.R., I will send you letters every chance that is afforded me. . . .

The roads are now in condition to move an army and if Hooker designs advancing at all this summer he will probably come within the next ten days. God grant that he may come as we will then have an opportunity of avenging the injuries and insults that have been heaped upon the defenseless citizens of the border counties. Should he not advance we will probably cross the river to attack him, and in that event you will probably hear the artillery in F.R.

Your Father thinks the war will last a **long long** time. You must not let him discourage you; if we repulse the enemy at three or four points he must give up the war. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G.B.S.

47

Chancellorsville
May 9, 1863

My Dear Wife.

I write you these few lines to inform you that I am still enjoying the blessings of health and have escaped the dangers of battle unhurt.

We have gained a glorious victory, though not without the loss of many valuable officers and men. There is no calculating the loss of the enemy as the battle field extends from Fredericksburg to United States Ford. We have already captured some 7000 prisoners and near 20 pieces of artillery. Their loss in small arms and clothing is **immense.** Sam was wounded in the calf of his leg. His wound is not at all serious. Uncle Ike was captured. Sam rode my horse from the battlefield; the shells thrown from the enemy's batteries reached the field hospital in which he was lying and for fear he might be wounded again I gave him my horse to ride still further to the rear. My old Company lost 14 killed and wounded. Capt. Kibler was killed and Walter Orndorf badly wounded. I saw Johnty Lehew the morning of Saturday's battle, he was well. Col. Walker & Major Stover both of my regiment were killed. As you will probably hear all the particulars of the different battles from the newspapers I will not attempt any detailed account of them, but will simply say, that months must elapse before the enemy can be prepared to give us another battle.

. . . . Some rascal stole my clothing out of the staff wagon a few nights ago and if an opportunity occurs I would like you to send me several pair of my cotton drawers; as for socks and other articles I can get them in the army. You may also send me a towel. I have one, and two will be sufficient. Give my kindest regards to your father and mother. I presume John is with Genl. Jones. I understand that he has gone out into Western Va. I hope he may be successful. I think of you **constantly** and hope that I may soon rejoice in a **wife** and **child.** . . .

. . . . I am sick unto death with this awful war and were it honorable to leave the service I would not think any sacrifice too great that would restore me to your loving arms. But we must try and bear our separation with patience, trusting in God and believing all things for the best. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

48

May 22nd 1863
Near Fredericksburg

My Dear Wife.

. . . . I would have written you several days since, but was prevented by Johnty Lehew who told me that he heard from the best authority that the enemy were again in F.R. I fear that it is too true and that my former letters will never reach you. I only write this letter in the hope that the force now in F.R. is a small and transient body who may speedily leave you again. Should my other letters reach you, you will have everything connected with the late battles that fell under my own observation. I gave you a list of the killed and wounded of your acquaintance so far as I could learn. No doubt you have heard everything connected with the battles, so I will not weary you by telling an old story. I was quite sick a short time since, but have now entirely recovered excepting an occasional headache and the weakness attendant upon any disease. I was afflicted with an intermittent fever and dysentery. . . .

My Brigade was camped until yesterday near United States Ford, we are at present near Hamilton's Crossing and will probably remain some time. The weather has been intensely warm for this season of the year, the last few days. And I find my winter clothing quite uncomfortable. For fear, that you may not have received my former letter announcing the fact of my clothes being stolen out of the Staff Wagon, I will tell you again to send me if possible some shirts, as for underclothing I can supply myself from the Q.M. much cheaper than they could be gotten in F.R.

I understand that Genl. Jones has been ordered with his command to this army; in that event I may find some opportunity of communicating with you, as John will come here. Give my kindest regards to your Father and Mother, tell the latter that I have longed many times this spring for a seat at her bountiful table. You must not think from the appearance of the paper, that I have been careless with my hands, on the contrary they are quite clean it is the persperation which from some chemical cause unknown to me, gives the paper its present appearance. The woods in this country are covered with foliage and summer has evidently come. I am glad of it as the soldiers can now make themselves comfortable at night with but little covering. It has been such a long time since I slept in a bed that I really believe I could not sleep soundly in one. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G.B.S.

49

Camp near Hamilton's Crossing
May 25th 1863

My Dear Wife

I am very sorry that none of my letters written since the battle of Chancellorsville have reached you. This makes the fourth in the last three weeks and I would have written oftener had I not been prevented by sickness. . . . You inquire of me as to Sam's whereabouts. He is now in Harrisonburg and doing finely, his wound was but slight, a musket ball passing through the lower part of the calf of his leg.

. . . . I am quite sorry to tell you that Genl. Lee has issued an order abolishing the office of Brig. Inspector and I will consequently return to duty with my company. The General Staff Bill as you mention passed both houses of Congress but Pres. Davis refused to approve it. Had he done so I would have been Major and Brig. Inspr. as I had a recommendation from Genl. Colston and the Regimental Comders. before the Secretary of War. I will try and get the paper and send it to you as it is all that if left to console me in my great disappointment. Do not grieve yourself over my mishap. I doubt not that it is all for the best. As I wrote you a day or two since I went to see Johnty Lehew and make inquiries as to the chances of getting letters to F.R.; he could not give me any encouragement, stating that he had not heard a line from home since the battle. He seemed disposed to think that the Yankees that were in F.R. were part of Milling's troops on the road to reinforce Hooker. I am glad to hear that they have left and believe that F.R. will not be as much troubled with the vandals this summer as last. There can certainly be but little in the vicinity or town of F.R. for the rascals to steal. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G.B.S.

50

Camp Near Hamilton's Crossing
June 1st/1863

My Dear Wife

. . . . Our Brig met with a great misfortune this week; Genl. Colston has been removed and ordered to report for duty to the Secry. of War. Genl. Stewart [Steuart] a Marylander has been assigned to the command of the Brig. he has treated me very kindly, and though I have no assurance from him, I still have every reason to hope that I will be retained in my place. The 6th & 7th Va Cav. are now connected with this army. Should an opportunity be given me I will call to see John at present I presume he is at Culpeper C.H.. The weather with us has been intensely warm and dry. We are camped in the woods and manage to keep cool by remaining perfectly quiet. I have not heard from Sam lately, I suppose he will be back in a few days as his wound was slight.

Walter Orndolf, Miss Sidney's sweetheart has died from the effect of a gun shot wound received at Chancellorsville; he was a gallant soldier and fell like a man. We all mourn his loss very much. The enemy are reported as having fallen back from Vicksburg; should this be true, of which there seems to be but little doubt, the effect of the North West following as it does the arrest of Vallandigham, will be very beneficial to us. God grant that Genl. Johnston succeeds in capturing the entire army.

I learned this morning that Genl. Jenkins was in Woodstock, his pickets extending to Strasbourg, it is represented here that the enemy have quite a small force in Winchester. Should this be true it is highly probable that Jenkins will make an attack on them. I hope that the good people of F.R. have been troubled for the last time by the Yankees. There is certainly nothing remaining for them to steal. Johnty Lehew tells me they took a wagon from him, he seems to be in none the best humor on account of it. Give my kindest regards to your Father & Mother

I presume the latter has a fine garden by this time. We are very much in need of vegetables many of the men getting sore tongue which is indicative of scurvy. My tongue was quite sore a few days ago. I stopped eating meat and confined my diet to sugar and beans and I find that it has much improved. If you can possibly send me some cotton or gingham shirts and two pair of cotton drawers and a couple of old coarse towels do so. I stand very much in need of the above mentioned articles.

I have some money that I would like very much to send you, but no safe opportunity has presented itself. I bought a pair of boots yesterday and had to pay $40.00 for them, the price of everything here is enormous. We have to pay 60 cts. a pound to the Commissary for bacon, and vegetables are almost beyond purchase. By practicising [sic] considerable economy I have managed to save $100.00 to send you reserving some $60.00 for myself. Hereafter my pay will be $90.00 a month as I am now 1st Lieut of my company. I owe no debts in the army and you must pay for everything you get. Should the war last a year longer Confederate money can be worth nothing and it would be extremely inconvenient to have any of the money on hand. Good bye. Write soon.

Love to all. May God bless and protect you my own dear wife. . . . [The letter is unsigned.]

51

Camp Hamilton Crossing
June 3rd/1863

My Dear Wife,

I received your letter of the 28th yesterday and am very much mortified to hear that you have not received a single letter from me during the month of May. . . . I have written since the first of May and the present date 7 letters to you and would have written still oftener had I not been prevented by sickness. That some of my letters should have failed to reach you I am not at all surprised, but that all of them should fail in reaching their destination is a matter of as much surprise to me as it is of grief and mortification. I have noticed in the Richmond papers letters from soldiers complaining of the inefficiency of the mails, and some unaccountable reason I suppose my letters have been lost either in the Army or in Richmond where they are sent for distribution. Please do not make yourself unhappy should this thing happen in the future, as I have and will continue to write you **two letters a week.** I ought not to tell you but I will, the unfortunate loss of my letters has given me great pain and mortification. I am as it were a stranger in F.R. to all but yourself and I am very much afraid some busy body will say that I am **neglecting** you.

. . . . I wrote you a long letter some three days ago in which I explained everything connected with my position as Brig. Inspr. I am still acting under Genl. Stewart who has treated me kindly and given me every reason to suppose that my person and services were acceptable to him. I mentioned in my former letter that the office has been dispended by an order from Genl. Lee. Since writing my last I understood for an officer connected with Gen. Lee's Hd.Qrs. that he had reconsidered his determination and that the office would be renewed. Had Genl. Colston remained in command of the Brig. my promotion would have been **certain** but he was unfortunately removed; his removal grieves me far more than the possible loss of my position. He was an accomplished soldier and a kind hearted gentleman. . .

. . . May God bless you My own Dear Wife, is the constant prayer of

Your Loving Husband

G.B.S.

P. S. Please send me if possible the clothing you mentioned in one of your letters. I need it **badly.**

52

Camp Near Culpeper
June 9th 1863

My Dear Wife.

. . . The mountain air and water has made me feel a hundred per cent better, ... We have now been marching five consecutive days and the hope of seeing you speedily has made the march the happiest and lightest I have ever undergone. Where our ultimate destination is I am not prepared to say, but should Hooker's army be destroyed we will probably avenge upon the Citizens of Pa the injuries inflicted on our unhappy country. I have the promise of Genl. Stewart that in the event we march within 15 or 20 miles of F.R. that he will give me leave to spend an hour or two with you. The Sixth and Seventh Va Cavalry passed through Culpepper a day or two ago on their way to Brandy station. I learned this from an old schoolmate of mine and no doubt it is correct; I presume John is with his Regmt. . .

Yours Devotedly

G.B.S.

53

Near Winchester
June 16th 1863

My Dear Wife.

I have been so very busy since leaving home that I have had no opportunity of writing to you of my safety. I sent you word yesterday morning by several gentlemen going through F.R. that I had escaped unharmed. I have much cause to thank God that I am alive and unharmed. I passed through the most terrible fire of musketry I have ever experienced, the enemy being upon both flanks and our front. After an obstinate fight of an hour and a half we routed them capturing over 3000 prisoners, 23 pieces of artillery and 300 wagons, besides an immense amount of plunder and horses. our loss killed and wounded was **very small.** our men being protected by the railroad cut. I am strongly in hopes that we will succeed in capturing all of the enemy before they can cross the Potomac. We start this morning for the Potomac. God grant that I may live to see you **soon.** Love to all. Excuse brevity as my time is very limited. . . .

Yours Devotedly

G.B.S.

54

Camp Near Dortsville
June 16th 1863

My Dear Wife,

. . . . Our wagons are already above Winchester and we will probably follow. I have no news of importance to give you connected with the army, where our future destination will be or the present whereabouts of the enemy we are all excepting of the commanding officers as ignorant as yourself. We will probably remain in the Valley a week or ten days in order to recruit the men and stock, our next move will doubtless carry us east of the Ridge. Enough of the army. I am so sick and tired of it that I will write no further of it, but confine myself to more agreable subpects.

. . . . You spoke to me about purchasing certain articles for you in Pa I found it impossible to procure **anything** without violating Genl. Lee's order. The citizens would not take Confederate money, and none but Q.M. or officers authorized to purchase supplies for the army could compel them to take our money. I must draw my letter to a close as it is getting night and I must gather some grass for my horse to eat. Give my love to all the family. Write soon and often.

Your Devoted Husband

G.B.S.

55

Sharpsburg Md
June 22nd 1863

My Dear Wife,

As you can see by the heading of my letter, we are now in Md and on the field of Sharpsburg. We cannot tell whether another battle will be fought here or not. We are drawn up in line of battle, though none of the enemy to my knowledge are near us. . . .

I have been looking for your Father every day. There are a good many citizens from Va following the army in hopes of getting horses and goods. We are now living finely on beef and other articles captured from the Yankees. Hooker is still in Washington, as to Genl. Lee's whereabouts you probably know more of it than we here in the Army. . . . Give my kindest love to your Father and Mother. Tell them that the army is in hopes that no Yankee foot will press again the soil of the Valley. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G.B.S.

56

Hagerstown
July 9th, 1863

My Dear Wife,

For the first time since crossing the Potomac I have an opportunity of sending you a letter. . . . You have probably heard all the particulars of the terrible battles around Gettysburg. Our losses have been enormous as far as I can learn. We lost ten Generals killed and wounded. The battle was a drawn fight, though in reality it has had all the bad results of a defeat. Maryland is lost to us **forever** and thousands of brave men have perished uselessly. George Hammand [Hamman], Mark Bird, George Ott and Arch Riddle were wounded, none seriously. 8 more were killed, wounded or captured, Lieut. Fontaine among the number. I met a gentleman from the neighborhood of F.R. on the battle field of Winchester who stated that he was going to F.R. that evening. He promised to tell you that I was uninjured I would have written to you at the time but had no paper or pencil. I wrote you a letter after crossing the Potomac which I presume you have received; it was written at Sharpsburg. I mentioned in the first part of my letter that this was the **first** letter I had written since crossing the Potomac, it is the Second.

Should we recross the river I will come and see you if **possible.** Try and content yourself with this promise. Tell your Mother to write me (should I fail to get home) as **soon as** you are delivered. Should we be blessed with a son you must name it Charley in remembrance of little Charley now dead and gone.

My horse has been captured by the Yankees. I will give you all the particulars in my next letter. Write soon and often, and believe me that I am

Your Devoted Husband

G.B.S.

57

Camp near Martinsburg
July 14, 1863

My Dear Wife,

We recrossed the river yesterday morning, and as the mails will now run regularly to and from the army I expect to hear from you soon. I wrote you since leaving F.R. three letters and have received none in reply. I cannot think you have failed in writing but presume as the mails have been very uncertain that your letters were lost. . . . I met Mac Bailey on the road day before yesterday he promised to give my love to you. Had I have known [sic] he was going to F.R. I would have had a letter prepared for you. We have had a terrible time of it the last few days, up night and day either marching or in line of battle. The enemy lay within a mile of us two days, but would not give battle; had he done so I am sure the result would have been very different from the last battle. Our position was very strong both by nature and artifice. I cannot hear a word from or about John; his Brigade I believe is near Charlestown. Should the Army move up near Winchester you may confidently expect a visit from me. The Army will in all probability move east of the Ridge and in that event we will be likely to pass through F.R. . . . As I wrote you before my horse has been certainly captured. It is quite a serious loss to me. I have a very good horse already and hope to retain him without paying for him. Tell your Mother that she must write to me often during your confinement. May God bless you, my dear wife.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

IV.

Tedium and Blood, 1863-64

1

Aug. 7th 1863
Orange C. H.

My Dear Wife

Your Mother's letter announcing your safe confinement reached me yesterday. You cannot conceive my surprise and delight at the welcome news. My only regret is the thought of your sufferings, which thank God are now over and all that remains for us is to **rejoice** in **our little daughter.** I am glad to hear that you bore your sufferings with such fortitude. It is no more than I expected from my brave, patient little wife, who I believe can endure anything. You must not think that I feel **any regret** at the birth of a daughter, the little thing is equaly as dear to me as a son would have been. Your mother writes me that she is **pretty** and **good.** She could not be otherwise with the **dear sweet** mother who gave her life. . . Uncle Ike has written to Annie announcing your safe confinement. Your mother writes me to come home as soon as possible. It is **utterly impossible** to do so at the present, but should God grant us the victory in the coming battle, our lines will probably be thrown forward as far as Manassas and in that event I will leave no effort untried to get a short leave from Camp. I think of you **constantly,** my **heart** is far from the noisy camp, but with **you** in your patient sufferings. I long so much to be with you once more (if only for a moment) to kiss the two objects dearer to me than all the world besides, **my wife, my child. . .** As for me, though I now have a double reason to long for home, I can bear my lot easier in the thought that you are more contented. May God bless you both.

Give my kindest regards to your Father & Mother and tell them that I have but one fault to find with their letters, they were both too short.

I saw John a few days since; he was looking well and told me about his visiting home. I have seen or heard nothing from him since. I presume his Regmt. is about C.C.H.

The health of the Army is very good, our present rest is very welcome to both men and horses. The weather has been **intensely warm,** I pressume it is the same with you in F. R. Do not feel discouraged at the present aspect of things. We still have a grand army to battle for us. We are daily increasing our strength, and by God's grace we will soon strike the enemy such a blow, that his hopes of subjugation will be as far off as before the fall of Vicksburg. I will not write more for fear of tiring you. Give my love to all. Kiss the baby for me.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

2

Orange C. H.
August 21st, 1863.

My Dear Wife

. . . . The army is in fine health and spirits. God grant that when we meet the enemy, we may be able to punish them for the horrid barbarities inflicted upon the helpless citizens within their lines. We daily hear of deeds that would make a devil blush to commit; a few days since four young ladies of Loudoun Co. were violated in their beds at home. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; may it soon be meted out to these devils in human form.

I know there are but few of the enemy in the Valley and those confining themselves to the lower Valley. I suppose however that scouting parties from Meade's army sometimes visit you at F. R.

Genl. Lee has issued an order granting furloughs for 15 days to the Va troops at the rate of two for each one hundred men. No provision has been made in the order for officers, and I suppose I must forego all hopes of seeing you speedily.

Mr. Fontaine has been heard from at last; he is confined in Washington and was slightly wounded. I have been thinking of returning to my company and will probably do so. The only thing restraining me from taking this step are your wishes to the contrary. I wish you to finish my shirt, your Mother brought from Baltimore as soon as you are well enough to do so. As for the socks and other articles of clothing for winter I will furnish myself from the Q. M. Had I an opportunity of doing so I would send you some money. I suppose however the money would be of no use to you as there is nothing to buy at F. R.

Everything near the army is enormously high, green corn $1.00 per doz., Chickens $2.00 apiece and other things in proportion. . .

I must close my letter as the mail is about starting. May God bless you, my own Dear Wife is the constant prayer of your

Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

3

Orange C. H.
Aug. 30th 1863

My Dear Wife

. . . . I am delighted to hear that our baby is growing so finely and has become such a pet with the family. As regards a name for it, I know of none prettier and certainly none dearer to me than **Kathleen.** Should you have a particular fancy for any other name, do not hesitate to name it according to your taste. . .

I am now back with my company and in command of it. An order was issued by Genl. Lee relieving all officers on detached service and returning them to their respective commands. You must not feel mortified at my removal, as it was from no fault of mine; on the contrary I have been positively complimented by the Genl. Comdg. Brig. for the faithful and efficient discharge of my duties. I will send you at another time the order relieving me from duty in the Inspector's Department and the complimentary notice of my manner of discharging its duties written by the Genl's own hand. The fact of my being the only officer present with my company precludes the possibility of my getting a furlough; the order allowing furloughs allows one off out of three present with the company, 15 days absence. Lieut. Hamman is badly wounded, Lieut Ream absent on conscript duty being unfit for the field and Capt. Fontaine either dead or a prisoner. I mentioned in one of my former letters that Capt. F. had been heard from, I now understand that it is all a mistake. You see how I am situated and must try to console yourself during my absence. I am so glad that our little child is born, it will give you something to love and think about during the war. . .I wish you would send me a lock of its hair. . . .

I would like so much to send you some present, but it is impossible to procure any thing in the army. I have had the promise of a calicoe dress for the baby. We have been having quite a gay time in the army the last ten days, picnics, balls, ladies constantly visiting our camp. I have had several invitations to visit round in the neighborhood but have declined them all. I met with an old school mate of mine living in the neighborhood, and if I feel disposed no doubt could have a very pleasant time among the young ladies. He seemed perfectly shocked when I told him I had a wife and child. He promised however to say nothing of it if I would consent to visit round with him. Sam has been posted on safe guard at a Mr. Walker's house and no doubt has a very pleasant time.

Major Mosby, our daring scout has been very badly wounded in one of his recent raids over the Yankee lines. You need not be surprised to hear of our moving soon, in what direction we are going none seems to know. I earnestly hope and believe that when we do meet the enemy, God will give us the victory. Do not be uneasy for my safety. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

P. S. Kiss little Kattie **fifty** times **for me.**

4

Camp. On Rapidan
Sept. 2nd 63

. . . . I wish you could see our Camp, it is the model Camp of the Army, cool, shady and perfectly clean, the water convenient and abundant, the river within half a mile gives us a fine opportunity of getting rid of every vestige of our old campaigning.

It is the general impression among the troops that we will move soon. I hope our route will bring us through F. R. Gen. Lee is now in Richmond and it is said they are sending large quantities of hard bread and ammunition to the army. For fear my supposition may prove correct, you had better keep it within the family. I am getting along quite smoothly in command of my company. I have forty men for duty, which is far beyond the average of companies. The health of the army is excellent. I must close my letter as I have some ammunition and guns to distribute among the men. Love to all. Write soon.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

5

Camp on Rapidan
Sept. 12th 1863.

My Dear Wife,

. . . . We have had quite an exciting time the last week. I witnessed the most horrible sight my eyes have ever beheld a few days since. Nothing less than the execution of ten men—their crime was desertion and murder. One poor wretch was shot 16 times before life became extinct.

We had a grand review at Orang[e] C. H. a few days since. Our whole corps was present, the largest body of men that I have ever seen assembled together. Genls. Lee, Ewell and Hill were in attendance, besides a good regiment of the fair sex. The day was delightful and everything passed off finely. Longstreet has gone to Tennessee, his Corps has already left here. The 17th Va Vols has gone with the other troops I presume. A great battle is expected to occur soon in the vicinity of Chattanooga, from all we can learn we are gathering a large force to meet Rosecrans. Should his army be routed the cause of peace will be advanced a year. God grant that success be ours. I will send you the semi-weekly Sentinel, the mails are so uncertain from the Army or I would send you our daily paper. You ask me to send my letters to Richmond and have them mailed at that place. I would follow your suggestion if it were possible, but an opportunity of doing so comes at such rare intervals that it is scarcely worth the trouble to watch a chance. . . .

Do not fail to send my shirt as soon as you can. My pants are pretty well worn out but I suppose I can get a pair from the Q. M. before long. Did you leave my Confederate Bonds in Harrisonburg? I suppose the semi annual int. must be due on them. When ever you need any money do not fail to let me know. Should you find it more convenient you may get money from Cousin G. Hupp. Buy any thing you may need.

Give my kindest regards to your Father and Mother. Let me hear from you where John is and how he is getting along. You asked me in your last letter what I thought of the baby's hair. I think it quite pretty and I am sorry to hear that it is getting lighter. I suppose you have named the baby by this time. I would prefer your naming but as you left it to me, I will call it **Kathleen.** It is a pretty name and more than that it is very **dear to me. . . .** I suppose Jane Hicks is a healthy woman and will not injure the child in nursing it. Tell me some thing about yourself. I suppose you are still thin in flesh from your confinement. Are there any of the enemy encamped at Berryville. I have understood there was. I suppose there is very little inducement to bring them to F. R. at this time. There is very little forage I suppose in the country. I did not get to see Mr. Moffat; he gave the letter I believe to one of my men. I have spoken to Col. Warren about getting a furlough this fall. He has promised to make some arrangement by which I can procure one so you may have **some hope. . . .**

Yours Devotedly

G. B. S.

6

Camp on Rapidan
Oct. 1st 1863

My Dear Wife,

. . . . You have increased my desire tenfold, to see our dear little baby by your description of its appearance, smart, pretty and fat. I doubt not that I would be **proud** of it as you say, but as much as I may prize the helpless little thing I regard it as nothing when compared with its dear mother. You must not let the child keep you too closely confined. Make some arrangement to relieve yourself, anything you may do will meet with my approval. You speak of my getting some Federal money for you in the Army. This will be impossible, and even if it could be done it would be doubtful whether it would ever reach you by mail. The only chance for your obtaining such money will be through Cousin George Hupp. Whenever you need any money draw on him for any amount you wish.

I saw John a few days since, he was looking well, but quite home sick. He made a very narrow escape for his life in one of the recent Cavalry engagements. A musket ball struck his pistol in his belt, bent the barrel and glancing upward lodged in the cylinder of the revolver. John took dinner with me, our fare consisting of **bread three days old.** I warmed it on a ramrod, and it was quite palatable.

I saw John Lovell several days ago, he was complaining of not being very well. He says my baby is the image of myself. You are mistaken about my having lost the lock of hair your mother sent me. You spoke of the baby's hair getting **lighter** and I wanted another lock to compare with the first. Give my kindest regards to your Mother & Father. I should like so much to see all of you once more but I suppose this pleasure will not be speedily granted me. I suppose you have had quite a treat on grapes this fall. I have eaten a few wild ones, but they are nothing to compare to the domestic grape. Peaches with us have been so enormously high that I have been but seldom guilty of the extravagance of purchasing them. They cost us $2.00 a dozen and scarce at that. I do not know what we will do for vegetables after the corn becomes too hard. I suppose we will get the scurvy.

It is getting quite cool of nights and many of the soldiers are suffering. A great many lie down at nights without a single blanket. I have two and sleeping in the middle manage to keep quite comfortable. We have had two or three sharp frosts. I have a notion to give you a good scolding for misspelling the word laughing. You wrote it **laughting.**

You must tell me all about the baby. Does it sleep in a cradle or with you does it suck heartily and grow finely, how you dress it and whether you ever scold it? Tell me every thing connected with yourself and the child fill your letter up with these subjects; it will interest me more than all the town and county news. May

God bless you My own dear wife.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

7

Camp on Rapidan
Oct. 6th 1863.

My Dear Wife

. . . . I know how sensitive you women folks are in regard to the management of babies, and if the anxious father offers any objection to their mode of management, he is certain to get either a scolding for his impertinence at interfering or a laugh at his ignorance. But as I am way off from you and in no immediate danger, I will at least venture a suggestion, don't dress her too tightly or keep her too warm or confined in the house. The more fresh air she gets the better for her. If you examine her pulse you will find it almost twice as **fast** as **yours,** which shows two things, plenty of blood and a vigorous action of the heart. So you need not be afraid of exposing her to the cold. My advice is not from my own reflections on the subject of raising children, but from the opinions of eminent physicians who have written on this important subject. Above all things, keep the dear little creature under your own eye. A mother loves her own offspring more than all the world beside and of course will take the most jealous care of it. Should we live, we may reasonably expect other children and you must try as far as is consistent with your health and comfort to learn every thing about the management of this child, so as to enable you to take the best possible care of succeeding children. . . .

I must close my letter as it is drawing near dinner time and my ink has become so near exhausted that I have been compelled to water it.

May God bless you, my own dear wife. Write soon and often.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

8

Camp. Brandy Station
Oct. 24th 1863

My Dear Wife

After two long weeks of silence I have at last an opportunity of writing to you. We broke up Camp on the Rapidan, about the 7th of the present month and have been in constant motion or on duty ever since. . . .

I had supposed that our child would weigh more than eleven pounds. I have been making inquiries of some of the old Fathers in the Regmt. relative to the weight of children and they think a child three months old weighing eleven pounds rather small. I scarcely know what to think of your weighing 120 pounds so soon after the birth of a child. . . I will make an application for a furlough within the next ten days and in all probability I will see you within three weeks. Col. Warren has promised to sign my furlough and to assign two other officers in the Regmt. to my company during my absence. Try and get some coarse cotton for me for socks, the constant marches have worn my socks entirely out and I am almost barefooted. I am trying to get some leather for a pair of boots but have not succeeded as yet. I will try and get some in Rockingham. I have one pair of pants left and they are very dirty and well worn. My hat is a mere nothing as full of holes as a seive. I had hoped to have supplied all my deficiencies by this time from the Yankees, but unfortunately they gave us no opportunity. I shall try very hard to supply myself before coming home, as I suppose there is nothing to be gotten about F. R. I am realy ashamed of my appearance and will not come to see you until I can improve my wardrobe. Should you be able to procure any clothes for me in Warren do so. Mr. Petty might make me a coat like my Confederate Uniform coat; as for pants I want them a good deal larger in the legs than my grey pants. they were too small for the service. Be sure and have them long enough.

I believe I have two pair of black pants, the one of heavier stuff than the other. You might use this pair to cut out by the length is right but make the new pants larger in the legs.

I have not seen John for ten or twelve days he was quite well but looking a little thin. He ate dinner with me out of my haversack; he has taken to eating raw **onions.** He spoke of trying to get home shortly. I should like very much to meet him at F. R. and were he not your brother I am sure I would still like him as he seems to be a high minded honorable boy.

Tell your Father that he must commence in about ten days baiting a place in Weston's dam for suckers, as I am very anxious to get a mess of them. I suppose you have heard by this time all about our trip round to Manassas. I will not weary you with a repetition of it. None of the boys in my company were hurt; some portions of Hill Corps suffered pretty severely. I suppose our losses on the whole trip amount to a thousand men killed and wounded. We captured some three thousand Yankees.

You must not be too certain of my getting home, only hope that I will. I suppose I will have to walk all the way if my furlough is approved. Give my love to your Father & Mother. Kiss the baby for me. Write soon and often.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

9

Brandy Station
Nov. 1st 1863.

My Dear Wife,

. . . . We have been very busy in erecting Winter Quarters. Our labors are now over and I am luxuriating in a warm comfortable shelter.

My winter Quarters consist of a tent 13 by 9 feet, placed on an embankment of dirt and logs three feet high, with a large brick chimney in one corner which answers the double purpose of warming the room and for cooking. . . So soon as I finish the pay rolls of the company and make out their mutation accounts, I will have little else to do, than write you long letters. I learned from Mr. Borst of Luray that the Yankees paid you a short visit a few days since. I hope they committed no depredations on the citizens of F. R., as God knows you have already suffered enough from this unholy war.

I wrote you in a former letter of my intention to make an application for a furlough. I did so and it was approved by all the intermediate commanders; Genl. Lee returned it however with the endorsement that no furloughs will be granted to officers

until later in the season. You must not grieve yourself on account of this disappointment I believe we will see each other before the 16th of Dec.

We were engaged in a fight with the Yankees a few days since at Bealton Station. We drove the enemy off the field and came very near capturing one of their batteries. Julia Pitman's brother was severely wounded and will probably die. Two men were wounded within a short distance of me. I escaped without a scratch. . . In your last letter you spoke of the baby weighing eleven pounds; it must be very small for its age. Dr. Campbell tells me that Children of her age generally weigh eighteen or twenty pounds. I long so much to see the dear little thing. I know you dress it very neatly and no doubt you are letting it make a perfect slave of you. Give my love to the sweet little creature and tell her I hope to come home soon.

I have managed to procure a pair of pants and shoes since the date of my last letter. You need not try to get any leather for me in F. R. as I can procure it from Mr. Borst in Luray. Should you be able to procure materials for a suit of clothes do so and have them made according to directions in a former letter. Be certain and have the pants large in the legs they will last me much longer and be much more pleasant for army use. If I have an opportunity I will send to Richmond for a hat.

I wish you could see the nice loaf bread and rolls we are making now they are excellent. You need not laugh at my boasting. I believe the men in the Army know better how, to make the best of little, than the women at home. It only cost $8.00 pr gal. You must not think me extravagant to eat dry bread and poor beef for months is intolerable, and any change how ever indifferent it may seem to persons accustomed to the luxuries of home, is most agreable to the soldier.

Do not forget to tell your Father, to bait a place for fishing in Weston's Dam I am very anxious to secure a mess of suckers. I suppose John has visited home before this time, I understand his Brig is near Gaines' Cross Roads. There will be no difficulty I suppose in his getting home. I should like exceedingly to be with him in F. R. Give my love to your Father and Mother, write soon.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

10

Camp Brandy Station
Nov. 7th 1863.

My Dear Wife,

. . . .My health is very good although a number of soldiers are sick with Camp fever. We have entirely completed our Winter Quarters and I hope are settled for the cold weather, although we have some talk of probable advance of the Yankees. I am very much disappointed in my anticipation of a furlough and had hoped that by this date, I would have been with you and our darling baby.

. . . .We go down to the Rappahannock on picket tomorrow and remain two days. I am afraid we will have a cold time of it as the nights are getting quite cold. It is astonishing how much men can endure, before this war I would have thought the idea of sleeping on the ground on a winter night with a single blanket as a covering simply preposterous, but this astonishing feat is done nightly by thousands of our brave soldiers, **and** without a murmur. These noble men take pride in their sufferings, their hardships and their dangers, and next to their wives and children they love their country.

We have been busily engaged to day in policing our Camps. This is done by gathering all the leaves and rubbish together and carrying it out of the prescincts of the Camp. . .or by burning it. The stumps of trees are all cut level with the ground, ditches are dug to carry off the water, holes are filled up, the ground leveled off and anything likely to throw the unwary soldier is removed. You would be surprised at the appearance of a well-regulated camp it is a little town, though infinitely cleaner than any I have ever seen. If it were not for you and our little baby I would be almost tempted to remain a soldier all my life, the soldier's life in camp is the easiest and most careless thing imaginable.

. . . .I must draw my letter to a close, the enemy are said to be advancing. The Regmt is now forming. May God bless you my own Deer Wife is the earnest prayer of your loving husband,

G. B. S.

P. S. I have just seen Johnty Lehew.

11

Pisgah Church
Nov. 13th 1863.

My Dear Wife,

As stated in the conclusion of my last letter, we expected an advance of the enemy, they came upon us so rapidly that almost two entire Brigades of infantry that were on picket were captured, also four pieces of artillery. It is true our men fought nobly killing and wounding a great number of the enemy but were finally overpowered, their ammunition giving out. We were ordered out so rapidly that we had no time to strike tents or secure baggage and the consequence is that many of the men lost everything. Our greatest loss was in cooking utensils. I lost nothing myself but many of the co. were not so fortunate.

We were marched down to Kelly's Ford to within six hundred yards of the enemies line of battle and confidently expected an engagement in the morning. Our forces however retreated during the night and took up a line of battle along Pony Mountain some 9 miles in rear of our first position, the enemy saw fit not to follow us in force and my Div. have since fallen back and gone into Camp near Pisgah Church some six miles from Orang Ct. House. You can form no conception of our suffering on this disgraceful retreat; we were without sleep two entire days and nights many suffering for food and all broken in spirit. We are much chagrined at the loss of our Winter Qrs. and have little hopes of quiet for two or three weeks, unless the weather puts an end to active operations for the winter.

I suppose we will have to suspend all hope of seeing each other speedily, as peremptory orders have been issued against granting furloughs. It is a hard blow to bear after my bright anticipations of enjoyment; in any event should I get a furlough you will probably have to come to Harrisonburg to meet me as it will be dangerous for me to visit F. R. I do not know whether we will have another battle this winter or not; it seems to be the general impression, that the enemy will try to force an engagement. I am very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Lehew.[65] I knew nothing of her illness until I heard of her death through John Lehew. You must not fail to write me a long letter **as soon**

Note 65 — She was the last one to be laid at rest in the Van Nort burying ground.

as you receive this. . . . The apples you sent me were **delightful;** such apples are selling at 50 cts. a piece in the army. I am glad to hear you have succeeded in obtaining material for a suit of clothes. I can get material in the army for a pair of boots; as for a hat I have already purchased one and so soon as I can get some socks will be very well off for clothing. I have my **last pair** of socks on my feet now and unless I meet with speedy good luck will be in a bad way. I earnestly hope that the Yankees will trouble you no further this winter. I scarcely know what I would do if I could not hear from you. . .God has spared me so often in danger and preserved my health under exposures, that I almost believe that I will outlive this terrible war, and spend many years of enjoyment with you. Give your Father and Mother my love. I must close my letter again before it is finished. We are ordered to go to Raccoon Ford on Picket for five days. We start at once. Write soon and often.

Yur Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

12

Camp on Rapidan
Jan. 16th, 1864

My Dear Wife,

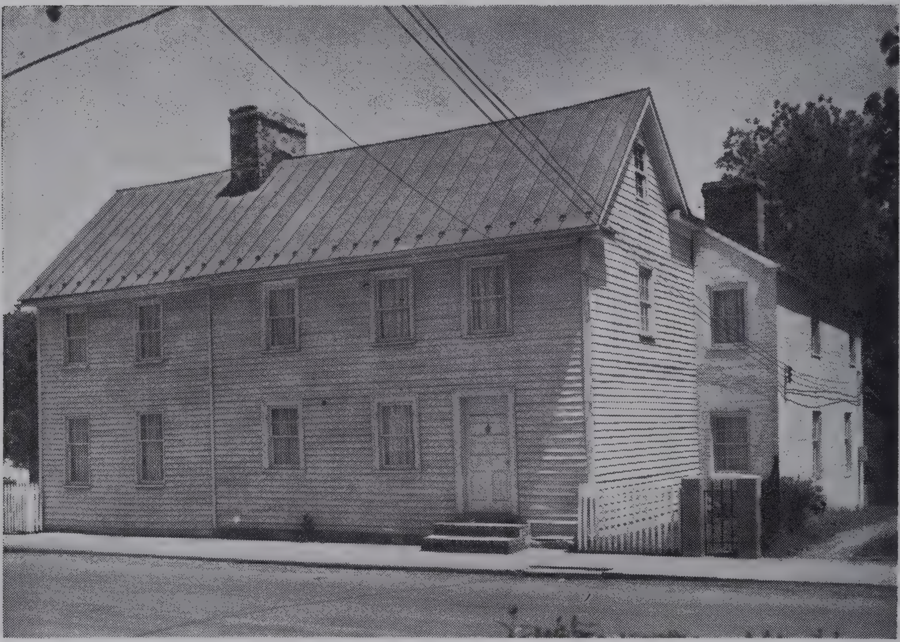
I reached camp yesterday after being delayed two days in Harrisonburg. I saw Annie. She asked me numberless questions about the baby, and of course I gave her the most flattering description of the little charmer. Give my kindest regards to your Father & Mother. I will not write you a long letter this time as we have parted so recently, but believe me my Dear Kathleen that you and our sweet little baby occupy nine tenths of my thoughts. I am well and will write you a **long, long** letter in a couple of days. I look for a letter from you **very shortly.**

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

P. S. Tell your Mother that I have sent word to John Lehew about his socks.

OLDEST SURVIVING HOUSE IN FRONT ROYAL, VA.



MR. WILLIAM BALTHIS'S HOUSE. THE NARROW SPACE UNDER THE ROOF, BETWEEN THE FRAME AND THE BRICK PART, IS WHERE LIEUT. SAMUELS WAS CONCEALED. (SEE PAGE 203).

13

Jan. 19th 1864
Camp Pisgah

My Dear Wife,

. . . .Life in the Army is exceedingly dull at this time. We are doing absolutely nothing and have plenty of time to think of loved ones at home. We all regard the coming campaign as the last one of this War. God grant that our opinion prove correct and that my life be spared me to spend many happy years with you. You have always been so kind and loving to me that I am really becoming very cowardly in fear that I may lose my life in this last Campaign of the War and if I could only see some honorable way of escaping the dangers of the coming summer, I would not hesitate one moment to avail my[self] of it. . .Should the Army be reorganized in the spring, I will join John Lehew's Company unless I am obliged to continue in command of my company.

Give my kindest regards to your Father & Mother, tell them to write to me. We are so lonesome in Camp that letters from our friends are perfect God sends. I have caught a very severe cold, which has been of considerable annoyance to me. I lost my way coming from Orange Ct. House to camp and rambled about all night in the mud and rain, as a natural consequence I caught cold. Tell Miss Louisa Balthis[66] that all the boys in my company are dying of curiosity to see her and she need have but little fear of becoming an old maid. Give her my kindest regards. My acquaintances here teazed me a great deal about my adventure. In your answer do not fail to tell me every thing about little Lucy. I never go to bed at night without thinking of her sweet innocent face lying asleep in the cradle. I suppose she will soon begin teething.

I will be obliged to **frank** this letter as I did my last; for some reason or other it is impossible to procure Postage Stamps.

Let me know when you hear from John again, there seems

Note 66 — Miss Louisa Balthis was the daughter of Mr. William Balthis, a neighbor. He stopped by to say that there was a place in his attic unknown to anybody but himself between the frame and the brick part where he could conceal Green. Hastily Green was dressed as Miss Buck put in her Diary "in female attire", using Mrs. Boone's riding skirt. Miss Balthis came for him. Carrying a basket on one arm, he walked with her and entered the house. Shortly the Yankees came. She showed them everywhere but not a certain cubbyhole. As she preceded up the steep attic stairs her smaller sister at her heels began to whimper. A quick kick from Miss Louisa gave her something to cry about!

to be but little prospect at present of an exchange. I suppose it will be for the better as his chances of living through the War are infinitely better as a prisoner than they would be here in the army. . . .

Your Loving Husband

G. B. S.

14

Camp. Pisgah
Jan. 25th 1864.

My Dear Wife

. . . .I hope your Father has recovered from his indisposition do not fail to let me hear from him as soon as possible he has always treated me with such marked kindness that I cannot but feel the liveliest interest in his welfare. Give him my kindest regards and my wishes for his speedy recovery. Tell your Mother that I sent Johnty Lehew his socks, by a member of his company.

I am very sorry that you are out of Postage Stamps at this particular time as it is impossible to get them even here. My two last letters to you have been franked. Some of the boys are going to Orange C. H. tomorrow and I will send again and see if they can be gotten there now.

. . . .I am delighted to hear that Lucy is teething. This season of the year is so much more favorable than the summer. I have some hopes of seeing both of you again before the Spring Campaign opens. . .Should I come in the next six or eight weeks I will not give you any notice but come upon you so suddenly that you will hardly have time to scream with surprise before you are kissed. There is nothing of interest occurring in the Army, excepting the execution of a deserter now and then. One is to be shot tomorrow in this Brigade for cowardice. I fear the poor wretch will die a horrible death. I suppose John is at Point Lookout, Md I understand that all the Prisoners in the U. States have been collected at that point under charge of Butler.

We are living elegantly in Camp at this time, the boys having received a number of boxes from home. We have butter, spare ribs, sausage, cabbage, potatoes, pork, molasses, Kraut, pickles, onions, hominy and pies. Previous to the coming of boxes we were days without meat and living upon bread alone, it went very hard with me at first as I had just left your mother's bountiful table. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

15

Camp Pisgah
Feb. 1st 1864

My Dear Wife,

We are having a miserably dull time of it in camp, and no other amusement left us but writing letters to our friends at home. I have received two letters from you since leaving home, this making the fourth I have written. You will find 19 postage Stamps enclosed which were all I could possibly procure either in Camp or at Orange Ct. House. I will have to frank my letters to you in future unless I can procure a supply, in that event I will send you more. I have sent for the Richmond Examiner and have had it addressed to your Father. I subscribed for the daily paper, it will probably reach you before my letters. . . .

I understand that Genl. Early has gone down the Valley on a raid. I hope his movements will not bring the enemy down upon you again. The enemy's Cavalry are now menacing our left and are said to be at Standardsville. I suppose their object is to capture our artillery near Charlottesville.

I think of you and little Lucy constantly and have many pleasant waking dreams about you.

. . . .Johnty Lehew has just come to see me and I will have to forego writing for the time. Johnty has remained until evening and took dinner with me. We got him up a fine dinner, consisting of pork sausage, beans, corn, potatoes, light bread, cornbread, butter, molasses, apple butter & preserves. Johnty will get a furlough shortly. He will receive thirty days, having obtained a recruit for his company. I think we married men that have children, ought to be allowed the same privilege, as we also increase the ranks of the infantry.

I am going to Genl. Lee's Hd. Qrs. before Johnty goes and will send a letter by him to you. Should you want any paper or envelopes let me know and I will send the mto you. It is utterly impossible for me to get any thing but Confederate money and as that can be of no service to you I will not send it unless you wish it. I have been trying to buy something to send you by Johnty but I can find nothing suitable to send you.

. . . .Write soon and often, and believe me that my heart is entirely thine.

Your, Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

16

On Picket
Feb. 11th 1864.

My Dear Wife,

. . . .As you are doubtless aware by this time, the enemy crossed the river in heavy force as we were coming on picket. We attacked them and drove them across the river; our loss was slight. We confidently expected a general engagement, but the enemy were not disposed to join battle with us. . .I will have to direct my letter with lead pencil as I am without ink.

May God bless you my Dear Wife,

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

17

Feb. 15th 1864
Camp Pisgah

My Dear Wife,

I wrote you a few days since while on picket, informing you of my intention of trying for another furlough. I have seen Genl. Steuart who promises to forward it **approved** if nothing happens I will be with you in the next **ten** days. I can scarcely contain myself at the prospect of seeing you and our darling baby so **speedily.** Johnty Lehew was down to see me yesterday he promises me the loan of his colt to ride home with unless he sells him in the next few days; he is going to try for a furlough and we will probably come home together. I mentioned in my last letter the receipt of yours of the 29th, stating that you had not received a single line from me since leaving home, this makes the **sixth** letter. I cannot account for their not reaching you, unless the agents know that the regular mail line has ceased between Luray & F Royal, and do not think it worth while to send letters.

I should have liked very much to spend the 2nd anniversary of our wedding with you, but that was impossible, owing to the Yankees having crossed the river and threatening our lines. I can scarcely realize the fact that we have been married nearly two yrs. Many changes have occurred within that time with both of us, but I feel assured, that your heart beats as warmly for me as in the first hour of our wedded life. I often talk of you to my **intimate** friends, and tell them that I have been married nearly two years and have never had one cross word with my wife. I have many things to say to you, but will not mention them in this letter as we will soon be together.

I will not write again before leaving camp. . . I suppose I will be with you by the 23rd. I am glad to hear that John is so comfortably situated, he is doubtless better off in the hands of the Yankees than he would be in the Army. I am afraid we will have some hard fighting before two months, unless the weather becomes very unfavorable. . . .

I intend getting an Almanac for your Mother, if one can be procured.

Your Loving Husband

G. B. S.

18

March 13th 1864,

My Dear Wife

I reached Camp several days ago without anything of special importance occurring on my journey. I got thoroughly soaked by the rain that fell on the day I left F. R. We reached Luray about night and I certainly was one of the most disconsolate looking objects you have ever seen. I am not aware of having suffered any inconvenience from the ducking. Annie's box was kept entirely dry under an oil cloth that covered some bedding in the wagon. I did not see her on my [way] through Harrisonburg; she had gone out to the country. We are all looking forward to a speedy move in the Army; **furloughs** are discontinued and everything seems to indicate active operations before many days. God grant that before another winter I may be safe with you and peace restored to our distracted country. Everything seems auspicious and you need entertain but little fear of our final success.

. . . .The newspapers at this time are entirely devoid of interest, everything seems to be quiet, preparatory to the grand attack later in the spring.

I intend sending all my extra baggage to Harrisonburg as soon as an opportunity is presented. Our transportation will be very limited this summer and to keep it in camp would be to lose it.

You know as well as myself the danger that will surround me this summer. I beg you to try and not give way to useless apprehensions for my safety. Your fears will not diminsh my danger, and the knowledge of your unhappiness will only make the pangs of our separation the more unendurable to me. I love you more and more daily, and think of you constantly. . . .

May God bless my own dear Kathleen

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

19

March 21st 1864

My Dear Wife

. . . .I did not mention in my last letter for fear of troubling you the fact of my being placed under arrest for having overstayed my time at home. I have [been] acquitted by Genl. Lee of all blame and have been restored to duty.

I suppose you think being put under arrest something horrible; such is not the case, an off. under arrest is not placed under guard as a private but is allowed the limits of the Camp, he is not however allowed the use of his sword or to do any of the duties of an officer, this is always the treatment of an officer except in extreme cases when he is subjected to a guard.

My arrest consisted in my **doing nothing** for four or five days; at the end of that time I was restored to duty by Genl. Lee and exculpated from all blame. So you must not feel mortified as nothing has occurred to derogate the least from my dignity as an officer or my character as a man. Some 15 of my brother officers were in the same fix as myself. Some however have not been released, but will be tried by Ct. Martial which may result seriously to them.

I hope John has reached home by this time. As I understand the arrangement he will be paroled and not obliged to go into active service. Should this be the case he will probably have a pleasant stay at home. . . .

Give my kindest regards to your Father & Mother I would be glad to hear from them as you are not a very industrious correspondent. I will send you a couple hundred Dolls [dollars] of the new issue as soon as it is placed with the Quartermasters. I may have opportunities of sending it by hand to George A. Hupp who will forward it to you. I am sorry that I did not take all the Confederate money with you over the denomination of five doll[ar]s as they will be almost useless after the first of April. You had better send me a list of the things you need as I may have some unexpected opportunity of procuring them. You spoke of getting flannel for Lucy; tell me the kind you want. . . .

May God bless you my own Dear Wife

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

20

March 30th 1864.

My Dear Wife

I would have written to you some days since at my usual time had I not been prevented by sickness. As I have entirely recovered I will not hesitate to tell you that I was quite ill. I was threatened with fever. My first symptoms were a chill accompanied with extreme dizziness and afterwards succeeded by a fever. You must not give yourself any uneasiness as I am entirely recovered. . .I see by the papers that the Yankees are sending some prisoners from Camp Chase to Fort Delaware for the purpose of exchanging them. You need [not] be surprised to hear from John soon. He may be exchanged at this time. Our fare in Camp at this time is only moderate, we get plenty of corn bread but very little meat; coffee, sugar & rice are also issued but only in small quantities. The officers are now furnished one ration like the men; this will result in a considerable saving to us.

I understand that Phillip Magruder's Wife will shortly have an heir. There is nothing of interest at present transpiring in Woodstock that will interest you. I heard from there the another [other day].

. . . . Tell Dr. Leach that I will send his horse to Luray in a few days I will probably send this letter by the person taking the horse. I would have sent his horse sooner but could not as furloughs were suspended immediately after my return to the Army. They are now issued in the proportion of one to every 100 men fit for duty. None are granted to officers. Should we defeat Grant this spring I hope to **see you** and dear Lucy in a few months. You must have every hope of final success, the men are in good spirits and determined to make this the **last** year of the war. . .I think of you constantly and nothing could reconcile me to our separation but a sense of the duty I owe my suffering country. Do not fail to pray for me every day. God grant that I may live long years to thank him for giving me so good and true a wife as my beloved Kathleen. Love to all.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

21

Camp. Pisgah
April 3rd 1864

My Dear Wife

As we start on picket for 8 days tomorrow, I have concluded to write you a few lines as it will be more than a week before another opportunity presents itself. You must not give yourself any uneasiness on account of my Regmt going to the front as the enemy are not likely to advance shortly, the river being very high and the roads almost impossible from the recent rains. We have had some terrible weather of late, but fortunately for us we had no field duty to perform during the inclement weather. My health is very good at present my spirits also are cheerful, though I have but little hope of seeing my darling wife & child speedily . . .I am afraid we are going to have a very active campaign on this line this summer. Grant is evidently collecting a heavy force in our front, and a few short weeks will probably startle the country with the thunders of the most terrible battle of the war. You must try and look forward to this event with calmness. My life is in the hands of God and whatever stroke he may have in store for me **try** at least to bear it with the fortitude of a Christian and a patriot. We are all looking forward to a speedy termination of the war. Should our arms meet with a decided success this summer, the enemy must forego all hopes of subjugating us. I am satisfied that the Army will fight with all the desperation of men battling for their liberties and their homes. We have every reason to hope that the enemy will be defeated and in 8 or ten months after I fondly hope to be with you. Try and disabuse your mind of all unreasonable apprehensions for my safety, but rather hope that a few short months will return me safe to your loving arms.

. . . .I suppose you are getting short of money by this time I will send you some as soon as the new issue is paid out to the Army. Our rations are now furnished us free of charge and we can save something handsome out of our pay. My pay amounts to $1080 a yr.

Give my kindest regards to your father & Mother and tell them not to get low spirited as the Yankees have still to kill many thousand gallant men before they overcome us. Tell your Father that there is more land ploughed for the coming corn crop than has ever been in the South. So there is no danger of our starving. We are living almost exclusively at present on corn bread. We get small rations of sugar, coffee, rice & molasses. We manage to live but not luxuriantly.

Write soon & often.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

P. S. I have sent Dr. Leach's horse to Luray.

22

April. 16th 1864
Camp. Pisgah

My Dear Wife,

We have just returned to Camp from a picket tour of a week, and have consequently been unable to write you my usual number of letters. . .I am delighted to hear that Lucy has recovered from her indisposition. I am afraid you have given her too close attention and have consequently injured your health; as regards a nurse for her, any arrangements you may see fit to make will be agreeable to me. I am surprised that you should have asked me to give my consent to your procuring a nurse. I have but one desire in the world and that is to make my dear wife comfortable and happy.

My health has been excellent and should no misfortune befal me this summer I hope to pass through the war with a better constitution than when I entered it. I am delighted to hear that Lucy is learning to talk, she will soon reach the most interesting period of babyhood and will no doubt be a source of great happiness & amusement to you this summer. I have nothing of special interest to write about the Army. Everything is quiet at present though we are looking forward to the coming weeks as being pregnant with great events. It is generally believed in Camp that Grant has not received the reinforcements which are represented to have been sent to him this being true the probabilities are that we will advance against him. Should we assume the offensive we will see each other in a few weeks. God grant that nothing happen [to] me to prevent our meeting. . .None of the new issue has been sent to the Army and I am consequently unable to send you anything but old issue. I will be able to send some of the new currency in a few weeks, I suppose.

. . . .Give me all the news of the Yankees in the Valley.

Your Devoted Husband

G B Samuels

23

Aprl. 17th 1864
Camp, Pisgah

My Dear Wife,

I have just received your letter sent to me by Mr. Green. Johnty Lehew is now with me and brought your letter. I am sorry to hear that you have devoted yourself too closely to Lucy. You **must not do it.** Make any arrangements you may see fit to lighten your labour. I am delighted to hear that Lucy has entirely recovered and nothing could give me more pleasure than a big **romp** with the little innocent. I hope next winter when I get home you will have taught her to call me Papa. . . .

I am much obliged to your Mother & yourself for your kind present, it is very neat and I prize it very highly on account of its being the work of Southern women; I would rather wear it than the richest fabric from a Yankee manufactory. Enclosed you will find some Postage Stamps for yourself & Mother. I am very sorry that we have not been paid off as I have a safe opportunity of sending you some of the new issue. We soldiers are entirely out of money at present; the sight of Confederate money is as rare as it used to be frequent. I have many things of interest to tell you about the Army, but I am afraid my letter might miscarry. You must try and stifle your curiosity for the time as you will shortly know all. I will only say that we are prepared for the enemy and confidently expect a glorious victory. We are still in Winter Quarters although we are prepared to move in 15 minutes in whatever direction the enemy may threaten us. Give my kindest regards to your Father & Mother and tell them I think of them frequently; if John is well they will certainly see him in a few weeks. The Cartel has been resumed and the exchange of Prisoners has only been delayed by the extremely high water in the James.

Tell your Father that I left his money with the Editor of

Rockingham Register according to directions. So soon as I can see that the Yankees will not hold F. R. this summer I will renew his subscription for the Richmond Examiner. I suppose we need feel but little anxiety about the provision question this summer, all the interior of Va so far as I have seen is ploughed up, and many men who have never worked in their lives are busy farming in order to procure exemptions.

You must excuse the quality of this paper and size, it is enormously high and I have to avail myself of the paper furnished me by the Gov.

I will get the flannel you wish if it is possible to do so, I may see some opportunity of sending it to you. My Brig is almost cut off entirely from the world. We are camped some 9 miles from Orange C. H in the woods and see but few people outside of our Regmt. I would continue my letter as long as the paper lasts, but I see Johnty is about laying aside the Newspaper I gave him to amuse him whilst I was writing. Think of me often and remember me in your **prayers.** God grant that I may live many years to be

Your Affect. Husband

G. B. S.

24

April, 21st 1864.

My Dear Wife

I cannot write you a long letter to day as we will soon go out drilling. I wrote you several days since and am writing now solely on account of Dr. Leach's Horse. Please tell the Dr. that I sent his horse according to directions, but the animal was very poor and feeble and could not cross the Ridge; the horse delivered to the bearer of his order was an old horse & blind of one eye. Mr. Stover sold one of his horses & sent the money to Richmond to be invested in bonds. No saddle or bridle of his was in possession of Mr. Stover, his horse is now at Mrs. Kite's east of the Ridge on the Newmarket & Gordonsville turnpike some 16 or 18 miles from Luray. He may procure him without difficulty by getting some one from Luray to go after him or send word for him. Give the Dr. my kindest regards and assure him that it was from no fault of the agent I employed that he has failed to receive his horse. . . .

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

25

April 27th, 1864.

My Dear Wife,

I have a leisure hour to day and have concluded to write you a long letter. . . .

We are still lying idle in Camp, but anxiously looking forward to the terrible hour that will join us in battle with our hated foe. It cannot be many days it may be only hours, before the conflict begins which must decide our fate as a people. God grant that we gain the victory. Our troops are all confident of success and in the highest spirits, which is a sure harbinger of success. I hope you will not distress yourself on my account I shall try to conduct myself in the battle as becomes an officer and a patriot, and whatever may be my fate we must bow in submission to the will of God. A soldier has many chances of escaping in battle it seldom happens that more than one in six are killed or wounded; of the wounded half at least recover. So you see to fight a battle is not **certain death,** try then, my Dear Wife, to **hope for the best.**

. . . .We break up Camp tomorrow and will not be likely to return. I have no means of carrying paper with me and may not see the wagons again for weeks, so do not feel uneasy about my not writing. I sent you some postage Stamps which I suppose you have received. My Regmt went to Genl. Lee Hd. Quarters for the purpose of procuring Bayonets. I saw John Lehew; he is well and has been made Commissary Sergeant of his Battalion, the positions is a very desirable one as it secures him good eating and security from bullets.

I suppose you have all heard by this time Longstreets arrival here. Picketts Division did not come with him; it is still in N. Carolina. We have gratifying news from West of the Mississippi, Banks has been defeated by Kirby Smith with heavy loss. We are drawing abundant rations in every thing except meat. We are sorely in need of the last article of food and unless some provision is made for an increase we cannot endure hard marching this summer. We live on corn bread & coffee. . .May God bless my own Dear Wife is the constant prayer of

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

26

(See Appendix Page 248)

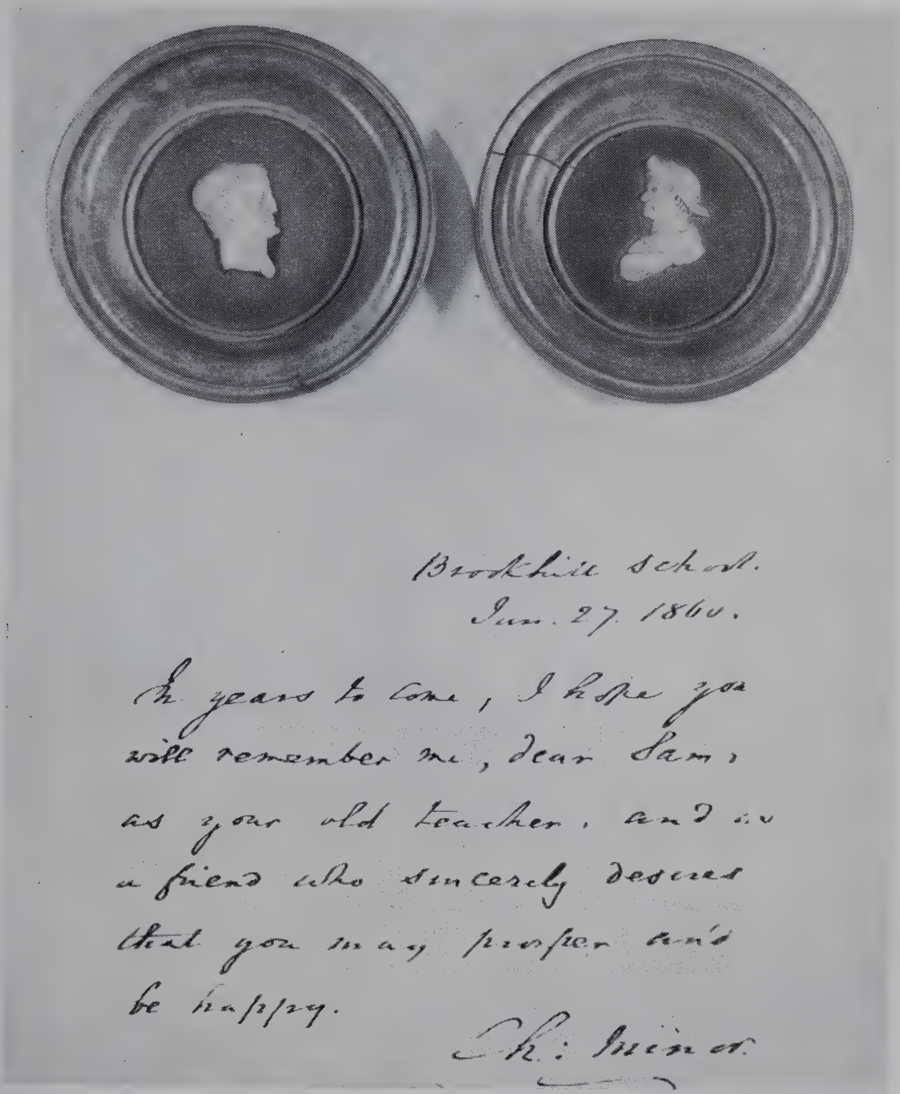
May 7th, 1864

My Dear Wife,

You have doubtless heard by this time of the tremendous battle which is now progressing in the neighborhood of Chancellorsville. My poor Brother is already numbered with the list of heroes who have fallen for their country. He died with his arm around my neck on the night of the 5th at 20 minutes to 12 P. M. The fatal bullet that terminated his short life penetrated his left arm near the shoulder, passing into his body and breaking his spine. His sufferings were slight. My poor Uncle Ike has also fallen; his wound in all probability mortal, his sufferings are intense, the ball penetrated his spine and is supposed to have entered his bowels. He fell within a few feet of me. I have never realized the horrors of this war until the bloody 5th of May, which was the fatal day that cut short my poor Brother's life. I pray to God that I may live to avenge his fall. We have reason to hope from his dying words that his soul is with God.

Poor boy few braver or better men have fallen in this terrible battle. There is a lull at present in the battle & I write you this short note behind our fortifications. Today will probably terminate the battle as we are supposed to be about attacking the demoralized and shattered ranks of the enemy. Our success so far has been as decided as brilliant, thousands of our hated foes already sleep in death and thousands are prisoners in our hands. We have also captured artillery. What number I do not know. My Brig captured one battery of Napoleon Guns. I do not know the losses in Hill's and Longstreet's Corps, but our Casualties are slight. Col. Warren is killed My Regmt has lost 52 officers & men so far.

Tell your father that my greatest consolation in the fall of my poor brother is that he died in the great battle which resulted in the independence of our country. I have many things to write you my Dear Wife, but grief for my poor Brother & Uncle sus-



Brookhill school.
Jun. 27. 1860.

In years to come, I hope you will remember me, dear Sam, as your old teacher, and as a friend who sincerely desires that you may prosper and be happy.

Ch: Minor.

Plaques In Stone From Pompeii Awarded Sam For Proficiency In Latin. The "Years To Come" Came To An End In The Battle Of The Wilderness May 5, 1864.

pends my pen. Pray to God for our success and that I may return to you unharmed. God so far has shielded me through tempests of death dealing missiles. Pray that he may still protect me through the coming dangers. We have already driven the enemy more than a mile and are only waiting to complete arrangements to drive him into the Rappahannock. Three Brig Generals have been killed on our side. Genl. Longstreet is badly wounded. We have already captured & killed four Federal Generals.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

27

May 11th, 1864

My Dear Wife,

. . . .God grant that tomorrow's battle may terminate this horrible Carnage. Yesterday we had a terrible battle, the enemy charging our lines repeatedly, but repulsed with awful slaughter at all points.

Sam's body has been sent to Harrisonburg. I mourn his death doubly on Annie's account; it will be a terrible shock to her. I must draw my short note to a close as my time is short Uncle Ike was still living up to the last time I heard from him; he has been sent away.

Love to all. God grant that I may live to see you again and enjoy the blessings of peace. My soul is sick with the horrors I have witnessed the last week. I will write you as soon as an opportunity presents itself full particulars of my poor Brother's death. God grant that he rests in peace and his sleep undisturbed by the sounds of battle. Poor boy—my soul is filled with anguish at the thought of his early death. I must draw my letter to a close. May God bless you, my dear Wife.

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

P. S. We are fighting near Spotsylvania C. House; the battle has ceased for the time on account of the rain.

28

Spotsylvania C. H
May 13th 64

My Dear Wife

I have an opportunity of sending you a few lines this morning to assure you of my continued safety. My **entire** Company has been killed, wounded & captured. The loss in my Div has been **enormous.** I do not suppose there is a thousand men left in the Div. My Regmt has about 40 left. Our great loss was occasioned by the 2nd Brig. of My Div falling back and the Div was flanked. Excepting on the line of my Div. our success has been glorious; thousands and thousands of the enemy lie in front of our breastworks. I suppose my Regmt will be sent to the rear to recruit. This makes the third letter that I have written since the commencement of these terrible battles. The enemy are still in front of us and will probably renew the fight tomorrow.

I am sick at the Hospital, so do not give yourself any uneasiness on my account. God in his infinite mercy has spared me so far unharmed. I suppose you have received by this time my former letters announcing poor Sam's death and Uncle Ike's being mortally wounded. I would write more but have not the time. I am not very sick, although at the Hospital. My Regmt is in the rear gathering up arms & I being without any command will not probably be called into action. Love to all. **John** is at Point Lookout & well. I ascertained this fact from an exchanged man

Yours Devotedly,

G. B. S.

The enemy suffered **terribly** yesterday. Do not fear for ultimate success.

29

May 25th, 1864
Luray

My Dear Wife

I am at present staying at Dr. Smoots' in Luray. I have had a slight attack of Bilious Remittent Fever, which has weakened me somewhat. I have a leave of absence from the Hospital at Harrisonburg and of course I am extremely anxious to see you and Lucy. I would not subject you to the inconvenience of traveling to Harrisonburg were I not afraid of your neighbors on Guard Hill. I cannot procure a conveyance to send to F. R. as the owners are fearful of losing horses & all. I will look for you tomorrow evening. You had better bring your small trunk as you will probably be from home some time. Bring my Blue pants and all necessary underclothing for me; I brought nothing from the Army. Tell your Father that all is going well with the Army. Love to all. I am entirely well excepting weakness. I saw your letter to Annie.

Yours Devotedly,

G. B. S.

P. S. . . .Maj. Simpson is now lying wounded in Richmond his leg has been amputated.[67]

[67] Note 67 — During the long break in the letters from May 25, 1864 until his capture at the Battle of Winchester in September 1864 Lieut. Samuels was ill and unfit for duty. He had just recovered enough to join his regiment before the battle. Shortly after that Mrs. Samuels was taken desperately ill with typhoid fever. Dr. Dorsey attended her, helped by old Aunt Pemmy, a slave on whom he leaned heavily in so many of his cases. It was long after the Battle of Winchester before she was able to sit up. Finally Aunt Pemmy, in taking leave, said, "Goodbye, Miss Kattie, I'll meet you in heaven." There were many cases of typhoid fever. Mrs. Fayette Buck and Mrs. Boone had it at the same time. Dr. Dorsey attended both. The time the Yankees threatened to burn the town and many people had left, Mrs. Boone, pale and weak from the illness, sat alone on her doorstep, saying "if they burn my home they will have to do it before my eyes." After the Battle it was not learned for weeks to what "northern bastion", as Miss Beall termed it, Green had been "consigned". At her farm five miles from Charles Town she ran a sort of post office of her own, keeping U. S. stamps for the "express purpose of forwarding letters to southern prisoners. Those miserable Yankees, they open the letters and steal the money." Little Lucy named her doll baby "Bettie Beall".

V.

In Prison

(See Appendix Pages 249-250)

1

Fort. Del.
March 7th 1865

My Dear Wife,

I have at last an opportunity of forwarding you a letter by private means. I have not received a letter from you since my confinement, which I suppose is no fault of yours. I have received two letters from Annie, she speaks of your recovering slowly from your illness. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than this news. I have had little else to think of than yourself and Lucy, during my imprisonment, in fact I think of you too much, for I sometimes foolishly make myself miserable by imagining all sorts of misfortunes befalling you. I know that your situation must be a trying one, living as you do in the midst of uncertainties and alarms, deprived of many things once so essential to your comfort. Try and be cheerful under these afflictions, remembering that God in his own good time will turn our sorrows into joys. Do not give yourself any uneasiness on my account, I have met with many kind friends, who have furnished me with good warm clothing and from time to time with small remittances of money, which has prevented me from suffering either with cold or hunger. John is doing well, he is engaged in manufacturing rings, and as far as I can learn has not or is not suffering either for money or clothing. I have not been able to see him since my confinement, although we are but a few yards apart. Tell your Father & Mother they need give themselves no apprehension about John's moral character. He is the same quiet **steady** John. We are all looking forward anxiously to a speedy exchange. Prisoners are leaving here weekly, and as they are being exchanged according to date of capture, my time will hardly come before a month. John being an older prisoner will probably see you before I do. We are all very much depressed at the recent reverses of our Armies. Many of our men in the different prisons of the North have taken the oath of allegiance, and many more I fear will follow their example should our armies be compelled to evacuate Richmond. I suppose you have heard all the particulars of my capture at Winchester. Miss Brown and Mollie Magruder promised to send you all the particulars. My escape from death was almost miraculous. Give my kindest regards to your Father & Mother. I suppose Lucy is now running all over the house, and that her head has become well **acquainted** with all the steps on the stairway. Do not forget to teach her that she has a Papa. If I receive a furlough I will come to F. R. if possible. God alone knows how earnestly I long to see my Dear Wife once more. Your loving kindness towards me has made you inexpressibly dear to me. Whatever the future may have in store for me I shall always be rich in happiness as long as you are spared me. May God bless and protect you from all dangers. I am sorry to learn that Weston's Mill has been destroyed, its loss I suppose will subject you all to considerable inconvenience. I suppose Bet has long since been captured. I have written several letters to Miss Bettie Beall of Charlestown to forward you which I suppose you have already received. She has treated me with great kindness. (See Pages 250-251).

My health has been excellent all winter. I am indeed blessed compared with many of my fellow prisoners, some of them actually suffering for want of sufficient food. I mess with Col. Hopper & Capt. Foster, both of the 21st Georgia Inf. We eat two meals a day and by purchasing a little flour from time to time we manage to satisfy the cravings of nature. The greatest inconvenience of prison life is the crowd Over one hundred are confined in my Division. The noise of course is terrible. Lucy's crying at midnight is music compared to it. The general health of the barracks is good, considering our crowded condition. We have had a good many cases of smallpox during the winter, it is now on the decrease. I sent you a note by Lt Marshall of Clarke did you receive it. You might write to me regularly by giving your letter to some Yankee soldier to mail at Winchester. Letters frequently come here from the Valley sent in this way. Tell Mr Bailey's mother that he is well. I have not seen him as the officers are kept in separate barracks from the men. He and John mess together. I have received several letters from Mac.

In writing to me you need not confine yourself to one sheet, letters frequently come here the size of mine.

Give me all the news about yourself and especially what effect your illness has had on your general health. Do not forget Lucy she will take at least a page of your letter I hope. I suppose she begins to make herself **heard** in the house, no doubt very noisy and bad. I suppose the bees have gone the way of all flesh by this time

Should it be my misfortune to be one of the excess and consequently left here, you must not distress yourself it may be the means under providence of saving my life. Try and consider everything for the best. I fondly believe that I will be spared you through this terrible war and our present sorrows will only enable us the more keenly to enjoy our future happiness. Should you not hear from me again shortly, do not think that I have forgotten you. God alone knows how inexpressibly dear you are to me, dearer than all the world besides. Kiss Lucy for me, above her do not spoil her by over kindness. Remember Solomons proverb. Spare the rod and spoil the child. Temper your kindness with firmness, impress on her mind that obedience is her first duty. But I need not advise you what course to pursue toward her. I have every confidence in the good sense of my dear Wife.

Remember me kindly to your Father & Mother. Tell them that I will gladly do anything that lies in my power to contribute to Johns comfort. They must not feel any fears either as to his health or morals, he has a good constitution and a character for steadiness that will carry him through all the temptations of prison life I cannot close my letter without again reiterating my assurances of love for you. Be to me what you have been in the past, a kind, loving and obedient wife, and I shall ever remain

Your Loving Husband

G. B. Samuels

2

Fort. Del. May 19th 1865

My Dear Wife

I have just received your letter of the 9th inst. Nothing I assure you could give me greater pleasure than to hear you and Lucy are well. I think of you all constantly, and do not remain away from you of my own accord. The only prisoners that have been released from here as yet (excepting special releases) are those who have applied for the oath **before** the fall of Richmond. Try and bear our separation with fortitude. I do not think the Govmt intends keeping us much longer. We have positive assurances that the Cabinet will consider our cases **very shortly.** I am doing everything that lies in my power to secure a **special release** for John and myself. We both appreciate your helpless condition at home, and are not witheld by a false sense of honor from returning to your support. Believe me my Dear Wife that you and all at home are inexpressibly dear to me, and that now, above all things on earth, I long to see your kind, sweet face once more, and to relieve your Father from his present burthens. John and I are both well and **confidently** expect before many days to see you all. Do not give way to despondency, in a few short weeks, I trust, we will be reunited never to part again on earth. I would like very much to bring all of you some substantial presents, but I fear my expectations of procuring funds will be disappointed. Give my love to your Father & Mother, tell them, that I am doing everything that lies in my power to contribute to John's comfort. May God bless and protect you my dear wife is the constant prayer of

Your Devoted Husband
G B Samuels

P. S. Write often. Long letters are allowed.

3

(See Appendix Page 251)

Fort Del.
June 4th 1865.

My Dear Wife

I received your kind letter of the 29th ult yesterday. I was perfectly charmed with its contents and in imagination **kissed** the dear writer over & over again. I suppose from the description given of you by Mr. Blakemore that you have entirely recovered from the fever, he calls you my **lovely** little wife, of course this is very gratifying to me, but I trust that I love you more for the goodness of your heart than all your outward beauties. A man possessing both beauty and goodness is indeed blessed, and I assure you that all the treasures of the earth weighed against my **curly headed little wife** would be nothing to me. I have made application to Genl. Grant through Mr. Blakemore who will have the petition approved by prominent citizens of Phila[delphi]a and then present it to the Genl. I have strong hopes of his succeeding in his efforts, provided he goes to Washington and attends to it in person. It would be well enough to get Mrs Richards to write to him and request him to go to Washington and attend to it.

I am very sorry to hear that Lucy is unwell and hope there is nothing serious the matter with her. I am very sad sometimes thinking of you and our little child, life is so very short at the longest and to spend it in such a place as this when God has blessed me with such a dear affectionate wife and a prattling babe, is more than I can bear at times. My heart longs for you daily, nay hourly and my whole time is spent in longing for and thinking of you and Lucy. God grant that I be speedily restored to you. I shall try to get into some business as soon as I am released from this place, and hope before many months to have a home of our own. You seem to be laboring under the impression that all we have to do here to secure a release, is to signify a willingness to take the oath, this is not the case. The majority of us expressed a willingness to return to our allegiance after the fall of Richmond and were assured by the Govmt that our request would be granted. Their policy seems to have changed however. I send you this letter through private hands and consequently can write you a longer letter than **one page.** Should John and I secure our releases through Mr. Blakemore I will have money enough to take us to Winchester. I have $34.00 which I presume will be sufficient. I hoped to have money enough to bring you all some **useful** present such as shoes for yourself and Mother and a hat for your Father. I shall bring Lucy some candy if I have to do without a meal or two. I suppose she needs shoes also. I have seen John but once since my imprisonment, and then had no opportunity of conversing with him. John had very long hair at that time and was quite handsome. Poor fellow he has had a weary time of it for nearly two years, but thank God his troubles will only last a few weeks longer. This is a very hard place to any one without money, but thanks to kind friends I have generally had enough to eat. The sutler imposes on us terribly, and such is the smallness of our rations that three of us spend thirty cents a day for **bread alone.** We are very much in need of a vegetable diet and a good many of the prisoners have scorbutic tendencies. You speak of fine strawberries at home, the sutler has some for sale here at this time, and I have been very much tempted to buy a plate, but they are so very high that I cannot consent to rob Lucy of her shoes for the gratification of my appetite.

Give my kindest regard[s] to your Father & Mother & tell them John and I are going to be very industrious on our return home. Tell your Father to see Mr Hupp and procure from him flour or anything that may be needed in the family and have it charged to my account. He must not hesitate to do this as I am not willing to impose upon him during these hard times. I suppose the bees keep you in a continual stew about Lucy. I suppose she has been stung over & over again. I am very glad to hear that none of the young men of F. R. have been killed in the recent battles. God knows that we have had enough of blood during the last four years. My Cousin, Mrs. Dyer[68] from Dubuque sent me a very nice suit of clothing several weeks ago and when I leave here [I] will have no mark of the subjugated rebel. The weather with us is becoming oppressively warm, and our barracks are very much crowded, 130 men sleeping on shelves in one room. I do not think my imprisonment has as yet injured my constitution although I am quite weak and thin, from want of exercise and suitable food. Compared with many other poor wretches I have indeed cause to be thankful. Be of good cheer, we all confidently look forward to a speedy release. I cannot think that the Govmt will keep much longer this large body of men from their needy families. Write me often and always a long, long letter. I am only allowed one page unless sent by private hands as this is done. Kiss little Lucy for me and tell her papa will soon be home and that she must be a good little girl and love mama with all her might. If I have

I **know** you have a great deal of fortitude and will grieve not too much on my account. I am well and in good hopes of seeing you shortly. May God bless and protect you my darling

---

Note 68 — John Boone writes in his diary at Fort Delaware, Sept. 28, 1864 Wednesday: "Green arrived last night. I am so sorry to hear that sister is so low with fever. I despair of seeing her again." All of this time Johnty wrote from the trenches before Richmond that he never enjoyed better health, sleeping most of the time under wagons.

Judge Dyer's wife, Mrs. Annie C. Thomas and her sister Mrs. M. G. Marcoe of Baltimore were especially kind, sending articles and letters of encouragement.

Wife is the constant prayer of

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. S.

4

Fort Del.
June 8th, 1865

My Dear Wife,

Before this letter reaches you, you will have doubtless seen the President's order for the release of prisoners under the rank of Major. You may well imagine our feelings on the receipt of this joyful intelligence. I am anxiously looking for the happy hour which will restore me to you. Ten days or two weeks will probably terminate our confinement. John will probably see you all before I do as the privates will be sworn in first. Try and bear our separation a little longer, a few short days is all now that divides us. God willing, we have many years of happiness before us. I hope little Lucy has entirely recovered from her illness. I will bring your Father, Mother, Lucy and yourself some presents. A pair of shoes for the female portion and a hat for your Father will about exhaust my limited means. I wish my means were equal to my wishes to serve you all. I have several handsome rings for you and one for Lucy. John and I will be very lazy I fear for a short time, prison life is terrible on one's energies. I am quite weak and thin but hope that pure air, milk and vegetables will soon restore me to my accustomed vigor. Write me every few days, a long kind letter from you makes me happy for days. Tell your Mother to give herself no uneasiness on John's account, I have money enough to take us home handsomely. May God bless you, my Dear Wife, is the constant prayer of

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

P. S. I have an opportunity of sending this privately and consequently am at liberty to write more than a single page. I sent you a long letter by Lt. Hoffman a few days since, he promised to deliver it in person and tell you all about myself and prison life generaly. I had determined to send my rings by him to you but concluded not to as it might recall me too strongly to your memory and make you unhappy. I am extremely anxious to know how you look with **curly hair.** I presume it does not detract from your beauty as Mr. Blakemore in his letter to me speaks of you as my **lovely little wife.** I have regretted many times that I failed to take your daguerrotype with me last fall, I did not notice its absence until I had gotten some miles from F. R. I suppose you have great trouble in keeping Lucy from eating too much fruit. A little would be very good for her, but I suppose you know more about these matters than myself, consequently I will not attempt to give you any further advice. Tell Lucy that I have a pretty newspaper with nice pictures on it for her. Tell her that Papa will bring her a nice pair of shoes and some candy provided she is a good girl and minds what Mama tells her. I am very much afraid I will not hit the proper sized shoes for her. I dread the walk very much between Winchester and F. R., my feet have become very tender and entirely unfitted for marching. I hope, however, to be able to hire a conveyance in Winchester for part of the way at least. John, I suppose, is as much unfitted for walking as myself. We are expecting, however, to be so **very happy** when we do get back that we will cheerfully endure anything if it only shortens the distance between us and those we love so tenderly in our Valley homes. The water here is becoming intolerably bad and I long exceedingly for a hearty drink of pure Valley water. We suffer so many inconveniences here that what you at home would think to be the **commonest** comforts of life would be to us the **highest luxuries.** I have slept on a board with the thickness of a single blanket underneath me for the past 8 months. This too in a small room with 130 others. Thank God I can laugh at these discomforts now, they are almost ended, a few short days will restore me to freedom and the arms of my loving wife. I suppose your Father is quite busy with the bees. I have had many pleasant and instructive conversations with officers here on the bee culture and have read Langstroth's book during the winter. If you desire anything specialy let me know and I will get it if my means hold out. The Govmt. will furnish us with transportation and consequently our expenses going home will be very little. I know nothing about things most acceptable to ladies, tell me what you want. I suppose cherries are ripe with you now. I long so much to see the shade of the cool woods and walk on the pleasant grass once more. Beyond a stubby willow or two we have no trees on the island, as for grass a few modest blades peep up here and there in retired corners. The large number of men here effectualy destroy everything like vegetation. I must draw my long, rambling letter to a close. May God bless you, my Dear Wife. I go back to you with the full determination to do everything that lies in my power to make you comfortable and happy through life. Be to me a true and loving wife and I shall ever remain

Your Devoted Husband

G. B. Samuels

5

Fort Del.
June 10th, 1865

My Dear Wife,

I have written you several long letters within the last week, although nothing of interest has occurred lately. I will, however, write again, hoping that I may afford you some little pleasure. I saw John several days ago and had a long conversation with him, of course we talked about nothing but **home.** He is very anxious to be released and being an old prisoner and a private will probably see you all a few days before that happy privelege is extended to me. I wrote to Mr. Blakemore in Philadelphia and expect him here tomorrow or Monday. As Genl.

is authorized to release prisoners under the rank of Major, I am satisfied that we will be released on his application to the Genl. Mac, John and myself are included together. God grant that we are not disappointed in our expectations. Prisoners here are being rapidly released, and even if compelled to wait my regular turn I will in all human probability leave here in two weeks. John has quite a handsome collection of rings and trinklets to take home with him, he displays remarkable ingenuity. Tell Lucy that Papa will not forget her. I can scarcely realize the fact that a few short days will terminate my confinement and restore me to my beloved wife. I anticipate great happiness and I will strive to make myself worthy of the great blessing that God has given me in your love. Do not worry yourself in useless longings for my return, try to be cheerful and happy. I will soon be with you. Give my love to your Father and Mother. Write soon and let me hear everything connected with yourself. I am extremely anxious to see you with your curly hair. I suppose it makes quite a change in you. May God bless you, my Darling Wife, and speedily restore me to your arms.[69]

Your loving husband

G. B. Samuels

Note 69 — John Boone arrived home June 15, 1865. On the same day at Fort Delaware Green Samuels received his discharge, having taken the oath of allegiance. An idea of what they had suffered and endured in a "northern bastion" is gleaned from John Boone's Diary. He could little have dreamed that ninety years afterward his diary was to receive The Perdue Silver Cup, annually awarded by the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the best diary submitted that year.

APPENDIX

Mrs. Samuels' Memorandum Concerning the Presbyterian Church at Front Royal

The organization of the Front Royal Presbyterian Church dates back to November 30, 1794. Reorganized February 23, 1830, by the efforts of Rev. Robert T. Berry (see Letter 49, page 129) with Col. Robert Turner and Mr. William Randolph, elders. An effort to erect a church building at Front Royal began in October, 1795, but no building was put up until a half century later. The congregation meanwhile worshipped in the "Schoolhouse" where the Catholic Church now stands. The lot for the building was donated July 22, 1840, by Mr. John Stephenson, probably an elder, though there is no record of his ordination. The construction of the Church extended over a period of several years. It's completion was mainly due to the noble efforts of such women as Mrs. Jane Buck, Miss Catherine Buck Miss Mary Buck, the Misses Mary and Martha Lane, Mrs. Elizabeth Cook, Mrs. Lovell and daughters, Mrs. Beverly Randolph, Miss Susan Randolph, Mrs. Robert Turner, Miss Bettie LeHew, Miss Cattie Petty and Miss Eliza Brown, and others. The exact year and date of dedication is uncertain—possibly around 1850-51. Dated Front Royal, April 12, 1923.

Names in Kattie Boone's Album Front Royal, Va.

Lucy R. Buck
G.B.S.
Gussie Bowman, Woodstock, Va.
"Belle Boyd", Front Royal, August 14, 1861
S. C. Samuels, Woodstock, March 20, 1860
Nannie Taylor, July 28, 1861
G. W. Magruder, Woodstock, Va., June 23, 1860
J.E.M. of Front Royal, January 3, 1860 (Julia E. Myers)
Geo. C. Hamman, Woodstock, Va., March 14, 1860
Mark Welsh, Woodstock, Va. July 5, 1860

M.M.B., River Side, July 9, 1860 (Marcus M. Bailey)
Mollie Wunder, March 12, 1860 (Mrs. Pence)
C.W.R., Front Royal, July 22, 1860 (Charley Richardson)
Gamma, 1860, (George H. Williams, killed 1862)
Mary Williams, Woodstock, Va.
R. S. Parham,, Willow Lake, Sep. 20, 1861 (Georgia)
Julia Myers, Front Royal, January 3, 1860
John I. Johnston, April 13, 1861
J. L. Campbell
Belle Boyd, Martinsburg, Va.
James P. Glass, Meriwether Cty., Georgia
Annie W. Campbell, Woodstock, Shenandoah Co., Va.
John Henry William, Georgia
W.H.D. (Willie Dorsey)
Alice E. Stewart, Georgetown, D. C., May 7, 1861
Bettie S. Rigdon, Woodstock, Va., Sep. 27, 1860
Lieut. S. D. Clements, Sunny Side, Georgia
Mary J. Williams, Woodstock, March 19, 1860
George H. Williams, Woodstock, Virginia, March 19, 1860
Mollie W. (Mary Williams)
I. "Wondosky", Woodstock, May 26, 1860 (Dr. William Triplett)
A. D. Abraham, Greenville, Georgia
Saml. M. Spengler, Woodstock, Virginia. 1860
G. B. Samuels, June 29, 1861
Mollie Haas, Woodstock, July 1, 1860
John W. Magruder, Woodstock, Va.
Roberta Owens, Front Royal, May 7, 1861
Henry Hardie, Raleigh, North Carolina—Woodstock Female Seminary July 2, 1860
Alice Morehead, Front Royal, No. 7, 1859
"Analasky", Woodstock, May 28, 1860 (Dr. William Triplett)
Phillie A. Hoover
L. F. Campbell, Winchester, Va.
Jno. I. Johnson, April 14, 1861
William H. Dorsey, Sunny Side, Virginia, August 18, 1860
F. F. C., March 21, 1860 (Frank Campbell)
A. Thomas Pritchartt, May 17, 1861
A. W. C., Woodstock, July 5, 1860 (Mrs. Annie Walton Campbell)
Saml. V. R. Clower, July 4th, 1860
C. E. Lehew, Camp Pickens, June 24, 1861
G. M., June 22, 1860 (Dr. Geo. M. Magruder, Fort Worth, Texas)

Bettie B. Williams, Woodstock, Virginia, Sep. 27, 1860 (Married Tom Marshall of Happy Creek)
Mollie E. Magruder, Woodstock, June 27, 1860 (First wife of Major Holmes Y. Conrad of Winchester, Va.)
Fannie G. Stewart, Washington, D. C., 1861
Carrie Taylor, Front Royal, July 27, 1861
Phil W. Magruder, Woodstock, Va., Day after 4th of July
J. Thomas Petty, Washington, D. C., Sunday, Sept. 14, 1862
J. H. B., F. R. (Jim Brown)
R. A. Howard, Pantalo, Geo,, Sept. 25, 1861
Alice Spengler, Woodstock, Shenandoah County, Virginia
A. J. Kiger, Winchester, Va. (Mrs. Jane Kiger, sister of J. R. Richards of Riverton)
Your Friend (John I. Johnston, Clover Hill, Warren Co., Va. Killed in Pa. on the retreat from Gettysburg.
Belle Boyd, Front Royal, July 28, 1861
W. H. D., near Front Royal, Va., August 9, 1860 (Willie Dorsey)
J. I. Johnston, April 16, 1861

Names in Samuel C. Samuels' Album
Woodstock, Va.

Philip M. Terrill of Warm Springs, Bath Co., Va.—Brookhill School, January 1859
Louisa N. Minor, Brook Hill, Va., Jan. 24, 1860
F. Taylor, Vermillionville, La., February 5, 1860
J. A. Taylor, Opelousas, La., Feb. 5, 1860
R. Taylor, Jr., Vermillionville, Parish of Lafayette, La., Feb. 5, 1860
C. B. Andrus, Opelousas, La., Brook Hill, Feb. 5, 1860
J. deV. Ismerarity, Pensacola, Fla., Feb. 4, 1860
John R. Bradford, Statesburgh, So. Ca.
John B. Whitehead, Feb. 5, 1860
John C. Minor, Richmond, Va., Brook Hill, Feb. 4, 1860
N. J. Drake, Thomaston, Geo. Brookhill, Jan. 7, 1860
Ch. Minor, Brookhill School, Jan. 27, 1860
L. W. Minor, Brookhill, Jan. 27, 1860
Isaac Everett, Louisville, Ky., Brookhill, Jan. 25, 1860
Howell E. Cobb, Dixie's Land

Robert W. Dorsey, Feb. 5, 1860
T. R. Drake, Thomaston, Ga., Feb. 5, 1860
W. P. May, Nashville, Tenn. Febry. 5, 1860
Robert Rives, Brookhill, Jan. 26, 1860
L. Freddie Moore, April 27/60
J. Milton Moore
M. O. Minor, Jan. 24, 1860
H. Garner, Mobile, Ala. (Univ. of Va. 1860-1)
C. G. Clay, Rosedale, Virginia—Brookhill, February 6, 1860.
J. F. May, Brookhill — Jan. 25, 1860
Lee Gilmer, Albermarle Co. Va., Jany. 26, 1860
C. E. Kidder, Brookhill, Feb. 5, 1860
Kattie Boone, Front Royal, Virginia. June 25, 1860
Mary H. Wunder, Mt. Marion, Virginia, June 25, 1860
Mollie E. Magruder, Woodstock, Virginia. June 27, 1860
Bettie S. Rigdon, Woodstock, Va. Sep. 27, 1860
Bettie Bruce Williams, Woodstock, Virginia. Sept. 27, 1860
George H. Williams, Woodstock, Shenandoah County, Virginia (April 12, 1860)
W. R. Abbot, Brookhill, Jan. 25, 1860

The May Festival, at Front-Royal Academy

May 31, 1853.

(See Page 47)

THE FETE

The neat Dwelling, the Academy and the Church, with their surrounding shrubbery and shade-trees; the clear stream flowing by, the adjacent hills clothed with the verdure of Spring or waving with the golden harvests of Summer, and the purity and often simple elegance of social intercourse, are among the charms of the Village alike conducive to the happiness of its people and attractive to the casual visitor. These charms rarely present themselves with more force than when happily combined upon the occasion of the observance of some rural festival, such as the celebration of the rites of May, of which Front Royal was last week the scene. Mr J. Worthington Smith, whose uniform kindness and attention to the Young Ladies of his School have won for him their affection and esteem, and been of material aid to him in their instruction, had been the chief promoter of the celebration; which he knew, from his observation through many years devoted successfully to the business of teaching, would have a most desirable effect in alleviating the toil of study, improving the manners of his pupils, and in promoting joy and good will among those who witnessed and participated in the ceremony. The festival, owing to the inclemency of the weather early in the month, had been deferred until the 31st. The evening was lovely; the winds were hushed beneath a cloudless sky and the fresh green tints given to the landscape by the declining sun, blending with the delicate blue of the mountain, made it most propitious for the coronation of a "Queen of May," and her reception of the homage her Floral subjects were cheerful to offer. A beautiful throne, overhung with evergreens and flowers of every hue, gathered from the forest, field and garden, had been erected in the Court-yard; and here, beneath the boughs of the locust, the villagers, their countenances beaming with interest, had assembled—and soon a procession of little girls and maidens, near forty in number, dressed in pure white, with wreaths of myrtle interwoven with jessamine, rosebuds and woodbine encircling their brows, was seen approaching, two and two, each couple taller than the one preceeding, and all marshalled by Mrs. Kendrick, an assistant in the School, whose fine taste was manifest throughout the day. At length the throne was reached, where the pairs as they arrived gracefully separated and took their places on either side; whilst Miss Laura Green,—whom, for her attractions, personal, mental and moral, her companions had chosen to be their Queen,— with her twelve Maids of Honor, passed up between and occupied the positions assigned them on the handsomely decorated platform around the throne.

Miss Mary Cloud, the First Maid of Honor, announced that the pleasure of conferring the reward due to distinguished merit was hers, as the representative of her fellows.—And, after giving her views upon the subject of female education with great felicity of expression and ease of manner, she took up the crown of laurel and sweetscented flowers, and addressing her fair Sovereign upon its beauties, and the never-dying freshness and fragrance of a character combining the virtues of which those flowers were the emblems, placed it upon her brow, as she, in all the lovely confusion of youthful diffidence and gladness, bowed to receive it. The Coronation Speech followed; in which the Queen was pleased to speak in grateful terms of the mark of distinction awarded her by her comrades, and of the delight with which her cup of joy on that bright day had been filled to overflowing. Her heart went out in expressions of purest love for her subjects, and deep anxiety for their present and future welfare; and, indicating in general terms her wishes and the principles upon which she should govern, she concluded and retired to her throne, and thence proceeded to administer the affairs of her kingdom. In obedience to her Queen's commands, Miss Carrie Brown, with much natural grace, next gave a happily conceived account of the custom of bestowing the chaplet as a reward of virtue and high literary attainment. Vindicating their rural sports from the charge of wasting time, she contended they afforded opportunity for the joyous outgushings of youthful bosoms, and by the refreshing influence of innocent recreation and fragrant flowers gave accelerated progress in the pursuit of knowledge. The addresses of Misses Virginia Cloud and Kathleen Cook to their Sovereign and friends were handsome and appropriate, both abounding in beautiful similes and figures; Kathleen's having the advantage only in possessing the sweetness and grace of rhyme and measure. The pleasant duty of welcoming the company to the feast of good things prepared for the occasion and tastefully and invitingly arranged on a long table in another part of the yard, was confided to Miss Sallie Kendrick, who performed well her part—and in a cool, good-humored way, apologized for the absence of all exhilarating beverages, exposing their baneful influence and contrasting the joyous mirth of the passing scene with the degrading revelry of the goblet. She avowed her own and her companions' hostility to the use of strong drink, and earnestly expressed the hope that the time would soon arrive when the evil of which she complained would be banished from the whole land. After a few moments given to physical refreshment, we returned to the throne to hear the concluding address of Miss Augusta Brown. This young lady spoke with great animation and clearness of voice, thanking the company for their presence, and reminding her associates that their sports were not the objects of life, but, like the beauty and fragrance of the flower that blooms upon the wayside of the traveller upon some important mission, were only to be enjoyed in passing—urged them to return with redoubled vigor to their preparations for usefulness in after life. I have never seen the countenances of any company reflect so many of the delightful emotions of which the human heart is susceptible as at this rustic entertainment. High-toned pride played upon the father's brow, as he witnessed his daughter's success. Mothers looked, as only a mother can when lost in admiration of her child's unfolding loveliness. She observes how modest diffidence, by sending color to the cheek, lends its freshness and beauty, as do shadows cast by the spreading tree to the smiling landscape. Brothers and sisters, their hearts in sweet unison with those of their juniors, seemed to enjoy the pleasant retrospect of a few years, when they too were the actors at similar fetes; whilst the little child, in all its sweetness and innocence, looked forward in glad anticipation to the time when its humble efforts would command the meed of praise and approbation. The Teachers appeared in ecstacies at the delight of the youthful minds entrusted to their culture. But why particularize, when joy shed its light over every countenance, and warmed into active life every latent sensation calculated to withdraw for the time the attention from the selfishness of earth, and to inspire mortals with gratitude to the Deity for the bliss to which humanity may attain?

Front Royal, June 1853. (Spectator Robert H. Turner)

By MISS KATHLEEN COOK.

My dear companions of this festival day,
And you, our freely-chosen Queen of May,
Accept the greetings of my youthful heart,
Though dress'd in words below the height of Art.
The genial Spring, with all her blushing flowers,
Invites us here to mingle in her bowers;
And birds of ev'ry plumage round us throng,
To cheer our meeting with their gladsome song.
Soft zephyrs, playing through the leafy trees,
Whisper of love, and happiness, and peace;
And Genii, from above, their smiles bestow
On this bright scene of innocence below.
From thoughts like these our souls would fondly rise
To Him who holds the circle of the skies,—
Who formed, from Chaos, this green-spreading earth,
And gave to Man his being and his birth.
The theme is more than tender minds can scan,
But we may wonder, and adore the plan.
His works declare His "never-failing skill,"
His loving kindness, and "His sovereign will."
To Him the homage of our hearts is due,
For all His blessings, and His mercy too.
We here are met in these soft sylvan shades,—
A troop of little girls and buxom maids,—
Bedeck'd with flowers of ev'ry varied hue,
From rich carnation to the violet blue.
And here our Teachers, and our Parents dear,
Smile on our sports with warm and hearty cheer.
Now bring the garlands which we wove to-day,
And let us crown our gentle Queen of May.
Her modest blushes, and her down-cast eye,
The poet's pen and painter's brush defy.
In her, the Graces all their gifts combine,—
The charm of person, and the charm of mind.
Our Teachers, too, deserve a welcome part
In the warm gushing of each pupil's heart;
In Learning's paths they lead us on the way,
And guide us right, when we would go astray.
For them, we bring an offering justly due,—
Our best affections, warm, sincere and true.

In after life, when Time shall lay his hand
Upon the members of this joyous band—
When, far remov'd from childhood's early home,
Upon the billows of the world we roam,
In dreams this scene will our mem'ry roll
Like Angels' blessings on the weary soul.

(Note at end: By Giles Cook, Senior)

Miss Virginia Cloud next made a speech presenting the garlands of flowers to the Queen. A note at end says it was written by Mary E. Cloud. Then Miss Carrie Brown delivered a two-page speech attributed by a footnote to J. W. Smith, who also is credited with those delivered by Sallie Kendrick & Augusta Brown.

Correspondence

Front Royal, 1st June, 1853.

J. Worthington Smith, Esq.:
Principal of Front Royal Academy.

Dear Sir:

We were present on yesterday, with a large company, at the "May Festival" gotten up by the Young Ladies of your School in the beautiful grove near the Academy. It was a most interesting and attractive scene. The ceremonies were well performed, and the Addresses delivered by the girls were appropriate and becoming. The object of this note is to request you to obtain from them copies of their Addresses for publication, and to accompany them on your part with such remarks in relation to the School as the occasion may suggest. We avail ourselves of the opportunity to express our high appreciation of the constant and lively interest you exhibit for the education and improvement of our children, and to assure you of our warm regards.

Giles Cook, J. B. Petty
A. Brown, R. Turner
W. M. Buck, W. Richardson
M. Cloud, C. H. Green

Front Royal, June 15, 1853.

To Giles Cook, Esq., and Others, Trustees:

Gentlemen:

Your note of the 1st inst., requesting of the Young Ladies copies of the Addresses delivered by them at the "May Festival," was laid before them; and they have complied with your request. The copies are now ready, and are herewith transmitted to you.

I avail myself of this occasion to express to you, Gentlemen, my grateful sense of the kind and flattering terms in which you allude to the exercises of the School. Such approbation is well calculated to cheer the hearts both of Teachers and Pupils, and to encourage them to renewed zeal in the discharge of their respective duties. It has ever been my aim to conduct the education of your children in such a manner as it seems to me will best fit them to fill with propriety the relations they will be called to sustain in after life. In this, I have been ably seconded by my Assistants in both departments, and justice to my Pupils requires me to state that they have generally shown a disposition to receive my instructions and profit by them. In the Male Department, the course of study is as extensive as in any Academy in Virginia. Here young men may prepare to enter any College with credit to themselves; and those who are not destined for a college-course, may acquire every species of knowledge that is necessary to prepare them for active life. In the Female Department, the course of instruction is of a very high order, embracing every branch taught in any school in this country. With what success this system has been pursued, you, Gentlemen, have had frequent opportunities of judging, from the annual examinations.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

J. Worthington Smith.

Note: Copied from a pamphlet owned by Miss Bessie Kendrick Peyton of New Market, Virginia, whose mother Frances Way Kendrick was born at Mount Zion.

(See Page 138 Letter 6)

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER, June 14, 1862.

OUR FRONT ROYAL LETTER

Special Correspondence of the Inquirer.

FRONT ROYAL, June 14.

The Wounded Soldiers.

War is not all glory, and sometimes we have occasion to note the exceptions to that aphorism so familiar to every soldier, by which he asserts that his "life is always gay." Two such have come under my notice to-day. First, the wounded from Port Republic, as they were being conveyed from the hospitals to the cars, two hundred of them in sad procession, in ambulances and wagons, some on stretchers, some on foot, their arms in slings, while others have no need of slings for arms that can never again be raised in their country's defense. They are helpless now, but no less heroic in patient suffering than in glorious battle, where the few fought so valiantly, yet vainly, against such overwhelming numbers. They are going, some to hospitals, but many, we trust, to their distant homes. Three States, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana will receive them, and tender hands, prompted by loving hearts, will nurse the wounded heroes from the battlefields of Freedom.

Appearances of the Secesh Prisoners.

A few hours later another procession passed along the same street to the cars; sixty-four Secesh prisoners, most of them from the same Battle-field. But what a motley crew! Falstaffs ragged recruits were dressed in holiday attire, in comparison. You look in vain along the whole line to find two dressed alike. Not half of them, should they escape, have anything about them to distinguish them from peaceful citizens, if we except the characteristic hang-dog look, and it would require a better physiognomist than I to distinguish them, in this way, from the few specimens occasionally run out of the army. There are exceptions, however, among these soldiers, which I will mention hereafter. They march along, gazed at by a curious crowd of citizens and soldiers. One has a beautiful bouquet. That is Lieutenant Vitch, of the Sixth Virginia. He was wounded during the attack on Colonel Kenley, and left behind. He has been on parole, petted and lionized by his fair Secesh friends.

None of those wounded soldiers received any such testimonials of affection or regard, but honors more worthy and lasting await them. There is one at the head of the line, in a neat and tidy uniform. That is Lieutenant **Green B. Samuels,** of the Tenth Virginia. His father is **Judge Samuels,** living some twenty-five miles down the valley. He was found yesterday, secreted in the village at home, with his young wife. There are also **Lieut. S. Wren,** of the Eighth Louisiana, Lieutenant **John W. Wright,** Fifth Virginia, First Sergeant **G. C. Black,** Twenty-seventh Virginia, and fifty-seven others, representing many different regiments from the States of Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Virginia. Also two who claim to be citizens, though formerly Soldiers. A wave of the hand from **Belle Boyd** as they pass, an exchange with some of our own soldiers, of State military buttons, during a temporary halt at the office of the Provost Marshall, and they are quickly on board the cars and on the road to Washington. As we start to return we observe a woman and a little girl gazing earnestly at the fast disappearing train, and both weeping bitterly. Is there a son and brother among these prisoners. We wonder, but will not ask.

(See Page 139 Letter F)

Fort Delaware, July 11th 1862

Mr. Williams

Dear Sir:

I was captured some four or five weeks ago at F. Royal and have since been held as a prisoner of war at Washington and at this fort. During this time I have not received a single line from my wife or relatives in the Valley acknowledging the receipt of my letters. The only solution I have of this misfortune is that the Federal Government has discontinued the mails on the Manassas Road, which has prevented their communications from reaching me.

In my distress I would beg of you to forward this letter or a note from yourself to my wife in Front Royal stating that I am in good health and spirits and have written twice a week since my confinement. Should you receive this letter you will please acknowledge the receipt of it, and in future if it meets with your approval I will direct my communications to my wife and family in your name, which you will please forward to F. Royal.

Your answer must be confined to **personal** matters, otherwise it will not be received. Direct to Fort Delaware.

Yours truly,

Lieut G. B. Samuels

Letter addressed to: Philip Williams Esq.

Winchester, Frederick Co., Va.

Happy Creek

April 2nd 1862

My dear Kattie

I have been hoping to see you at church now for some time but something has prevented me from getting to you every Sunday so I thought I would write a few lines to ask you if you have heard from Green since he left and if or where they are stationed I'm so anxious to get a letter to the boys I saw John Lovell Monday he was just from home the rest remained Mr Welsh has also gone with his family Phil Magruder carried his wife with him John says he never saw such excitement in his life as he saw after the fight in Wood. I'm glad I'm away from home. Oh what times I feel so sad some times I dont know what to do. Mr. Marshall has gone he is in New Market I wish you could see my boy he is a fine good child. (See Page 133)

I hope to be able to get home before long you must write me and where you expect to stay if you will go with Green or not.

And now Kattie, I want you to give me some **musline pieces** for my **quilt** I must have some thing to amuse me so Im going to begin a quilt and you have so many pretty dresses so wont you please send me pieces of your and your Ma's dresses get me all you can from your **friends** in Town and I'll be so much oblige and will return the favor if possible have them ready by Saturday I'll send for them and please let me know if you have heard from your husband goodbye write soon to

yours in haste

Bettie Marshall

P.S. I had no paper and had to use the same sheet.

(Strasburg) Home Sunday 28 Dec. 1862

Cousin Catty

Major Stover handed me a letter from Green to you, which I sent to F. Royal a day or two since. I am just in receipt of a letter from you Papa informing me of you having left home for our house and Woodstock and that it was currently reported in Ft. Royal that Green was dead. I am glad to inform you that such is not the case, and that he is alive and well.

Try and come to see us on your way home. Rachel joins in love to you.

Very truly yours

G. A. Hupp

(Page 152 Letter 20) "Willow Glen" (near Front Royal)

About December 26, 1862

Dear Friend

I wanted to go in to see you this morning — but the weather looks so unfavorable now, I am afraid I can't walk back. If it should clear up I will certainly come in to see you. Words seem but mockery, when the heart is crushed and bleeding — and human sympathy no matter how deep, and pure, affords but little comfort to the sorrowing heart. But Katty, be comforted in some measure, this rumor may prove false. I hope and pray it is untrue. It does seem to me strange that you should not have received a letter from some of dear Green's friends. Often such rumors prove false, and it may be this is so. My heart feels most deeply for you and I think constantly of you in your sorrow. Nor do I want to create a hope in your breast, only to be crushed. Charlie Richardson, only heard of it through young Johnson who said he had heard it, and Charlie said he hoped no one would tell you until it was confirmed—and I am sure he did not want it to reach your ears for he charged us all not to tell it. No one of your family can sympathize with you as I do. I have known dear Green from a child and loved him, how well do I remember the confidential talks he has had with me upon the subject of religion, and I have ever felt a sister's interest in him. Mr. L. is waiting. That God may sustain and comfort you in your sorrow and soon relieve your anxious heart, is the fervent prayer of one who deeply feels for you.

Your sympathizing friend

Lucy Lovell

(See Page 157 Letter 26)

Custom House, Baltimore,

Surveyor's Office, Jany. 28. 1863

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That Mrs. E. A. Boone of Front Royal, Warren Co. Va has furnished the Customs officers sufficient and satisfactory proof of her good faith and loyalty to the United States Government, permission is therefore granted to said Mrs. Boone to transport over the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road the articles herewith enumerated, for the exclusive use of her family, and for no other purpose whatever, agreeably to instructions from the Treasury Department of January 12, 1863, and subject to the approval of the Military Authority.

Surveyor of the Customs
Jno.F. McJilton

Approved
Wm. Este
Major & A. D. C.

(Note. Most of the purchases were of goods that filled a large packing trunk).

Baltimore, Jany 28th 1863

M..

Bought of CLOTWORTHY & FLINT
Wholesale Druggists,
and Dealers in Paints, Oils, Glass, &c.
339 W. Baltimore Street, between
Howard and Eutaw Streets,
Sign Black Mortar

All Claims for Allowances
Must be made within
30 days after Receipt of Goods

1 lb. Indigo	$1.38

1 "	Cream Tartar Puvr.	.75
1 dr.	Daynes Carminative Balsm	2.00
1 "	Powd. Gum Arabic	.75
1 "	Oxalic Acid	.50
1 "	White Glue	.48
1 "	Canary Seed	.40
1 "	Grain Pepper	1.45
1 "	Ext. Logwood	.16
½"	Camphor	.75
1 gr.	Elixer Opium	2.00
1 "	Composatum	.62
1 "	Copperus	.03
		$11.27

(See Page 17 Letter 43)

(Not dated)

Dear Green:

Sam is comfortably situated at Mrs. Coffman's in Harrisonburg.

I accompanied your amiable lady as far as Luray. Dr. Smoot with whose family she stopped made agreeable arrangements for her safe conduct to Front Royal. No doubt you have been advised of her safe arrival.

Green I have not as yet forwarded my resignation. I wish I had the time to write you a long letter. You may expect one shortly. Let me hear from you immediately. Direct care of Sam. Box. 34 Harrisburg.

I would like to hear from you in regards to your prospects as well as your opinion of my own case.

In haste

Your faithful friend

(signed) Dd. M. Ream

(Appendix 249)

"May 5th 1864

My dear Sister,

We have fought a great battle today and God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to take away from earth our dear brother. He fell like a soldier and patriot in the foremost rank with his face to the foe. My heart bleeds at the thought of your sorrow, but try and console yourself with the assurance his last words were of Jesus, his Saviour and Redeemer.

The fatal ball penetrated the left shoulder and passed into the cavity of his body. I could spend but a few moments with him immediately before his death as the battle raged until nightfall.

My feelings are too strongly affected to write you more at this present time, but if God spares my unworthy life in tomorrow's battle, I shall write you further.

I shall try and have his body interred in such a way that at some future day we may be able to give his remains proper burial. May God give you grace to bear this terrible affliction that has befallen us. Our brother and uncle sacrificed upon the altar of our country. We have avenged them, nevertheless, for the ground is strewn with thousands of the enemy slain.

Your loving brother,

G.B.S.

Fort Del., Feb. 23rd, 1865

See Page 175 Letter 43)

Dear Sister,

I have received two letter from you since my confinement in the North. I have written you three or four. McG sent me the money you gave him for me, converted into Greenbacks it amounted to $22.40. Cousin Abe has a $500.00 Confederate Bond of mine if it is of any service to you you are at liberty to use it. You must not hesitate to use it as I offered it last summer. You are indeed a kind sister to me, so you must not be restrained from accepting my offer by a foolish pride. My health is excellent, I am well supplied with clothing and blankets. I am very anxious to hear from Kathleen. I have written her by flag of truce, and sent her several letters through Miss B. Beall. Send my letter to Kathleen. I suppose she has recovered from her illness. All of the officers of the 10th Regmt. confined here are well. Give my love to Kathleen and tell her that we all confidently expect to be in the South within a month. Her Brother John is well. I presume the returned prisoners will be furloughed, in that event I will see you once more. May God bless you my dear Sister, I shall ever bear you in grateful remembrance for your kindness. Love to Aunt Mag and others. Write to Kathleen.

Your affect. Brother

G. B. Samuels

(Letter to Miss Bettie Beall of near Charlestown)
(See Page 221 Letter 1)

Fort Delaware,
Feb. 15th 1865

Dear Cousin,

Your most acceptable package of clothing reached me yesterday. I am under many obligations for your kindness but will not attempt to thank you in words, believing that the consciousness of a generous deed is always a richer reward than the thanks of the receiver. We are all looking forward with high hopes to a speedy exchange. God grant that we are not disappointed. We have all become so accustomed to hunger, cold and all the discomforts attending a crowded prison life, that we have come to look on them as minor misfortunes in life and rejoice at our deliverance not so much as a release from physical sufferings as that it reunites us with loved ones at home. For fear that we may be disappointed in our hopes, you must not relax your exertions to forward my letters to my wife. Should I be allowed I will pay a visit to F. Royal! My wife's brother is well. Lt. Ransom requests me to say that he will write to you in a day or two. He wrote yesterday morning. He speaks in very high terms of you.

If it does not inconvenience you, write soon and let me know whether you can make an arrangement to forward my letters to F.R. Present my regards to your mother and other members of your family. May God bless you for your kindness, and believe me that I shall ever keep you in grateful remembrance.

Your afect. cousin

G. B. Samuels

Lt. Div: 33. F. Del.

(See Page 222, Letter 1)

Fort Del. February 19th, 1865.

Dear Cousin,

I received your kind letter of the 13th ult. this morning. Your generosity touches me deeply and I assure you that however deficient I may be in other virtues I shall never be wanting in gratitude to you for your unusual kindness. May God bless you.

I am delighted to hear that you have succeeded in forwarding my letter to my wife. She must have suffered considerable uneasiness on my account, as I have not received an answer from her to any of my numerous letters and consequently presume she could not have received them. Should you be prevented from forwarding my letter to F.R. be kind enough to write yourself and beg her not to be uneasy on my account, as my health is excellent and thanks to the kindness of my friends my condition so much better than the majority of prisoners, that I suffer but little bodily inconvenience from confinement. The clothing you have already sent me will be sufficient to meet my immediate wants, so do not give yourself any further inconvenience on this score. You express great astonishment at the sight of a **two horse sleigh.** What do you suppose? Nice to my feelings at the sight of a **Lady** when I assure you that I have not seen one in **5 months.** We are all looking forward with hopes to a speedy exchange. All the privates at this prison have been pooled and we are daily looking for boats to carry off the first relay. Our removal however is so uncertain that you must not think of not answering my letter. May God bless you my kind friend and believe me whether I die in the trenches of Richmond or live to a severe old age I shall remain

Your grateful friend
G. B. Samuels

(Note: Miss Beall was really not related to G. B. S. but was a schoolmate of Annie's at the Virginia Female Institute.)

Fort Del., May 3rd 1865

Thos. F. Blakemore, Esq.

(See Page 224, Letter 3)

Dear Sir

Your kind favor of the 2nd inst. has been received. I am under many obligations for the interest you have exhibited in my behalf and whether successful or not in your efforts, shall ever feel grateful for your generaus offer of assistance. Enclosed you will find an application addressed to Genl. Grant. You will be more likely to succeed with him than any other official, he has been a **soldier** and will feel a sympathy for the sufferings of a soldier, even though he be an **enemy.** Procure in approval of our request the names of as many prominent citizens of Phil. as possible, then present the application to Genl. Grant in person. If he is not authorized to release prisoners, pocure from him in a written request on the back of the paper that our petition be granted. Should you be successful this far, go to Washington or secure by some reliable person the petition, who will present it in **person** to the proper authority, and above all let him **see** that the order is issued for our immediate release. I am not acquainted with Mac Bailey's Co. 6 Regiment, and have no means of communicating with him. You will therefore append his name to the petition Expedition with us in everything. Every hour we pass in separation from our families is one of misery.

(Note: Rest of letter missing. Mr. Blakemore was Mr. Richards' brother.)

Front Royal

(See Pages 224, 225, Letter 2)

May 19th (1865)

My dear husband:—

We received a letter from Brother a few days ago in which he wrote you would be home soon. Of course I was delighted at the news, and confidently expected you home, until yesterday I met with an officer just from Fort Delaware, who told me that very few of the prisoners are being released, and only those who applied for the oath previous to the fall of Richmond, and those who have no friends to intercede for them. Now Green, if an intercessor is all that is necessary to effect your release, why don't you get some one of your friends in the North to intercede for you. Under the circumstances, I don't think you should hesitate to take the oath. You can do our unhappy country no good by lying in prison and now I think you owe your life to your family at home. Consider this matter well my dear husband and leave no exertion untried by which you can effect your release.

I long to see you once more, and my love for you increases each day of separation. I have not heard from Annie for some time,—expect you hear from her oftener than I do. Instead of writing to Bettie B. send your letter to Winchester and I will certainly get them. I have not received a single line from you addressed to myself since your imprisonment. Lucie is well and has I think, entirely forgotten you. You would scarcely know her, she has grown and improved so much since last summer. Front R. looks quite like old times. The soldiers have all come home and gone to work. Victor Brown is teaching school, and expects to go to housekeeping soon. I wish so much that Brother could come home. Pa's health is very delicate and he needs Brother's services. Our bees have not been doing well this spring. Pa had hived some five or six swarms only. I must draw my uninteresting letter to a close. If you can not come home you must not fail to write me a long, long, letter and tell me everything about yourself. Many things however trivial it may seem to you will be interesting to me. Lucie sends you a kiss.

Your loving wife,

Kathleen

P.S. Capt. Lehew was captured in the last battle around Richmond and has not been heard from. Do you know anything of his whereabouts? The privates of his company were sent to Hart Island, N.Y. None of the boys you know from here were killed. Dick Buck, Smith Turner and Jimmy Brown were wounded. When you come home you must bring me some **paper, envelopes** and stamps. I am entirely out of the articles mentioned. Lucy says you must bring her some "tanny" (candy) and a pair of "does" (shoes). I have so much to tell you when I commence writing I scarcely know where to stop. I have violated prison rules already and don't expect you will get this letter. However, I will run the risk.

Goodbye my dear husband. May God bless and protect you.

Front Royal,

June 6th, 1865

My dear husband:

I wrote to you a few days since, but hearing of another opportunity of sending a letter, I concluded to write again. Your friend Lieut. W— and a Lieut. Miller called and dined with me as they passed through F.R. I was quite disappointed that they had no letter for me but still it was a great pleasure to hear so direct from you.—Prisoners are passing through here every day or two on their way home, and each one tells a different story as to the way in which he got out of Prison. You have relatives living in the North through whose influence I should think you could obtain a special release—Would it not be a good plan for you to write to some of these relations and get them to make application to Genl Grant or the War Department for your release. Some prisoners say they have been released by simply making application to Genl G— themselves—Ma wrote to the President to day in regard to Brother — what will be the result I cannot conjecture. You must both be of good cheer and wait patiently — believing that God in his own good time will restore you to the loved ones at home. I received your letter of the 2d inst last night, and was delighted to hear of your good health and that your wants had been supplied. You must not give yourself any uneasiness on my account I have become so used to trials I feel that I can endure any thing now but final separation from you. I have some hope now that Mr Blakemore will succeed in getting you released—he promised to do every thing in his power for you. Ma and Pa desire me to return their hearty thanks to you for your kindness to Br — Lucy is well and sends papa a kiss — I must draw my letter to a close as I have just heard that Mr Updike is going to Fort D — this morning to try if possible to get his son released. If you receive this in time — please write me a **long letter** by Mr. U. when he returns—

With many prayers for your safety and speedy return—

I remain

Your loving wife

Kathleen

THE ROCKINGHAM REGISTER.
(AND VIRGINIA ADVERTISER.)

Harrisonburg, Va., Friday Morning, May 13, 1864.

Volume 42. Number 30.

Col. WARREN.— The body of Col. E. T. H. Warren, of the 10th Regiment of Va. Infantry, arrived here on Saturday night last, and on Sunday his remains were followed to the Cemetery by the largest concourse of citizens we have ever seen assembled upon such an occasion. After the interment, an appropriate discourse was delivered by Rev. Mr. Bell, the pastor of the deceased. Sorrow for the dead and sympathy with the bereaved seemed to pervade the community.

Col. Warren, both as a citizen and a soldier, occupied a prominent position in our county. Born and reared amongst us, he had gained a high place in the respect and esteem of the community. At the bar, he took a respectable stand, and was increasing in practice and popularity.

When the war broke out, he and the lamented Gibbons were engaged in enlisting a regiment of volunteers, which was was completed before the first blow was struck, Gibbons being the Colonel and Warren the Lieut. Colonel. Upon the fall of Col. Gibbons, at McDowell, just two years ago, Warren succeeded to the chief command. Ever since he has led this gallant regiment, through its long career of marches and battles, except when he was called to command the Brigade, in which he was the senior Colonel. At Chancellorsville, while acting Brigadier, he was wounded, but not seriously. After many hair-breadth escapes, he finally fell, pierced by two balls, as he led his regiment in the first of the series of battles which began last week, on Thursday, the 5th inst.

Thus has fallen one of the veteran officers of the war, being the fourth regimental officer which the 10th has lost, Gibbons, Walker, and Stover being the others.

Thus has fallen a brave soldier, a skillful, attentive and efficient officer, a useful citizen, a high-toned, honorable gentleman, a most affectionate husband and father, and a sincere christian. His name will stand in history, among the most honored of those patriots who, in this struggle, have sacrificed their lives for the liberties of their country.

THE ROCKINGHAM REGISTER.
(AND VIRGINIA ADVERTISER.)

Harrisonburg, Va., Friday Morning, May 13, 1864.

(See Page 216, Letter 26)

Volume 42. Number 30.

DEATH OF MAJ. I. G. COFFMAN.—We are pained to announce the death of our fellow townsman, the gallant and brave Maj. ISAAC G. COFFMAN, who was slain in defense of the liberties of his country in the battle of "the Wilderness," on Thursday, the 5th of May. He breathed his last, on Tuesday the 10th of May, at Orange Court House. We are filled with pain in announcing the death of this chivalrous and fearless young Confederate officer. We shall refer to him again, when the time and means are allowed us to sketch more fully the noble traits of his manly character. Green be the sod that covers him!

THE ROCKINGHAM REGISTER.
(AND VIRGINIA ADVERTISER.)

Harrisonburg, Va., Friday Morning, May 27, 1864.

Volume 42. Number 32.

Capt. S. A. SELLERS, of Co. "I," one of our very best men, is, also, numbered among those who here suffered martyrdom for their country. He was as gentle as he was unquestionably brave —an earnest patriot and a devout christian.

GEO. B. KEMPER, the amiable Lieutenant of Co. "B," will be remembered as a brave soldier, polished gentleman and incorruptible officer. He was instantly killed.

Corpl. JNO. R. FLETCHER ,of Co. "G," was a conscientiously brave soldier, a perfect gentleman and a model Christian. He was loved by all, and his death is universally lamented.

Color Corpl. S. C. SAMUELS, of Co. "F," a promising young gentleman, and a good soldier, received a mortal wound, resulting in death the following night. He possessed a mind richly stored with knowledge, a thirst for which was his ruling passion and which the fortunate combination of a remarkably retentive memory had aided him in securing.—His loss is deeply regreted.

Yours,

DIXIE.

Woodstock, Sept. 19.

GRAND MILITARY BALL (See Page 129)

The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at a Ball to be given at Camp Carondelet, near Manassas, Tuesday Evening, February 25th, 1862.

Managers

Major General E. K. Smith
Brigadier General Arnold Elzey
Brigadier General J. R. Trimble
Brigadier General Rich'd Taylor

Col. G. H. Stuart, 1st Maryland Regt.
Col. Hill, 13th Virginia
Col. C. Posey, 16th Mississippi
Col. Mercer, 21st Georgia
Col. W. W. Kirkland, 21st N. Carolina
Col. J. G. Seymour, 6th Louisiana
Col. Harry Hays, 7th Louisiana
Col. Kelly, 8th Louisiana
Col. H. B. Robertson, 4th Virginia
Col. G. W. Lay, Ins. Gen. A. P.
Lieut. Col. J. J. Riise, 3d Tennessee
Lieut Col. E. T. H. Warren, 10th Va.
Lieut Col. F. T. Nichols, 8th La.
Lieut. Col. L. Lay, 7th La.
Lieut. Col. W. L. Scott, 21st N. C.
Lieut. Col. W. C. Wickham, 4th Va.
Lieut. Col. De Choiseul, 7th La.
Lieut. Col. Walker, 9th La.
Lieut. Col. J. A. Walker, 13th Va.
Lieut. Col. B. T. Johnson, 1st. Md.
Major Barbour, C. Q. M. A. P.
Major J. B. Walton, W. A. La. Vols.
Major T. Fisher, A. Q. M.
Major Penn, 7th Louisiana
Major H. L. Clay, A. A. G.
Major J. L. Morgan, C. Q. M. 3d Div.
Major C. A. Snowden, Q. M.
Major C. A. Page, Provost Marshall
Major C. R. Wheat, La. Battalion
Major Prados, 8th Louisiana

Major Christy, 6th Louisiana
Major E. R. Dorsey, 1st Maryland
Major G. W. Morgan, 3d Tennessee
Major J. B. Terrill, 13th Virginia
Major A. Davis, A. C. S.
Major T. R. Heard, A. F.
Major W. H. Payne, 14th Virginia
Major T. W. Hooper, 21st Georgia
Major S. F. Walker, 10th Virginia
Chief Surgeon S. A. Smith, 3d Division
Surgeon Cullen, 2d Division
Surgeon G. A. Foster, 23d North Carolina
Surgeon J. C. Egan, 8th La. Brigade
Surgeon S. G. Capers, 21st Georgia
Surgeon W. S. Grymes, 13th Virginia
Surgeon McKenzie, 3d Tennessee
Surgeon F. A. Stanford, 15th Alabama
Surgeon J. R. Monmonier, 7th Louisiana
Surgeon S. H. Moffett, 10th Virginia
Surgeon W. Robertson, 6th Louisiana
Surgeon R. P. Johnson, 1st Maryland
Surgeon W. S. Love, 1st Spe. Bat. La.
Surgeon Barksdale, 20th Georgia
Captain A. Anderson, A. A. G.
Captain E. C. Chessney
Captain E. Surget, A. A. G.
Captain B. C. Bilo, 21st North Carolina
Captain S. E. Hidgecock, 21st N. C.
Captain R. K. Pepper, 21st N. C.
Captain J. C. Gillman, 21st N. C.
Captain Harrison, 1st Virginia
Captain Allen, 1st Virginia
Captain G. Latham, Louisiana Battalion
Captain F. W. Latham, 13th Virginia
Captain J. R. Hart, 21st Georgia
Captain J. T. Boyken, 21st Georgia
Captain W. Kinman, 21st Georgia
Captain J. C. Nesbit, 21st Georgia
Captain A. M. Hobson, 4th Virginia
Captain W. B. Newton, 4th Virginia
Captain W. B. Woodridge, 4th Virginia
Captain R. Randolph, 4th Virginia

Captain L. C. May, 3d Tennessee
Captain J. A. McKamey, 3d Tennessee
Captain W. C. Morelock, 3d Tennessee
Captain N. J. Lillard, 3d Tennessee
Captain H. McD. McElrath, 3d Tenn.
Captain J. M. Wilson, 7th Louisiana
Captain F. M. Terry, 7th Louisiana
Captain F. G. Morgan, 7th Louisiana
Captain W. D. Rickarby, 7th Louisiana
Captain J. A. Groves, 16th Mississippi
Captain F. A. Mathews, 16th Mississippi
Captain J. R. Kirkland, 16th Mississippi
Captain P. G. Fellers, 16th Mississippi
Captain J. B. Sherrard, 13th Virginia
Captain W. H. Murray, 13th Virginia
Captain W. W. Carson, 13th Virginia
Captain F. T. Hill, 15th Virginia
Captain A. White, 1st Spe. Battalion
Captain R. G. Atkins, 1st Spe. Battalion
Captain H. C. Gardiner, 1st Spe. Battalion
Captain O. P. Miller, 1st Spe. Battalion
Captain S. P. Dushane, 1st Spe. Battalion
Captain A. A. Lowther, 15th Alabama
Captain J. Heagan, 15th Alabama
Captain M. C. Oats, 15th Alabama
Captain B. Hill, 15th Alabama
Captain T. F. J. Woolfolk, 15th Alabama
Captain J. S. Gardiner, 9th Louisiana
Captain B. W. Pearce, 9th Louisiana
Captain D. H. Boyd, 9th Louisiana
Captain G. A. Lester, 8th Louisiana
Captain L. Crandall, 8th Louisiana
Captain J. H. Webb, 8th Louisiana
Captain J. W. Goodman, 8th Louisiana
Captain F. M. Harney, 8th Louisiana
Captain W. B. Yancey, 10th Virginia
Captain J. Kenny, 10th Virginia
Captain D. W. Prescott, 10th Virginia
Captain J. Stover, 10th Virginia
Captain A. S. Bird, 10th Virginia
Captain W. C. Nicholas, 1st Maryland
Captain J. L. Smith, 1st Maryland

Captain E. O'Brien, 1st Maryland
Captain W. H. Murray, 1st Maryland
Captain H. Strong, 6th Louisiana
Captain N. Offutt, 6th Louisiana
Captain W. H. Buttrick, 6th Louisiana
Captain W. H. Buckner, 6th Louisiana
Lieut. J. F. Belton, A. S. C.
Lieut. E. Walworth, A. S. C.
Lieut. J. G. Meem, Jr., A. S. C.
Lieut. J. Hamilton, A. S. C.
Lieut. J. M. Lee, A. S. C.
Lieut. W. C. Hall, A. S. C.
Lieut. C. W. McDonald, C . S. A.
Lieut. F. G. Heyly, 9th Louisiana
Lieut. R. G. Redding, 9th Louisiana
Lieut. Cummings, 9th Louisiana
Lieut. A. Gordon, 9th Louisiana
Lieut. J. Egan, 9th Louisiana
Lieut. Lockhart, 9th Louisiana
Lieut. J. Kellum, 21st North Carolina
Lieut. W. S. Hill, 21st North Carolina
Lieut. P. D. Headley, 21st North Carolina
Lieut. S. Fulton, 21st North Carolina
Lieut. W. G. Risling, 18th Virginia
Lieut. J. H. Ralston, 10th Virginia
Lieut. J. E. Spengler, 10th Virginia
Lieut. A. J. Crawford, 19th Virginia
Lieut. B. F. Sims, 8th Louisiana
Lieut. L. E. Lablanc, 8th Louisiana
Lieut. J. Burgess, 8th Louisiana
Lieut. W. Crayon, 8th Louisiana
Lieut. L. Meems, 15th Alabama
Lieut. F. Park, 15th Alabama
Lieut. G. Malone, 15th Alabama
Lieut. Head, 15th Alabama
Lieut. W. H. Kennon, Louisiana Battalion
Lieut. A. C. Dickinson, La. Battalion
Lieut. T. W. Adrian, Louisiana Battalion
Lieut. B. Putnam, Louisiana Battalion
Lieut. S. M. N. Bain, 16th Mississippi
Lieut. E. W. Lindsley, 16th Mississippi

Lieut. Jas. E. Griffith, 16th Mississippi
Lieut. C. Jennings, 16th Mississippi
Lieut. A. S. Scott, 12th Virginia
Lieut. W. Bird, 13th Virginia
Lieut. G. Cullen, 13th Virginia
Lieut. F. Ehart, 13th Virginia
Lieut. W. C. Driver, 7th Louisiana
Lieut. S. Flower, 7th Louisiana
Lieut. C. E. Ballenger, 7th Louisiana
Lieut. S. H. Malenache, 7th Louisiana
Lieut. G. M. Hanks, 3d Tennessee
Lieut. Samuel Toole, 3d Tennessee
Lieut. G. W. Ross, 3d Tennessee
Lieut. J. Acree, 3d Tennessee
Lieut. Wm. Fleming, 4th Virginia
Lieut. C. H. Gordon, 4th Virginia
Lieut. Chas. Old, 4th Virginia
Lieut. T. Smooth, 4th Virginia
Lieut. W. M. Butt, 21st Georgia
Lieut. T. D. Attoway, 21st Georgia
Lieut. T. J. Verdery, 21st Georgia
Lieut. A. Bale, 21st Georgia
Lieut. G. W. Booth, 1st Maryland
Lieut. G. K. Shellman, 1st Maryland
Lieut. Hugh Mitchell, 1st Maryland
Lieut. S. H. Stewart, 1st Maryland
Lieut. L. Graham, 6th Louisiana
Lieut. H. B. Ritchie, 6th Louisiana
Lieut. Sam'l O'Kirk, 6th Louisiana
Lieut. B. T. Walsh, 6th Louisiana
Lieut. E. H. Cockcroft, La. Battalion
Lieut. R. M. Grinnell, La. Battalion
Lieut. T. P. Farrer, 6th Louisiana
Lieut. L. A. Cormier, 6th Louisiana
Lieut. J. Hogan, 6th Louisiana
Lieut. J. F. Smith, 6th Louisiana
Lieut. Thos. Castillo, 1st Maryland
Lieut. J. G. W. Mamott, 1st Maryland
Lieut. E. C. Deppish, 1st Maryland
Lieut. R. Gilmor, 1st Maryland
Lieut. Geo. Adderholt, 21st Georgia
Lieut. G. B. Butier, 21st Georgia

Lieut. J. G. Rucker, 21st Georgia
Lieut. N. B. Hudgins, 21st Georgia
Lieut. J. D. Holsen, 4th Virginia
Lieut. P. Fontaine, 4th Virginia
Lieut. Jno. Fisher, 4th Virginia
Lieut. Chas. Vaden, 4th Virginia
Lieut. Millard, 3d Tennessee
Lieut. Bible, 3d Tennessee
Lieut. Edgar McElrath, 3d Tennessee
Lieut. J. Triplett, 3d Tennessee
Lieut. H. C. Thompson, 7th Louisiana
Lieut. H. Grimshaw, 7th Louisiana
Lieut. W. A. Martin, 7th Louisiana
Lieut. Champ Cooke, 13th Virginia
Lieut. H. B. Hibbs, 13th Virginia
Lieut. Huck, 13th Virginia
Lieut. Street, 13th Virginia
Lieut. Thos. Nichols, 15th Alabama
Lieut. Pryor, 15th Alabama
Lieut. Starke, 15th Alabama
Lieut. Wright, 15th Alabama
Lieut. R. Winsborough, 10th Virginia
Lieut. R. Browne, 10th Virginia
Lieut. B. F. Messick, 10th Virginia
Lieut. J. H. Saum, 10th Virginia
Lieut. Alex. Miller, 21st North Carolina
Lieut. R. A. Wilson, 21st North Carolina
Lieut. L. Whitlock, 21st North Carolina
Lieut. A. Cheathame, 21st North Carolina

TICKETS FOR GENTLEMEN TEN DOLLARS

Those attending the Ball will please present
cards of invitation at the door.

(See Page 34 Letter 2)

Lippincott, Grambo & Co.' Gazetteer.

A
NEW AND COMPLETE
GAZETTEER
of the
UNITED STATES
giving a
Full and Comprehensive Review
of the
Present Condition, Industry, and Resources
of the
AMERICAN CONFEDERACY:
embracing, also,
Important Topographical, Statistical, and Historical
Information, from Recent and Original Sources:
Together with the Results of the Census of
1850, and Population and Statistics in
Many Cases to 1853.

By THOMAS BALDWIN and J. THOMAS, M.D.

Philadelphia:

Lippincott, Grambo & Co.
1854.

(See Page 34 Letter 2)

CENTREVILLE, A post-village of Fairfax county, Virginia, 27 miles W. from Washington, contains 1 church, and a few stores. Population, about 250.

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, a small town, capital of Fairfax county, Virginia, 140 miles N.W. from Richmond, and 1 mile from Washington, contains the county buildings, and from 200 to 300 inhabitants.

FRONT ROYAL, a flourishing post-village, capital of Warren county, Virginia, 140 miles N.W. from Richmond, and 1 mile E. from Shenandoah river. It is pleasantly situated in a valley between the river and the Blue Ridge. The railroad from Alexandria to Strasburg passes through this village, and a plank-road 20 miles long connects it with Winchester. The water-power of the river has been improved by the erection of numerous flouring mills. Population, about 500.

GUINEY'S, a post-office of Caroline co., Virginia.

HARRISONBURG, a neat and thriving post-village, capital of Rockingham county, Virginia, 125 miles N.W. from Richmond. It is surrounded by a fertile and beautiful country, and has considerable business. There are 3 churches and 2 printing offices. Laid out in 1780. Population in 1853, estimated at 1300.

MANASSUS STATION, a post-office of Prince William co., Virginia.

MOUNT JACKSON, a post-village of Shenandoah co., Virginia, on the Valley turnpike from Staunton to Winchester, 13 miles S.W. from Woodstock. Mill creek affords water-power, which has been somewhat improved.

BERRYVILLE, a small town. Capital of Clarke county, Virginia on the Opequan creek, and on the turnpike from Winchester to Washington, 12 miles E. from the former and 158 miles N. by W. from Richmond. It has some trade and contains an academy and 1 or 2 churches.

CHANCELLORSVILLE, a post-village of Spottsylvania county, Virginia 76 miles N. by W. from Richmond.

ORANGE COURT HOUSE, capital of Orange county, Virginia, 80 miles N.W. from Richmond and 92 miles from Washington, contains 2 churches and about 500 inhabitants. Four miles from this place is Montpelier, the former residence of James Madison.

BRANDY STATION, a post-office of Culpeper county, Virginia.

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, a post village, capital of Spottsylvania county, Virginia, on the Potomac river, 65 miles N. from Richmond.

LURAY, a post-village, capital of Page county, Virginia 136 miles N. W. from Richmond. It is pleasantly situated in a fertile limestone valley. Here is a quarry of fine marble. Luray contains several churches, and about 500 inhabitants.

SHARPSBURG, a thriving post-village of Washington county, Md., 16 miles S. from Hagerstown.

HAGERSTOWN, a thriving town, capital of Washington county, Md. near the west bank of Antietem creek, 9 miles from the Potomac river, etc.

WOODSTOCK, a beautiful post-village, capital of Shenandoah county, Virginia, is situated on the valley turnpike, 1 mile from the north fork of the Shenandoah river, and 160 miles N.W. from Richmond. The surrounding country is fertile and diversified. The village contains 3 or 4 churches, a newspaper office, 1 academy, a Masonic hall, and numerous stores. Population about 1200.

HARPER'S FERRY, a post-village of Jefferson county, Virginia, is situated at the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac river, where the united streams break through the Blue Ridge, 160 miles N. from Richmond and 53 miles from Washington City. The scenery in the vicinity is in the highest degree beautiful and picturesque. Thomas Jefferson considered the "passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge one of the most stupenduous scenes in nature, and well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness." The place was originally called Shenandoah Falls. Its present name is derived from a ferry long since established across the Potomac, which is also spanned by a fine bridge about 800 feet in length. The village is compactly though irregularly, built around the base of a hill, and is the center of considerable trade. It contains 4 or 5 churches, several manufacturies and flouring mills, a United States armory, in which about 250 hands are employed, producing, among other articles, some 10,000 muskets annually, and a national arsenal. In the latter are continuously stored from 80,000 to 90,000 stand of arms. All these are subject to the orders of the executive department in Washington, the deficiencies occurring from time to time are supplied from the factories. Harper's Ferry is in the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and at the northern terminus of a railroad connecting it with Winchester. The Ohio and Chesepeake canal also passes along the opposite side of the Potomac.

CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE, a small town, capital of Culpepper county, Virginia, contains the county buildings and from 200 to 300 inhabitants.

FOUR LETTERS FROM STUART HALL

Found among the papers of Mrs. Joseph T. Logan ("Addie") and transcribed by her grandson, Conrad T. Logan.

"Annie" is Anna Maria Samuels (b. 7-23-1837, d. 1-6-1923), daughter of Judge Green Berry Samuels, of Woodstock, and Maria Gore Coffman, his wife.

"Addie" is Adelaide Hamilton Haas (b. 11-8-1836, d. 9-30-1923), daughter of Maj. John Haas, of Woodstock, and Clara Byrd Gore, his wife.

VFI is Virginia Female Institute at Staunton, where Annie Samuels attended school during the sessions of 1851-52, 1852-53, 1853-54, and 1854-55.

In an obituary Miss Samuels, reflecting the early training of a young lady of her time, was described as a woman of unusual charm, with gentle and refined manners. She was a communicant of the Episcopal Church. She was related to Mrs. C. B. Williamson, Herbert Coffman, Judge T. N. Haas and Mrs. A. H. Logan of Harrisonburg and Dr. A. S. Kemper of "Bogota" where she spent many years of her life. (See Page 68).

DEATH OF "YOUNG" WASHINGTON

Although not mentioned in the letters, Mr. Marcus Buck recorded in his diary the death of "young" Washington at Mr. Boone's, June 30, 1863. This was George Washington, grandson of Judge Bushrod Washington. Born Feb. 22, 1842. Mrs. Boone learning who it was as he lay in the hospital suffering from typhoid fever had him brought to her home where she nursed him most tenderly. Shortly after the arrival of his relative, Mrs. Alexander of Jefferson County, he died. In his delirium, he quoted from the Book of Common Prayers. His brother James Corbin Washington, born Sept. 1847, died at Fort William McHenry Feb. 28, 1865. They both rest under a common tombstone in the yard of the Episcopal Church in Charles Town.

Camp Skinker, March 7th, 1863

A. R. Boone, Esq.

(See Page 164 Letter 32)

Dear Sir,

I received your kind and affectionate letter a few days since and would have answered it sooner had I not been misinformed as to the continuance of the mail between Luray and F. Royal. Your kind sentiments of interest and affection for me have touched me deeply and I cannot but assure you that they are heartily reciprocated. I shall always regard the Father and Mother of my Wife with the deepest respect and love. I heartily sympathize with you in the untimely end of little Charley. The sad intelligence of his death reached me on the battlefield of Fredericksburg. Surrounded as I was with dangers and deeply feeling the sinfulness of my nature I could not but envy him his sinless death and the blessed certainty of his future. It is true you have lost the light of your household and the joy of your old age, but cannot you console yourself with the thought that your loss is Charley's gain.

I hear almost daily from Kattie. She is quite well and seems to be in fair spirits. She is taking regular exercise and I doubt not but that her health will be much improved. Her sweet temper and amiable disposition cannot but win her the love and esteem of all her relatives. She is very anxious for me to get a furlough but under present circumstances it is impossible for me to leave. I am greatly in fear that I cannot be with her next summer.

We are all looking for a speedy reopening of the campaign. God grant that it be the last summer of blood and carnage to desolate still further our once beautiful country. I am much afraid you will be without our lines this summer, but do not despair, our army is larger and stronger than it has ever been and we must ultimately triumph. The conscript call can avail the North nothing this spring and it would not surprise me if we did not take the initiative as soon as the roads will admit an advance. I presume everything is extremely scarce about F.R. This country is completely eat out, the barest necessities of life alone remaining. I must close my uninteresting letter, hoping that the next letter will contain something of greater interest. Give my kindest love to your wife and tell her that I am anxiously looking for a letter from her. I received the gloves she purchased for me and am highly pleased with them, they fit me elegantly, she has my thanks for her kindness.

Yours affectly

G. B. Samuels

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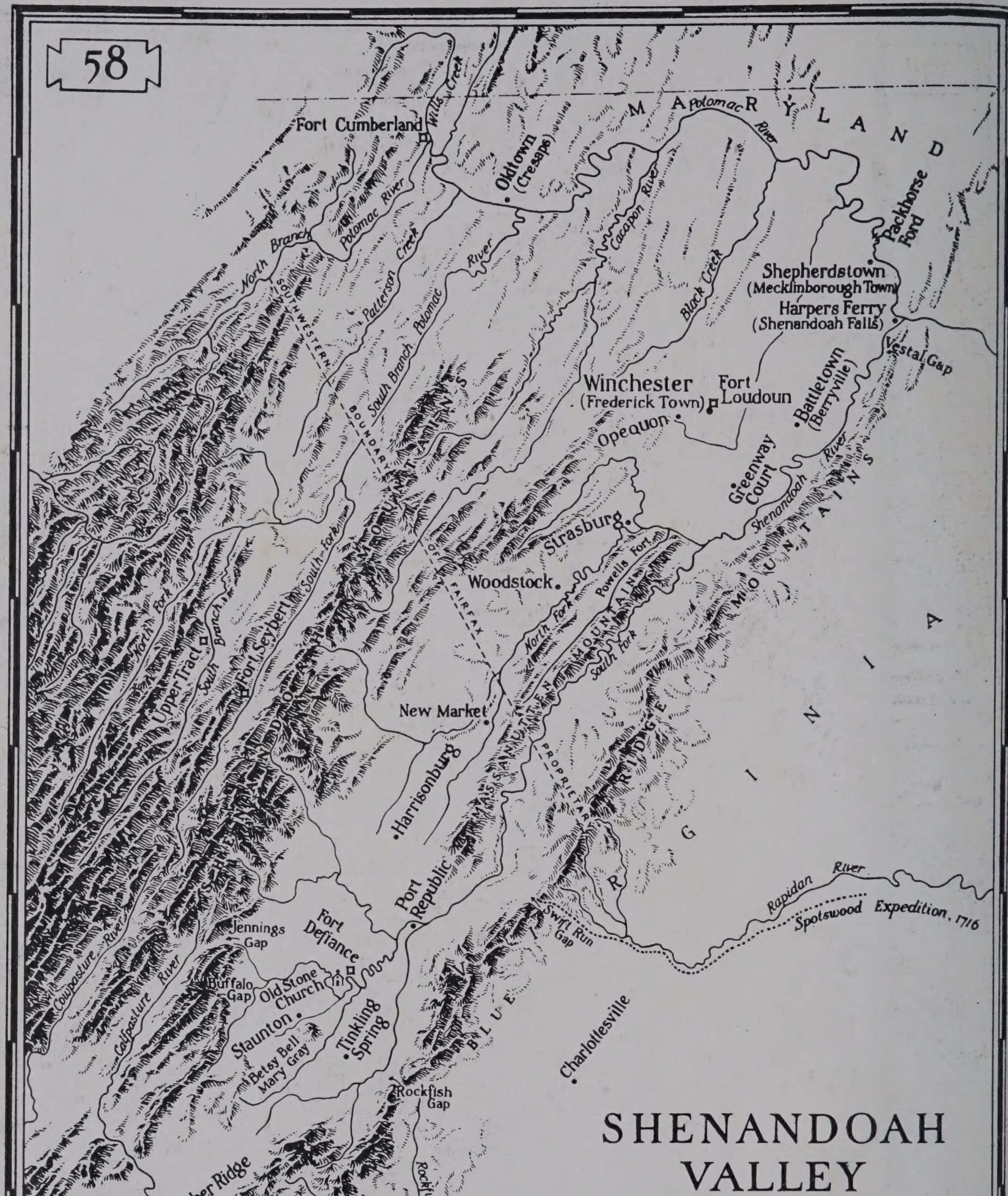
MARYLAND
Potomac River
Fort Cumberland
Wills Creek
Oldtown (Cresaps)
North Branch
Potomac River
Patterson Creek
South Branch Potomac River
Cacapon River
Black Creek
Packhorse Ford
Shepherdstown (Mecklinborough Town)
Harpers Ferry (Shenandoah Falls)
Vestal Gap
Winchester (Frederick Town)
Fort Loudoun
Opequon
Battletown (Berryville)
Greenway Court
Shenandoah River
SOUTHWESTERN BOUNDARY OF FAIRFAX PROPRIETARY
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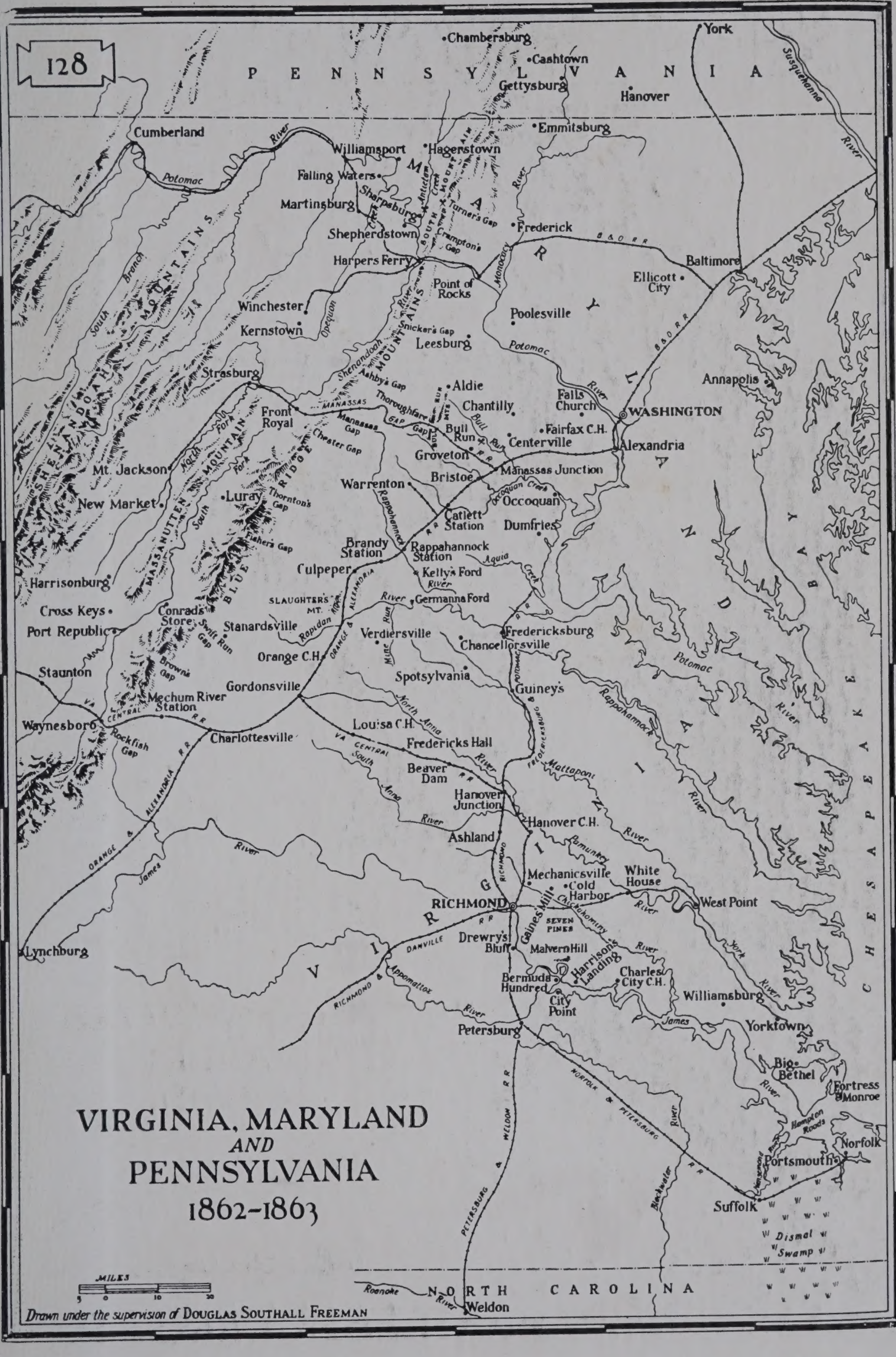
Strasburg
Powells Fort
Woodstock
North Fork
South Fork
MASSANUTTEN MOUNTAIN
BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS
VIRGINIA
North Fork
South Fork
South Branch
Upper Tract
Fort Seybert
New Market
Harrisonburg
Port Republic
Fort Defiance
Jennings Gap
Buffalo Gap
Old Stone Church
Cowpasture River
Calfpasture River
Staunton
Betsy Bell
Mary Gray
Tinkling Spring
Swift Run Gap
Rapidan River
Spotswood Expedition, 1716
Charlottesville
Rockfish Gap
Rockfish River
Timber Ridge
Lexington
North River
Natural Bridge
James River
James River
MILES
5 0 10 20 30

SHENANDOAH VALLEY 1716-1780

Drawn under the supervision of James Elliott Walmsley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PENNSYLVANIA
Chambersburg
Cashtown
Gettysburg
Hanover
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Emmitsburg
Cumberland
Potomac River
Williamsport
Hagerstown
Falling Waters
Martinsburg
Sharpsburg
Antietam Creek
South Mountain
Turner's Gap
Crampton's Gap
Shepherdstown
Harpers Ferry
Frederick
Monocacy River
B & O RR
MARYLAND
Baltimore
Ellicott City
Point of Rocks
Poolesville
Winchester
Kernstown
Opequon
Snicker's Gap
Leesburg
Strasburg
Shenandoah River
Blue Ridge Mountains
Ashby's Gap
Aldie
Chantilly
Annapolis
Falls Church
WASHINGTON
Front Royal
Manassas Gap
Thoroughfare Gap
Bull Run
Fairfax C.H.
Centerville
Alexandria
Chester Gap
Groveton
Manassas Junction
Bristoe
Occoquan Creek
Occoquan
Mt. Jackson
New Market
Luray
Thornton's Gap
Warrenton
Catlett Station
Dumfries
Massanutten Mountain
Shenandoah Mountains
North Fork
South Fork
Fisher's Gap
Rappahannock River
Brandy Station
Rappahannock Station
Aquia Creek
Culpeper
Kelly's Ford
Harrisonburg
Slaughter's Mt.
Germanna Ford
Cross Keys
Port Republic
Conrad's Store
Swift Run Gap
Stanardsville
Rapidan River
Orange & Alexandria RR
Verdiersville
Fredericksburg
Chancellorsville
Mine Run
Orange C.H.
Brown's Gap
Staunton
Spotsylvania
Gordonsville
Mechum River Station
Guiney's
Potomac River
Rappahannock River
Waynesboro
Va. Central RR
Rockfish Gap
Charlottesville
Louisa C.H.
North Anna River
Fredericks Hall
Mattapony River
Beaver Dam
South Anna River
Hanover Junction
Hanover C.H.
Ashland
James River
Pamunkey River
Mechanicsville
White House
Cold Harbor
RICHMOND
Gaines' Mill
Chickahominy River
West Point
York River
Seven Pines
Drewry's Bluff
Malvern Hill
Harrison's Landing
VIRGINIA
Danville RR
Lynchburg
Appomattox River
Richmond & Petersburg RR
Bermuda Hundred
Charles City C.H.
City Point
Williamsburg
Yorktown
Petersburg
Big Bethel
Fortress Monroe
Hampton Roads
Norfolk
Norfolk & Petersburg RR
Petersburg & Weldon RR
Blackwater River
Portsmouth
Suffolk
Dismal Swamp
CHESAPEAKE BAY
Roanoke River
Weldon
NORTH CAROLINA
MILES
5 0 10 20

VIRGINIA, MARYLAND
AND
PENNSYLVANIA
1862–1863

Drawn under the supervision of DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN